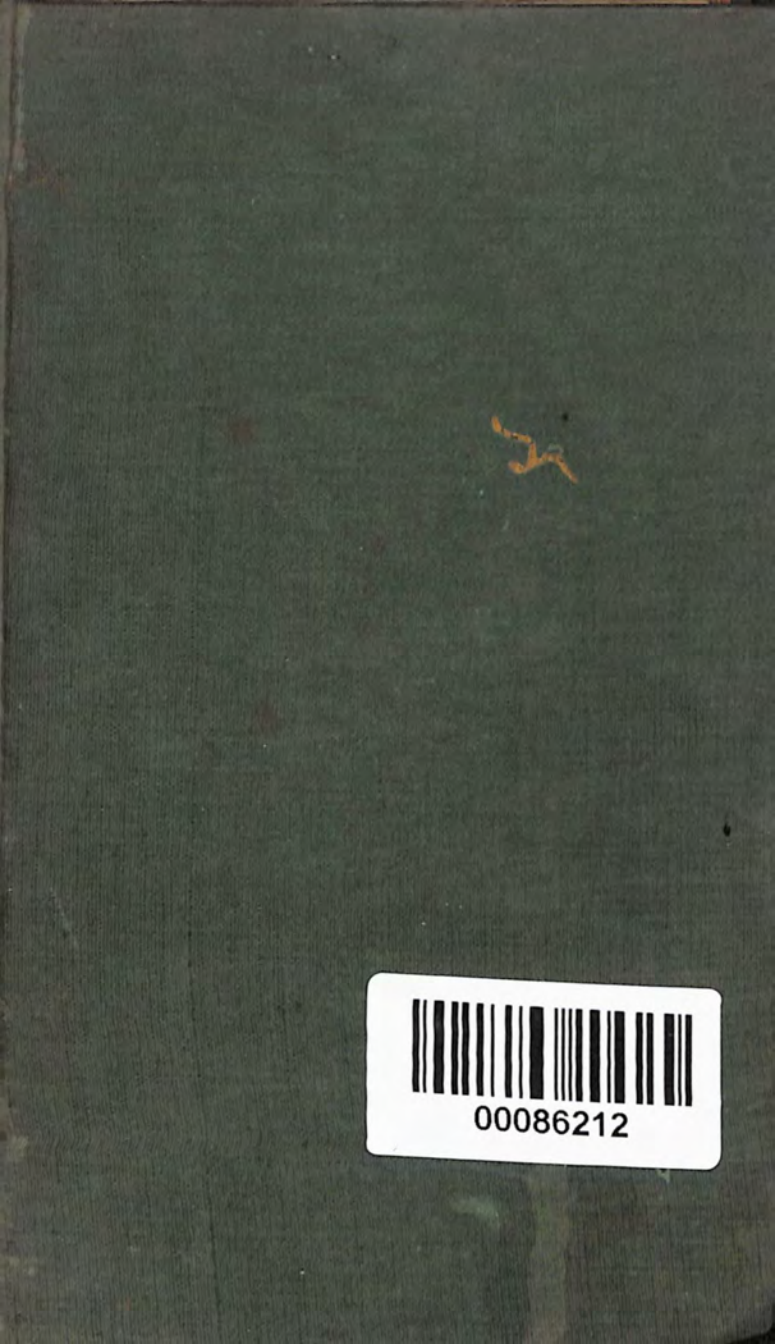
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SOUVENIRS

OF A

SUMMER IN GERMANY.

3.c.19

SOUVENIRS

OF A

SUMMER IN GERMANY.

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IN 1836.

He that travels far oft turns aside
To view some rugged rock or mould'ring tower,
Which seen delights him.—Then coming home,
Describes and prints it, that the world may know.
So I with brush in hand and pallet spread,
Paint cards and dolls, and every idle thing
That fancy finds in her excursive flights.

COWPER.

3-2-19

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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SOUVENIRS

OF A

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Wartburg—Luther's confinement there—Lewis and Elizabeth—Albert and Margaret—Frederick of the bitten cheek—The Monk and Nun of Madlestein—Gotha—A dinner eaten by guests for whom it was not intended—Luther at Erfurth.

THERE is a barber at the Halbe Monde, who might have been a rival to the "barber of Seville," of musical and immortal memory. He is a universal genius, a perfect factotum. Waiter, valet-de-place, friseur, cicerone—he is everything by turns as the case demands; and having had the honour of shaving Goëthe twice, an honour of which he is not a little

proud, is now a literary character, and talks of Schiller, Wieland, Herder, as familiar acquaintances, quoting from their works, and criticising them most learnedly. Of his very intimate friend Goëthe he tells never-ending anecdotes, and describes him as one of the most lively persons whose chins ever came under his hands.

This was the man who presented himself in reply to W——'s inquiries for a guide to Wartburg, and a most entertaining one he proved.

Wartburg is at about an hour's walk from Eisenach. It is a most interesting place, both from the beauty of its situation and the historical associations connected with it.

Luther was for ten months an inmate, or rather a prisoner, in this castle, and the room he occupied, with his chair, table, desk, &c. is preserved in its original state. On the 26th of April, 1521, he left Worms, after the memorable diet, during which he had made such a bold profession of his faith before the emperor, Duke Erich of Brunswick, and the whole council, at the close of which he had been excommunicated and placed under the ban of the empire.

Notwithstanding all the threats held out to him, Luther stopped at Eisenach to preach, and on his journey thence to his home at Wit-

tenberg, while passing through the woods, was waylaid and attacked by a body of armed men. They dispersed his attendants and guide, took him prisoner, and obliged him to change clothes with a countryman. They then put him on a horse, and conveyed him in silence to the Wartburg.

It was some time before Luther was aware that this capture was by order of his friend Frederic, Elector of Saxony, who had recourse to it as the only means of preserving the Reformer from the dangers that threatened his life. The place of his retreat was kept a profound secret, even from his friends—he assumed the dress of a young nobleman of that period, allowing his hair and mustachios to grow, and went by the name of Junker Georg, ('Squire George.)

While at Wartburg, Luther never lost sight of the sacred cause in which he was embarked. He commenced translating the Bible into German, and composed many treatises and works on disputed points; among others was one against monastic vows, and the celibacy of the clergy, which he dedicated to his father. The severity of his studies while here undermined his health, and he was tormented with the desire to return to his useful and honourable

avocations at Wittenberg. This at length became so strong, that he was unable to control it, and accordingly started at midnight from the castle and arrived in safety at the house of Nicholas Amsdorf, his friend, and a preacher at Wittenberg. After remaining here several days he returned to Wartburg.

Luther had resumed his studies, and was tranquilly pursuing them in his retirement, when news was brought him of the imprudent and fanatical zeal of Dr. Carlstadt. The latter, not content with the gradual but sure improvements that were taking place in the church at Wittenberg, had abused the christian liberty preached by Luther. In his ill-regulated enthusiasm he had forced his way into the churches, thrown down the images of the saints, and given offence to all parties.

At those tidings the ardent mind of the Reformer could brook no longer restraint. No commands of his friend the Elector of Saxony, no prospect of danger to himself, could withhold him from the performance of what he considered his duty. He wrote to Frederic explaining the motives of his conduct, set out alone on horseback for Wittenberg, and preached there for eight successive days with such eloquence and authority, that he silenced all disturbances

among the people, and awed even his enemies by his greatness of mind and courage.

In the year 1817, upwards of five hundred students assembled at Wartburg from Vienna and all parts of Germany, and held a fête on the anniversary of the Reformation. They marched up in solemn procession to the chapel where Luther preached, dined at the Rittersaal, and separated without any excess.

Wartburg was at different times the abode of several interesting characters, and the annals that are preserved of the castle, and which reach very far back, are most curious and amusing documents. Among them are records of the life of a very remarkable woman, the Princess Elizabeth, wife of Lewis VI., who lived here about the year 1216. She was the foundress of an hospital at Eisenach, and several other charitable institutions.

The account of the early attachment of Lewis and Elizabeth is very interesting. They were brought up together in this beautiful spot, and loved each other from childhood;—the sufferings of the gentle Elizabeth, who is represented as being of a peculiarly affectionate and sensitive nature, when Lewis was obliged to absent himself from Wartburg,—the anxiety with which she watched his returning footsteps

through the woods from the castle turret, are very touchingly described. When Elizabeth was fourteen, the marriage was celebrated with great pomp, and there were public rejoicings at Eisenach on the occasion.

This princess was a strict Catholic, and remarkable for her piety. Her life was a tissue of good deeds, and her humility, kindness, charity, and self-denial, make her a bright example of all the christian virtues. She visited the poor, inquired into their wants, and relieved them with her own hands. Her memory is still adored at Eisenach, and the public buildings she erected for the sick and infirm are the most touching and appropriate monument that could have been raised to perpetuate it.

Lewis made no objection to the large sums of money laid out by his wife in her charities: on the contrary, it is said he constantly provided her with fresh supplies. Their love was unbroken, and the only cause of difference between them was what the tenderness of Lewis made him consider his wife's over-strictness with herself. The tenets of her religion, which make happiness in the next world to depend in a great degree on sufferings in this, induced her to undergo severe voluntary inflictions. She

appointed one of her ladies in waiting to arouse her from her bed every night, that she might perform her penances and spend some time in prayer. When reproached by Lewis for this, her reply was, that she should be too happy without some discipline of the kind.

It is sad to be obliged to spoil so endearing a picture of love, and confidence, and domestic happiness. However, as the last part of the story includes a miracle, it is to be hoped that the causes which led to it, are as fabulous as the marvel itself. The history goes on to relate, that the time came at last when Lewis no longer looked kindly on his Elizabeth. He listened to the representations of evil persons against her,

"For whispering tongues can poison truth,"

and they persuaded him that she squandered his property and wasted it on unworthy objects.

One day, as he was ascending the hill to the castle, he met his wife coming down through the forest with a basket of provisions she was taking to a sick man, on her arm. He seized her roughly, and demanded, in no very gentle voice, what were its contents. Elizabeth was terrified at the angry tone and manner of her

husband, and scarcely knowing what she said, faltered out, "blumen," (flowers.) Lewis tore open the basket, and, to the surprise of both, found it full of flowers, as she had said.

There are three little difficulties in this story. First, that so pious a person as Elizabeth should have uttered a falsehood even under the influence of conjugal fear; second, that so kind a husband as Lewis, should have acted the tyrant towards his gentle wife; and third, that broths and jellies should have been suddenly transformed into roses and lilies. I trust, therefore, that this part of the tradition carries its own refutation along with it.

The Princess Elizabeth was canonized in 1231. One of the finest gothic churches in Germany was erected to her honour at Marburg, in Hesse Cassel, and bears her name,—Church of St. Elizabeth. It was begun in 235, and is one of the oldest and most perfect specimens of the gothic style of architecture extant. In the transept is a small chapel, elaborately ornamented, called the chapel of St. Elizabeth. It contains a carved representation of the saint reclining on her coffin, surrounded by the objects of her bounty,—the maimed and the sick,—while Christ from above extends his hands to receive her into heaven. The stone

floor of this chapel is worn hollow in many places by the knees of the pilgrims who resort yearly to the shrine.

In 1270, Wartburg was inhabited by the Landgrave Albert and his wife Margaret. Their private history is very different indeed from that just related; for Margaret, though a beautiful and amiable princess, soon lost the love of the Landgrave. His affections were seduced from her by one of her own ladies of honour, Cunegonda of Eisenberg. This artful and wicked woman, not content with this injury, conspired against the life of Margaret. It was a long time before she could win the consent of Albert to her nefarious design; but at length, so great was her influence over him, that he was prevailed on to aid in the destruction of his innocent wife. They bribed a man of the lowest of the people, a watchman and donkey-driver, who daily brought wood, water, and other necessaries to the castle, to be of the plot. Albert and Cunegonda instructed this man to disguise himself as an evil spirit, and strangle Margaret in her bed, by which means they hoped her death would be attributed to a supernatural cause.

In the dead of the night, the watchman approached the sleeping chamber of the Land-

gravine. When he entered, he became suddenly seized with a feeling of awe, which kept him standing motionless at the door, unable to advance or disturb the unconscious sleeper. The noise, however, awoke Margaret — she raised herself up and inquired who was there— when the man, completely overcome by her beauty, her innocence, and dignity of manner, fell on his knees and confessed all.

The sound of voices in the Landgravine's apartment roused Schenk, her haus-hofmeister, (chamberlain,) who slept in an adjoining room. He rushed in, in alarm, and great was his dismay on learning the dangers that threatened his beloved mistress. He called together the few in the castle who were attached to her fortunes, and after an anxious debate among these devoted friends, instant flight was decided on.

The unhappy Landgravine had now to take a last leave of her children. Margaret was the tenderest of mothers, and she could not tear herself away from these, the only objects that were dear to her in the world, without heart-rending pangs. She embraced them over and over again,—she clasped them to her bosom,—she clung to them with an anguish that no efforts could assuage. But when

she came to take leave of Friedrich, her best beloved—a boy of nearly twelve years' old, and the second son,—the agony of bidding him an eternal farewell, nearly bereft her of her senses; —in a paroxysm of love and despair, she bit his cheek while giving him the last, long, frantic embrace.

Friedrich ever after retained the mark of his wretched mother's frenzied affection. He went by the name of "Friedrich der Gebissene," (the bitten one,) and his portrait is at Wartburg, distinguished by the scar on his cheek.*

When Margaret fled from Wartburg, she took refuge in the lowly dwelling of the poor watchman,—who proved her most daring and devoted friend. She afterwards succeeded in reaching, on foot, the Schloss Craynburg, and finally arrived safely at Frankfort, where she was received by some of her noble relatives.

The unhappy lady, however, did not long require their protection; for, exhausted by her sufferings of mind and body, she expired at Frankfort in two months after reaching it.

* This Frederick der Gebissene appears to have been an important personage in German history. We afterwards heard of his feats, and saw portraits of him, (always with the scarred cheek,) in several places. His grave was pointed out to us in the aisle of the Gothic church at Meissen, near Dresden.

Near Wartburg is a singular stone, named the Madlestein, to which a legend is attached, that forms the subject of one of Wieland's poems. It is called "Die Nonne und Mönch von Madlestein," and records the history of Sextus and Clärche, a nun and monk of two neighbouring convents. This pair were in the habit of meeting near the precincts of the monastery—they were both young and thoughtless, and deficient, too, it seems, as to memory; for they quite forgot their respective vocations in the pleasure of each other's society. The legend relates, that to punish them for this unfortunate piece of forgetfulness, they were one day turned into the stone called the Madlestein. It is a solid block of a reddish colour, and bears some resemblance to two human figures.

On our way down stairs next morning from our rooms to the carriage, we observed a collection of odd-looking things lying in a recess; one of the people of the hotel, seeing us looking towards them, said, "These are for sale; perhaps you would like some." They were apparently fir-branches from the forest, about a yard long, twisted and gnarled into fantastic shapes, having the bark on, and each knot and angle fashioned into the likeness of some grotesque animal. We thought at first they might

be hunting-horns, or whistles, or some such appendage of sylvan sport; but the man decided the difficulty by applying one to his lips, with a certain significant, not-to-be-mistaken gesture, which showed us at once what they were. They were pipes indeed, but, destined to emit *smoke*, not sound.

As we drove out of the town, we remarked an appearance of poverty in the people rarely visible in German towns or villages. Many of the peasants were without shoes or stockings.

This is very seldom the case: indeed, the wonder is how a want of the last-mentioned article should by any possibility occur. I am often at a loss to imagine where feet enough can ever be found to wear all the stockings that employ the ceaseless knitting-needles of every female, high and low, in Germany, to say nothing of the fruits of the men's industry in this way.

Whatever were their privations, the people of Eisenach seemed to bear them most philosophically, for I never saw a more contented-looking, placid race.

A German has a never-failing consoler, a friend constant alike in prosperity and adversity, who soothes his sorrows and shares his joys. Companionship the warmest, the closest,

the most endeared, subsists between them, and it continues through sickness, poverty, and age. This friend, this companion is a—pipe. I hope no one imagined I was going to write any other little monosyllable, with the same number of letters in it.

While most of the male population of Eisenach were employed in smoking, the females were gathered round a fountain in the centre of the little town,—and a most picturesque group they formed. The village fountain is generally the place for seeing costume, and here, besides the graceful figures and attitudes of the blooming maidens, the water-pails they carried excited admiration. These were of the most elegant forms, and the dazzling whiteness of the maple-wood contrasted with the strap of black leather that fastened them across the shoulders, and the black hoops with which they were bound, made them objects of no small interest in the picture.

The scenery after leaving the town was of the same majestic character with that beyond the Wartburg, and, as on the day before, its wild sublimity filled us with sensations of awe and admiration, that kept us silent merely because we were really at a loss how to express or communicate them.

It is a strange thing,—but I dare say every one has felt it more or less,—the sensation of pain that always accompanies moments of the highest mental enjoyment. One is almost tempted to imagine that there is no such thing in the world as completely unmixed pleasure; and it is when passing through a beautiful country, amid scenes that excite rapturous feelings of admiration and delight, that this idea is peculiarly present.

One cause of the drawback,—a very common and evident one,—is, of course, the feeling that the pleasure, whatever it may be, is so evanescent. But there is another which has nothing to do with the future. I hardly know how to explain it, but I never can find myself in any sublime scenery, or pass through one of those exquisitely picturesque Thuringian villages, without being oppressed in some degree by it. I feel that my mind is too small, too limited to take in so much beauty; I fancy I do not enjoy or appreciate it half as much as it deserves. Those Prout-like cottages—those groups of picturesque peasants—those magnificent expanses of forest that follow each other in such bright and rapid succession; I long to be able to widen mind and memory so as to make them contain everything, and give all a permanent

resting-place. The more keen the enjoyment, so much the more painfully does the feeling intrude, that such moments, and such scenes, and such impressions, must vanish to make way for others. All cannot be retained together; the bounds are too narrow; and as one wave washes away that which has gone before it, and is in its turn swallowed up by the next, so our best and brightest joys are literally "writ in water."

All this would be very sad, were we not able to look forward to a better state of things, when we shall cease to be the limited, imperfect creatures we are now—

"Our senses narrow and our reason frail."

God has not given us such fine perceptions to baffle and dissatisfy us with our powers of enjoyment. No. He is too wise, too good for that. He allows us to feel what we might be, and what we cannot be, to give us a longing after that perfection of happiness which he has in store for us.

The country about Gotha is flat; so that the town is visible for some miles before you reach it. The effect at a little distance is peculiar, the palace being so exceedingly dispropor-

tionate in size to the town, that the latter looks like a large village clustered round this prominent object. The Duke passes his winters in this palace. It is an irregular pile, flanked with towers differing one from the other, and appears from the road to have an extraordinary number of small windows in rows one above the other.

This palace was the scene of a curious occurrence during the campaign of 1757, described by Archenholz in his "History of the Thirty Years' War." Before the decisive battle of Rossbach, Gotha had been chosen by the French as a luxurious retreat where the general and the élite of the army might recruit themselves after the fatigues of the campaign. To this Capua, Soubise, the general-in-chief, with his staff and about 8,000 men, repaired; and great preparations were made at the ducal court to receive the guests in due form.

It was just dinner time:—a splendid banquet had been ordered, the tables were already spread, the company about to seat themselves, when, lo! tidings arrived that Seidlitz, the Prussian general, had suddenly made his appearance at the gates with 1,500 cavalry.

The 8,000 French never thought of resistance; they hurried out of the town, leaving the

luxurious fare and smoking dishes untouched, not, however, we may well suppose, without many a lingering look of regret at the latter. The manifold probability of their having a pretty strong dose of "Seidlitz powder" to digest instead of these dainties, could have in no wise diminished their regrets, and altogether the flying troops, with the dinner-table in the back-ground, would have furnished a comic annual with another capital illustration of "an exchange, receiving the difference."

With respect to the "powder," they were agreeably disappointed, for Seidlitz did not attempt a pursuit,—the tired state of his troops rendering that impossible. He contented himself with taking the places at the ducal table, which had just been vacated by his enemies, and committing havoc upon their ragouts and bouillis instead of upon themselves. Thus a grand entertainment begun by the leaders of one party was finished by those of another,—a more singular spectacle (I fear) than even that of "the funeral baked meats, coldly furnishing forth the marriage table."

Seidlitz made few military prisoners; but valets, cooks, lacquays, hair-dressers, and players,—a stock at that time inseparable from a French army,—fell into his hands in abun-

dance. Archenholz, in his quiet, quaint, German style, gives a curious inventory of the articles found among the baggage of the French generals, which was captured by the Prussians. There were whole chests of perfumes and pommades; a vast quantity of powder-puffs, wigs, bags, parasols, parrots, &c. A valuable prize for Seidlitz and his brave warriors!

The drive, after leaving Gotha, continues to diminish in interest, being flat and destitute of wood. The country is well cultivated, however; fine fields of poppies, corn, tobacco, and hemp, stretching away from the road on either side, as far as the eye can reach. We remarked that the women here wore gay-coloured cotton mantles, with ample capes. These formed a pretty costume; and besides their picturesque effect in the fields, served to conceal the narrow shoulders, square waists, and small unwoman-like hips of the wearers.

Erfurth looks well as you approach it. We did not require the black and white stripe on the barrière to show us that we were once more in his Prussian majesty's dominions. In the first place, there were the strong fortifications, now quite a novelty to us, not having met with any since we left Mayence; then the numbers of military scattered about in all di-

rections. Four thousand soldiers compose the garrison at Erfurth; therefore it may be supposed that you can hardly turn your eyes in any direction without seeing a military cap peeping up out of a window, or glancing in the little street. The barracks, sentry-boxes, and all those other soldier-like symptoms of the country, which Madame de Stael calls "une vaste caserne,"—the peasants in the national blue, and the Prussian eagle figuring over every shop and "gast-haus," were "confirmations strong," had other proofs been wanting.

At Erfurth we again came upon the traces of "the beloved and immortal reformer." Here it was that the first ray of gospel truth broke in upon Luther's mind. While studying the law at the university, in compliance with his father's wish, he accidentally found a Bible in a corner of the library. Though he was now twenty years of age, he had never yet met with a copy of the holy scriptures; he knew of the existence only of those parts of the gospels and epistles which were read from the pulpit by the priests, the whole Bible being rigorously kept from laymen. The intense interest with which one of Luther's devout and intelligent mind perused the sacred volume may be imagined. The book of Samuel struck

him particularly, and inspired him with an ardent desire to devote himself to the service of God. As this feeling increased, his distaste for the profession chosen for him by his father grew stronger, and the uneasiness of mind consequent upon the struggle between his conscience and his filial duty brought on a dangerous illness.

A circumstance occurred, after his recovery from this, which decided Luther. He was walking in the fields with his friend Alexius, on a very hot day in summer, when a storm of thunder and lightning came on, and the latter was struck dead at his feet. This awful event made a deep impression on Luther; he regarded it as a warning voice from heaven, and resolved on instantly giving up secular pursuits, and going into the monastery of St. Augustine at Erfurth. He wrote to his father, sent him the clothes he wore as a layman, and the ring he had received at the university, with his title of professor; and on July the 17th, 1505, entered the convent.

Here, in the solitude of his cell, Luther continued his earnest and unwearied study of the Bible, notwithstanding the ridicule and persecution to which it exposed him from the monks. When he had taken the vows he was

deprived of his treasure; but he discovered the place in the library where it was concealed, and day after day persevered in his ardent search after divine truth.

It is deeply interesting to follow this extraordinary man in his bold career;—to trace the working of his powerful mind in unravelling the mazes of error with which he was surrounded, from the ignorant but specious declamations of Tetzel, who shamelessly declared that "when the money rings in the chest, the soul flies to heaven," to the wily sophistry of Dr. Eck.

And then, again, his friendship with Melancthon! what can be more lovely, more interesting, than the picture that presents!—What a contrast was there in the characters of the two friends, and yet how warmly did each appreciate in the other the qualities he possessed not himself!—how beautifully did those opposite gifts sustain and bring out each other! Melancthon, with his slender, interesting figure, fair hair, open intellectual forehead, and clear, mild eyes; his gentle, persuasive manners, his profound learning, his calm, dispassionate views on all subjects, and his deep feeling, was a fitting companion for Luther—the bold, the intrepid, the zealous, the energetic. Luther

used to say of himself, that his words and his writings rushed out with the force and violence of the whirlwind;—he often wished he could make them like those of his friend, which were soft as the summer rain,—mild and gentle as the dew from heaven.

And yet Melancthon would have never effected the Reformation!

The university where Luther studied was suppressed in 1816; the convent where he became a monk is now an orphan asylum; and the church in which he once read mass, is a Protestant one. His cell in the Augustine convent is preserved in the same state as when occupied by him; and his table, his portrait against the wall, and his beloved Bible, are still to be seen there.

CHAPTER II.

Prussian officer "breaking" English—Weimar—Schiller—Eye-shaped windows at Hösen—Weissenfels Battle of Lutzen—Battle of Rossbach—German posting.

We were glad to find a well-filled table-d'hôte at the hotel at Erfurth. It was some time since we had enjoyed the amusement and variety always found where there are so many people from so many places; and the merry din of voices, as we took our seats, sounded very pleasant.

A Prussian officer, with fair hair and moustaches, was beside me, and beyond him his pretty wife and little boy. After a few moments, he turned round, and addressed me in very broken English. It was with the greatest difficulty I could understand what he meant,—

but I caught at some and guessed the rest, and tried to make it appear that I comprehended all; it would never have done to have hurt his vanity, or disappointed his courteous and good-natured intention of doing the agreeable to me in my own tongue. I asked him where he had learned English?

"Ha! my poor English,—dat ist noting—dat ist varily noting—I break it a little, das all."

It was quite a relief to me when our conversation was over, and my friend had ceased to "break" our unfortunate language. While he was doing so, I was in an agony lest some of those droll mistakes which are so fatal to our risible muscles, but which foreigners, (who really have not our keen sense of the ridiculous,) are proof against, should escape him. Had I been betrayed into a smile it would certainly have been sorely against my will, and I should have hated myself for being so unkind and unfeeling. Yet there are some things that are irresistible. A German, who took it into his head to speak English to W—— the other day, was endeavouring to explain a severe fall he had had from his horse. "Yes, sare," he said, "it was a ver rude fall—I was so ver much hurt, and so ver much frightened, de

consequence was dat I was brought to bed instantly."

If my moustachio'd neighbour had thought fit to "break" out with a speech of this sort, what should I ever have done!

Weimar, the Athens of the North!—Schiller, Goethe, Wieland, Herder,—how many names dear to the lovers of German literature rise into the mind while approaching it! With what an interest does this constellation of genius invest the grass-grown streets and unpretending dwellings of this otherwise insignificant little capital. The glory of Weimar is departed—those stars have set, and the halo that learning and genius once shed over the ducal court, is dimmed and quenched by the cold hand of death.

> All alike are humble there,
> The mighty grave
> Wraps lord and slave,

and the brightest intellect that ever beamed on mortal brow shields not its envied owner from the bitter doom that man earned for himself.

Perhaps of all the names that added lustre to Weimar the most interesting is that of Schiller. Goethe's mental powers were sel-

dom employed for the improvement of his fellow men,—his pen, generally speaking, was an unhallowed one.

But with Schiller it was far otherwise, though he did not altogether escape animadversion on that point. There is one of his minor poems in particular, which was strongly censured, and gave rise to many severe attacks from his enemies and rivals of the day. They asserted, that in it Schiller had spoken against Christianity, and indulged in reflections injurious to the cause of religion. When Schiller was informed of the construction put upon his words, he contented himself with simply and meekly replying, "They misunderstand me."

Schiller's private history adds to the interest inspired by his name, and makes you love the individual while you admire the poet. His gentle and sensitive disposition, and the patient resignation with which he bore those sufferings which made his life one long season of agony, and brought him at last to a premature grave, cannot but endear his memory. Our Schwalbach acquaintance, the Herr Röhling, was an intimate friend of Schiller's widow. He never tired of relating anecdotes illustrative of the private virtues of the poet. These are seldom found united with pre-eminent genius.

The mind absorbed in the lofty contemplations of poesy and science rarely stoops to the social endearments of every-day life; it is not in a Milton or a Byron we must look for the qualities of husband and father.

But it was not so with Schiller; the agony with which his children followed him to the grave, and the bitter and enduring grief of his widow, showed but too plainly what a bereavement they had sustained. Madame Schiller was a talented woman, and therefore knew how to appreciate the treasure she possessed in her husband. After his death, so completely were her tears her "meat night and day," that in a few months she lost her sight having literally wept herself blind. Her sister, Caroline Wollt-man, has written the life of Schiller.

The literary habits of the poet were injurious to his health, and increased his natural delicacy. He always wrote at night. He commenced his labours at about eleven o'clock, and continued until six in the morning, when he retired to rest for four or, at most, five hours.

It was while at Bonn that Schiller composed Wallenstein. The students used frequently to repair to a hill that overlooked his study to observe his movements. He was in the habit of

walking up and down the room, and reciting the verses aloud, and when all was arranged in his mind, and maturely digested, he committed the result to paper. By this means he seldom had to make any alterations in his written effusions. We were shown one of his MSS. It was the fairest I have ever seen, (except perhaps one or two of Sheridan's,) written in a clear, bold hand, and with scarcely an erasure.

It rained so heavily while we were at Weimar, that we were unable to get as far as the Esplanade to see the house of Schiller, or to the Frauenplatz, where Goethe lived, and where he died in 1832. Nearly opposite the hotel was an ient building, the façade of which was most elaborately ornamented with grotesque figures and intricate gothic carved work. G—— employed part of the evening in making a drawing of this picturesque old house. To accomplish this she was obliged to lean half-way out of the window; (the house being in an oblique direction;) and thus, with her drawing-materials on the stone slab outside, and an umbrella over-head to protect them and herself from the pouring rain, she worked on, to the great amusement and edification of the passers-by in the street.

The quilts we had at Weimar were much the

most luxurious pieces of nocturnal paraphernalia we had yet had in Germany. These *bette-decke*, as they are called, which are contrived to pay the double debt of blankets and counterpane, are very comfortable affairs, wadded and quilted most delightfully. Here they were as pretty to look at as pleasant to feel, being made of green and rose-coloured satins, and light and warm to perfection. Next to a bath of Schlangenbad water was the luxurious sensation of reposing beneath one of these very picturesque counterpanes.

The palace at Weimar is a fine building, surrounded by well-kept gardens, overlooking the river Ilm. For some miles beyond the town, the road continues very pretty, with a fine wood on the left. The groups of peasants coming into market, with their loaded baskets slung at their backs, had a gay and picturesque effect. They were principally women, and their showy costume, bright-coloured kerchiefs and head-gear, glancing under the trees, contrasted well with the dark foliage of the forest path along which they wound.

Hösen, between Eckhardtsberge and Naumburg, is a prettily situated little town, and the salt works, as we descended the hill leading into it, formed a conspicuous and striking fea-

ture. But the peculiarity of this place, and one which kept us laughing at the recollection for nearly a mile after we left it, was the windows in the roofs of the houses. They are shaped exactly like eyes; the tiles swell up gradually like a lid above and below, elongating towards the end, and in the oval space between, there twinkles the little bright window-pane, just in the place of the pupil.

It was, in fact, as exact a model of the human eye as could be made out of such materials. I never saw anything so funny. The whole village had an éveillé, Argus-like look that was irresistibly droll,—all the houses laughing, and blinking, and peeping at us as we drove in. The shape being long, and the lower lid rather straight, gave them a sly, sleepy, half-closed expression, and withal a look of fun and merriment, as if the house were "holding its sides" with laughter. Sometimes we came to a great cyclops-building, with its one staring optic in the middle of the roof, and then appeared a comical, intelligent looking thing, with a pair that twinkled and screwed themselves up at us as we passed in the most provoking and impertinent manner possible. It was really too bad.

I could not help thinking of a German story

I once read about a man who fancied that wherever he went he was pursued and haunted by "Eyes, eyes,—nothing but eyes." The writer of that story must certainly have lived at Hösen.*

Naumburg is a very interesting town. As we drove through the curious old market-place there was a fair going on—that animated scene which lights up a village or town so delightfully, and gives it an air of such life and bustle. This was the first German fair we had seen, and the national characteristic was very evident, for almost every second stall was full of pipes. One of the prettiest stalls was that for the sale of the white wooden water-pails, tubs, buckets, &c.—nothing could be more graceful or picturesque than the forms and colour of these. Another stall contained nothing but bonbons—a curious display of the fantastic variety of shapes into which sugar can be tortured. There was the usual profusion of beautiful flowers in all directions.

* These eye-shaped windows are very common in the Saxon villages. We often met with them afterwards,—and even in Dresden, and other large towns, they are to be seen. I do not know, however, that they ever struck us in such a ludicrous point of view as at Hösen:—perhaps because they were more numerous here, besides being the *first* we had met with.

We remarked that the women here were exceedingly frightful and exceedingly industrious. They were all knitting away most perseveringly while seated behind their wares, and bargaining with their customers.

Weissenfels is the next stage to Naumburg. We drove from Weimar here, a distance of eight and a half German miles, in six hours and twenty minutes. W—— has contrived to accelerate the proverbially slow German travelling, and has proved that a Saxon postilion *can* be moved by money, by inducing ours with the promise of a Berlin dollar at the end of the stage, to go at the rate of about eight English miles an hour.

As for me, I never quarrel with the slow foreign travelling. I often think we drive but too fast, and cast behind me many a lingering look of regret at the lovely scenes from which we are hurrying away, and which I may never look upon again. Those glimpses of beauty resemble so much the transient joys of the poet,—

> Like waves that from the shore,
> One moment swell—are touched with light,
> Then lost for evermore!

that I would not they were passed more rapidly.

Weissenfels is remarkable as being the place where the body of that bravest of heroes, Gustavus Adolphus, was brought after the battle of Lutzen. It was pierced with eight wounds, and long and fiercely did his faithful Swedes fight for the corse of their beloved monarch. One of the walls of the room where it was laid, and afterwards embalmed, was stained with the blood. This room is shown to strangers, and the Swedes who visited it were in the habit of cutting away small portions of the blood-stained plaster as a relic; until at length it was found necessary to protect the wall by a sliding pannel, and thus prevent all being removed. The marks are freshly distinct to this day.

About a mile outside the village of Lutzen are the battle-plains, and the spot where Gustavus Adolphus fell, the 6th of Nov. 1632. It is marked by a very rude stone, called Schwedenstein, the stone of the Swede, with a few trees round it. We alit from the carriage to visit this unworthy monument to so brave a man, much to the discomfiture of the surly old post-boy who drove us from Lutzen, and who seemed to have no sympathy whatever with our historical reminiscences. It is said that a more fitting trophy is in preparation, and

will shortly be erected on this interesting spot. The plains of Lutzen have now another claim to celebrity as the scene of the bloody engagement between Napoleon and the allies in 1813.

About a mile further on we came within view of another battle-field,—that of Rossbach. This was a most extraordinary engagement, and the account given of it by Archenholz is more like romance than reality. It was fought the 5th of November 1757, during the thirty years' war, between the French and Prussians, the troops of the former amounting to 60,000 men, while the latter were but 22,000. The gaining of this battle was of the last importance to Frederick the Second:—his position was nearly desperate, and yet so firmly did Seidlitz, the Prussian general, rely upon the rapidity with which his troops could form, that he allowed the French to take their ground, and make all their preparations without adopting any measure to oppose them.

It was nearly two o'clock in the day. The Prussians were still cooking their provisions, and all was going on as usual in the camp. The French in astonishment imagined that Seidlitz, intimidated by their numbers, meant to offer no resistance:—they commenced de-

scending the hill expecting an easy victory, when suddenly the word was given—the Prussian cavalry formed and made a desperate charge. The fury of the assault and its total unexpectedness struck a panic into the French, and the victory over them was so complete, that but for night coming on, they would have been all cut to pieces.

Previous to the battle, the French, relying on their superior strength and numbers, had boasted that they would take up their winter "quartière" in Brandenburg. This irritated the Prussians, and now the boast was dearly paid for by some of the vanquished, owing to a verbal misunderstanding on the part of their enemies.

An unfortunate party of cavalry were separated from their comrades in the fray, and while endeavouring to effect a retreat, got hemmed in by a body of Prussian infantry. Seeing that destruction was inevitable, they cried out in German, "Quartière! quartière!" This fatal word enraged the Prussians; they imagined that the soldiers, driven to desperation, instead of craving quarter, as was the case, were malignantly alluding to the obnoxious boast. With the words, "Ja, wir wollen euch *quartière* geben," (Yes, we will give you

quartière,) the Prussians cut down each poor fellow without mercy. At last the unfortunate horsemen discovered their mistake—they exchanged the cry to that of "Pardon! pardon!" which saved the lives of the few who remained to benefit by the discovery.

A few miles beyond Lutzen the Prussian territory ends and Saxony begins, the frontier distinguished by a green and white stripe. In the fields here we remarked a sort of curious triangular frame for hay. The frames, in shape like a skeleton umbrella, were fixed in the ground and the hay thrown over them, so that the stacks were hollow. Another agricultural implement, unknown in our countries, was a scythe, with a large wooden rake attached to it. The teeth of the rake were the same length as the scythe, and parallel with it, so that the double instrument did double duty, and mowed and raked together.

The system of posting in Germany is nearly similar in all the states. Hesse alone has not adopted the excellent arrangement of Prussia, Gotha, Weimar, Saxony, &c. viz. the payment of the tolls with the money for post-horses. The tolls are very low. From Gotha to Erfurth, three German miles, (fourteen English,) they were only one shilling. The charges vary;

the next three miles they were one shilling and seven-pence.

The charge for horses, &c. is always paid before starting. A printed paper is given to the traveller, stating the distance, the charge per horse per mile, the chaussée geld and ostler's fee:—on the back is generally marked the drink-money as fixed by law for the postilion. It was by doubling this that W—— contrived to accelerate our pace, and proved that the phlegm of a German post-boy was accessible to the persuasive influence of a thaler.

If a traveller duly read his "post-quittung," he cannot be imposed upon. In Germany he pays only for the number of horses he uses. We generally came on with three, the foremost of these sagacious creatures standing out at a most independent distance from the others, and to all appearance left to his own guidance. Sometimes a fourth was given without any additional demand.

At Frankfort the charge for the station of two miles was one florin thirty kreutzers (two shillings and six-pence) a horse; in Nassau one florin fifteen kreutzers a horse per station, &c.

A book lies at the post-house, in which the traveller may insert any complaint; and in

Hesse the stipulated time for changing horses is ten minutes if they have been ordered, if not, fifteen minutes. The postilion carries a paper, which is handed from one to the other, stating the time of arrival and departure, the name of the traveller, &c., and continues on to the frontier. This may be in connexion with the police, for by this means a man may be traced from one end of Germany to the other.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Sunday at Leipsig—The Lutheran service—Poniatowski's monument—Church of St. Nicholas—Spouts—Tea equipage at the Blumenberg, and a dissertation on tea-urns—Brockhaus.

LEIPSIG, *August 21st, Sunday night.*—This has been a delightful day,—the pleasantest Sunday we have passed since we have been abroad, and the most like one.

Last evening W—— inquired of the valet-de-place the hours of service: his face brightened at the question. There was a preacher, he said, of the highest celebrity in Germany here;—service began at nine, but we must be in the church at half-past eight, as owing to the multitudes that thronged to hear him, it would be difficult to get a place. "I do not know what is your creed," said the man, stopping short in the street, "but," he added, laying his

hand earnestly on W——'s shoulder,—" that is the man who will tell *what Jesus Christ has done for you.*"

He said this with a triumphant air, as though he really felt the subject, and followed the observation with others that showed he was a Christian in heart as well as in name.

This morning we set out for Paul's Kirche a little after eight. They are almost all Lutherans here. It was delightful to walk up the street, and see that this was indeed a day of rest, and that here the Lord of the sabbath is honoured and his commands obeyed. What a contrast from last evening when we passed up the same way!—then all was bustle, life, traffic —gay wares exposed outside every shop, people buying and selling, waggons jostling each other in the narrow places, on all sides the hum of trade and business. Now all was as quiet as in an English town,—the shops closed, and that delightful sort of pause, which comes with such a soothing, elevating influence on the mind, to check worldly pursuits, and arrest the current of daily " carks and cares."

Like everything else that is habitual, this is never felt, at least to its full extent, until we are made to value it by its loss. At home I *perceived* of course its effect, but it was only

since I have seen the seventh day as busy, as engrossed with gain and dissipation, as toilsome as the others; that I have learnt to *feel* what a blessing the Sunday pause is. The stillness of the streets this morning was really delightful;—how true it is, that "blessings brighten as they fade;" and that

> "Darkness shows us worlds of light,
> We could not see by day."

The church was crowded when we went in. We passed through a long arched cloister, almost dark, in the walls of which are some curious old monuments. Our guide unlocked one of the doors opening on this cloister, and we found ourselves in a very commodious pew.

The inside aisle of the church resembles a cathedral in its arrangements:—men and women were separate, the former standing in the centre as close as they could fit. The pulpit is handsome, and there are a few paintings, but in other respects the building preserves its Lutheran plainness as to fitting up. On a large black board before the pulpit the numbers of the hymns for the day were chalked, so that on looking at it, and seeing 8, 46, &c. marked, you knew at once where to turn to in the prayer-

book. The Lutheran service consists chiefly of these hymns—I hardly know whether to call them prose or verse—but they are very beautiful, and every one joins in them, following the words in the prayer-book.

There is something in the German language peculiarly adapted to devotion:—first, from the child-like simplicity of the expressions, and next, from the strong and fervent affectionateness (if I may manufacture a word) of the language itself. It is so sincere,—so "hertzlich," to make use of a beautiful, untranslatable word of its own,—every syllable seems so to come from the depths and fulness of the heart, that it is peculiarly adapted for the aspirations of a soul to her Maker.

Independently of this, there is perhaps something that strikes us more in the expressions of any language not our own. Certainly in reading the scriptures in a foreign language, beauties are perceived, and passages come home to us with a force that is not the case in a tongue in which we have been habituated to read them since our childhood. Familiarity and custom weaken their effect in some instances.

Beautiful and touching as are these German hymns,—and there is nothing I know of that

will so soon bring tears into the eyes,—one cannot help wishing the Lutheran service were not so exclusively composed of them. I dare not say there is too much praise, but certainly there is too little prayer. Our own beautiful form of worship is so perfect in this respect,—so alternated with thanksgiving, supplication, penitence, rejoicing,—every feeling that can actuate every heart, that it dissatisfies us with others.

After the hymns, the preacher ascended the pulpit, and addressed the congregation. Then followed another hymn, and lastly, the sermon. The subject was the sin and folly of being immoderately cast down, and desponding under adversity, a folly aggravated by the consideration of the value and importance of the most insignificant individual in the sight of God. He was listened to with great attention, and his action was fine; but we were too far off to hear all he said. Perhaps the impression our dear Schwalbach friend, Herr Klein, had left, was too strong and too recent to allow of our appreciating the Leipsig pfarrer as we ought.

It was a lesson to watch the deep devotion in the countenance of our guide, who stood behind us during the service. He was a very

interesting looking man, and his pale, meek, patient face beamed with hope and fervour as he joined in the hymn, or followed the preacher with earnest looks. He seemed too so anxious that we should understand and enter into everything, and was continually peeping over us to see that we had gotten the right place in the prayer-book.

When the heart is deeply imbued with religious feeling, how naturally it seeks to make others partakers of the same spirit!—Love to God and love to man are inseparable—one is the blessed fruit of the other. I thought as I looked at this humble individual, unobtrusively retired in a corner of our pew this morning, how enviable was the feeling that at that moment raised him far above his situation! He was poor, and evidently a sufferer, for his pale face, thin white lips, and resigned expression, bespoke bad health, and yet the hour is coming when perhaps, many who now wear purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, would give worlds, if it were possible, to be in his place.

After the Lutheran service, W—— acted as chaplain to our little congregation at the Blumenberg, and then we had a delightful walk in a garden close to the town. It is full of the

loveliest flowers, particularly dahlias and hydrangias, through lines of which we walked for a long distance.

A close walk over which the trees are trained in a Saxon arch conducted us to a circular open grass-plot in front of a temple. In the centre of this is the monument erected to Poniatowski, overshadowed by four large weeping willows. It is simple, and there is something very melancholy about it altogether, commemorating the fate of one so brave, so devoted to his country, perishing in her defence in the prime of life.

Farther on in the garden, is the spot on the bank of the Elster, where the hero made the fatal plunge into its waters, after being three times desperately wounded. It is an interesting place, and is marked by a small roughly hewn stone monument. Poor Poniatowski! I brought away a stone from the bank that overlooked his death-struggle, and a sprig of one of the willow trees. I was standing on the low parapet, watching the flowing river, and musing upon the day when its shining waves were tinged with so much brave blood, when my foot slipped, and but for a violent effort to regain my balance, I should have added another to the victims of the battle of Leipsig; my catas-

trophe however, would not, I fear, have made quite so much noise in the world as that of the Polish hero—though the same Almighty Guardian who held the thread of his life, preserved the nameless stranger visiting the scene of his watery tomb, from a similar fate. I coul not help thinking it was a practical comme.it on part of the sermon of the morning, where we were uged to consider the importance and responsibility of our acts, on the ground of our very hairs being numbered by such a Being as God.

The little monument by the river's brink had the following inscription on one side,

Hic
In undis Elystri
Josephus Poniatowski
Princeps
Summus Exercitus Polonorum Prefectus
Imperii Gallici Mareschallus tribus vulneribus
Letiferis acceptis Ultimus exacie descendens
Dum receptum magni Gallorum exercitus tuetur
Vita gloriæ et patriæ sacrata functus est
Die xix Octobris, a cIↃIↃcccxIII.
Anno Ætatis impleto LII.
Popularis Populari Duci Miles
Hoc monumentum lacrimis suis irrigatum
posuit.

The stone, as usual, was covered with initials of those who wished to hand down their names to posterity with that of the hero. There were many Polish names among them, and I can well fancy with what feelings *these* pilgrims visited such a monument.

The following words were written in pencil on one of the sides, perhaps by an exiled Pole, to judge from the bitterness of spirit which seems to have dictated them.

" Reçois mon hommage, Ombre réveré.

" Le Ciel a eu pitié du héros, et a retiré a lui le souffle de sa vie avant que l'espoir d'une patrie ne fut éteint dans son cœur."

In the lodge of the garden, which is a private one, there hangs the portrait of Poniatowski, and an engraving representing the moment of his spurring his horse into the Elster. Here they show you a valuable relic,—the hero's pistol. I looked with a melancholy interest at everything connected with him; for, from two or three causes, Poniatowski was the theme of many a childish dream, in days of yore, when I little imagined I should be standing where I was this morning, near this fair city of Leipsig, on the spot where he perished.

After dinner we went out again. We did

not linger very long at the table-d'hôte, for the melon and cake of the desert had hardly been put down, when the ominous apparition of a lighted candle being carried across the room, was a notice to quit there was no resisting. We made our exit instanter, and bore off our noses safe out of the reach of the fumes of tobacco and cigars.

It was easy to see we were now in a part of Germany little frequented by the English and their prejudices. What an outcry there would have been at the Allee Saal or Goldene Kette had such a thing as a lighted candle dared to show its face at the table!

The garden, to which we now directed our steps under the guidance of our interesting valet de place, was also a private one and in quite a different style from the other. It was laid out and adorned in classical taste—Grecian temples with Greek inscriptions—sphynxes—statues—Roman seats, &c.—all beautifully interspersed among the trees, and managed so that there was nothing in the least cockneyish or citizen-like about it.

These grounds were also the seat of slaughter, and had their share in the bloody drama of which Leipsic was the scene: though any one, to wander now under the tall, beautiful, silver

poplars, the tulip-trees loaded with blossoms; and through the solemn monastic fir walk, would never imagine the stillness of the spot had been broken by sounds ruder than the cooing of the pigeons which flew over our heads, while we stood admiring the swans sailing majestically across the lake.

The present owner of these grounds and the splendid house attached to them, is a Professor Keil. His story is very like that of Herr Sarg, of the hotel de Russie at Frankfort, only that it is still more remarkable.

Keil was an obscure, indigent clerk, in a counting-house at Weimar;—but attractive in person and manners. The only daughter of a banker here smiled upon him: when the state of the case was known to Papa, he very wisely sent for the young lady, and told her that as she was his only child, and would have a million and a-half of money, he saw no reason why she should not please herself. She did so, and married Keil. He with great good sense immediately set about getting himself educated, and has since risen to honours by merit as well as money. It was the banker, now dead, who built the house we saw this morning.

On returning to our hotel, we passed through the town—all was as quiet and closed up as

before church, and everything looked Sunday-like except the groups and rows of women, sitting outside every door, engaged in their everlasting employment of knitting. We stopped in the market-place, and could not help remarking with wonder the change since yesterday; everything swept and cleared away as if by magic. Such a difference is far more felt here than in England, as, of course, there is no sort or kind of comparison between the life and gaiety of a foreign street, where the prettiest and the most attractive things of every description are put outside the houses instead of being kept within, and that of an English town.

The old houses in the market-place are very curious; indeed, at every step in this interesting town, your eye is charmed with the most picturesque remains of ancient architecture. Saxon arches, grotesque figures, and beautifully carved oriel windows, are the prominent features of Leipsig. The latter, with their profusion of hydrangias and carnations up to the very top story, and bird-cages hanging out among the flowers, have a lovely effect.

This evening I put down my book to enjoy a view of the passing scene from the window. It is pleasant, wherever one moves, to endeavour,

if possible, to take in the little characteristics of the place—indeed this is the chief charm of travelling—those minute details and peculiarities which strike the eye of a stranger, and arrest the attention with all the zest and piquancy of novelty. Such a feeling is, of course, unknown in a familiar scene; and persons long accustomed to look at things without remarking them, wonder at the interest they excite.

The most un-English trait I gathered during my speculations at the window this evening, was a group of little boys playing in the grass-plot outside. They were all poor, and a few stockingless, and were engaged in some uproarious game, when, in the middle of it, the little urchins burst into the most harmonious melody—each taking his part,—soprano, tenor, bass, &c. with exquisite correctness. I saw them jump up, and linking each other's arms in true schoolboy fashion, sally down the street, vociferating their song in such time and tune, that but for my initiation into the mystery at the Schwalbach school, I should have stared at them as so many little wonders. What a delightful system is this music, as early and as indispensable a branch of education as the A B C!

While I am writing, the fragrant perfume of a bunch of orange flowers and beautiful scarlet pomegranate blossoms is embalming the air of the room:—they were put by our plates at the table-d'hôte, by a little boy who handed them round in a basket. As they lie at this moment at my elbow breathing sweets, they seem to reproach me with my ingratitude in not naming them among the characteristics of the place. So ends the day—not our last at Leipsig, for I am happy to say, it has been just decided that we do not start hence till Tuesday.

Monday.—Yesterday we went to church to hear a fine preacher, to-day to see a fine building.

The Lutheran church of St. Nicholas is very striking at the first coup-d'œil, and the exclamation on entering it is one of admiration. The size of the place, the rows of lofty pillars, the rich carving of the roof,—all are imposing:—but soon you begin to find that the architecture is out of keeping, the arches overhead too low, the paintings not of the finest.

However, it is certainly a splendid church, and moreover a most comfortable one. The long rows of seats are furnished with spring cushions, (these, by the way, are universal in

Germany,) and you may enjoy one of them for life for the moderate sum of four dollars. The town council of Leipsig were obliged to bribe Napoleon with 700,000 dollars, to prevent his turning this beautiful church into an hospital!

The signs of excessive population in Leipsig are very singular. Many houses have *five* rows of windows in their almost perpendicular roofs, and we are assured, that every story overflows with lodgers to the very top. There is a coffee-house in the market-place, which, besides its numerous rooms below and beneath the slates, has three stories of cellars under ground. The first of these is splendidly fitted up, and the walls entirely covered with looking-glass: it is used as a dining hall by the best society during the great fair here.

"Leipsig is not a cheap place," said the English consul to-day across the table-d'hôte; "living here is one-third dearer than that at Frankfort."

"And not half so good," added a German opposite.

One must take great care where one walks in the foreign streets. The spouts of the houses project over the roofs above your head, and in

looking up the street have the appearance of a long line of cannon pointed down towards the pavement. The extremity of some are adorned with a hideous dragon-like head, and woe to the luckless wight upon whom this open-mouthed monster discharges his contents. I was very near getting a shower-bath to-day.

I was standing outside a friseur's shop, admiring the goodly rows of mustachios displayed in the window, thinking what a thousand pities it was that some of the lords of the creation should give themselves so much trouble to coax into life these ornaments of the upper lip, when they could get such pretty articles here ready made,—of every size, shape, and colour, curled and stiffened to a hair,—when, lo! some preliminary drops fell at my feet. I had only just time to get out of the way, when down came the whole torrent.

We always look forward to our breakfast and tea with great pleasure; not, however, so much from any reasons derived from it as a repast, as from the amusement the whole paraphernalia afford. Now that we are getting deeper into Germany, and away from the parts well frequented by the English and their tea-drinking habits, the entertainment is increased.

"Now, kellner, we can have tea, can we not?" was the first query, last night, after arriving weary and exhausted from the long day's drive.

The man assumed that profound, meditative look which usually follows the propounding of any very intricate subject. He was evidently unwilling to commit himself by a rash promise, though after a cautious pause he answered in the affirmative.

"And *mit machine*—you understand, kellner?"

"O ja—mit machine—Gut."

Now be it explained, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that "mit machine," means "with the machine," alias the tea-urn,—and that to bespeak said machine is a most necessary precaution. Otherwise you run manifold risks of falling into the predicament so amusingly described by Captain Hall, namely, a tea equipage composed of "a jug of tepid water, one cup, and six tea-spoons."

We were, however, by no means so unfortunate, for at the end of a quarter of an hour, three white coffee-cups, on an uncomfortable little yellow tray, duly made their appearance, and were put down on a little napkin, the size of half a pocket-handkerchief, in one corner of

the table. This effort completed—the waiter disappeared.

A pause ensued, and just in this crisis, something occurred to bring the ober-kellner into the room. This important personage at the Blumenberg is very different from Germans in general. Instead of the easy, simple, good-natured, matter-of-factness of his country, he is a bustling, conceited, self-important little fellow,—full of airs and graces, theatrical to the most amusing degree. His bow, his slide, and, above all, the exquisite contour of his elbow as he presents you with the vinegar-cruet, would make a Parisian dancing-master die of despair. Truly he is the most graceful of men, the ober-kellner of the Grosse Blumenberg!

His start, and his shrug, as his eye fell upon our poor unfortunate-looking tea-things, were ineffable—it was only a pity that Kemble or Macready were not there to take a few hints.

"Such cups for tea!" he exclaimed, in a tone of contemptuous pity; then coming close up to the table, he added confidentially, and with no small importance, "The fact is, these people really do not know how to treat the English—they are not fit to wait upon foreigners of dis-

tinction—but *I* will arrange all—*I* will give the necessary instructions. Pray, ladies, do not disturb yourselves. I promise—I pledge myself," (laying his hand on his heart and looking solemnly on the ground,) "that you shall have your tea."

This oration ended, with bows, slides, and flourishes, the ober-kellner,—courtier-like,—backed out of the room.

Down stairs went he, and up stairs came three tea-cups and the machine. The latter looked very cold and very sulky—surprised and out of humour, doubtless, at finding itself unexpectedly dislodged from some high shelf, where it probably had long reposed in honorable retirement,—dragged down and deprived of some of its cherished dust and cobwebs, just to satisfy the caprices of English strangers, who had better have staid at home.

Whether it was thus cross or not, I cannot say, but certain it is, no particle of hopeful steam, or other signs of warmth, would it emit, —and so, after due deliberation, we decided on not making tea until the spirits-of-wine-lamp underneath had had more effect on the water.

But "experience teacheth," saith the sage;

and after waiting and waiting with the most exemplary patience for the water to get hot,—we found, on the contrary, it was doing no such thing, but was getting cold, as fast as it could. It would have been better to have made our tea with tepid liquid than with cold, after all—but now regrets were unavailing—it was too late! The lamp underneath, after sundry convulsive struggles, blinked and sparkled, and finally gave up the ghost.

In this dire extremity there was nothing left but to have recourse to the ober-kellner.

"You had better take it away," we said to him, pointing with a despairing gesture to the defunct light.

"Take it away!" he cried in an accent that plainly implied that he scorned to be conquered by a tea-urn, "take it away! O nein,—*I'll* soon make it boil."

And so he set vigorously to work, but it was no such easy matter, even for the clever, all-accomplished ober-kellner. Many and many a piece of lighted paper did the wick obstinately continue to look black upon. Nothing waxed hot but the wrath of our worthy friend, who burnt his paper and his fingers,—all in vain.

I thought he would have been forced to give

up at last, but that would have been too derogatory; he achieved successfully the exploit of lighting the lamp. It began to blaze,—the water began to boil,—the urn to sing,—and, finally, we had some excellent tea.

I do not know whether any one is acquainted with the story-book of "The old woman and her pig," embellished with magnificent coloured pictures. It was a source of great juvenile enjoyment to me in days of yore, but probably to others who may not have had the benefit of my extensive course of reading, the work is unknown. All the time the waiter was operating on the spirits-of-wine lamp, I could not help thinking of the old dame's eloquent and poetical appeal,—

> "Water, water! slake fire—
> Fire, fire! burn stick,
> Stick, stick! beat dog,
> Dog, dog! bite pig."

And when, at last, the lamp burst into flame, to the great delight of the kellner, it realised forcibly the triumphant and memorable moment, when, all difficulties conquered, the old woman's pig trundled magnanimously over the stile.

As far as the raw material went, we were

amply provided, W—— having taken care to lay in a stock at Frankfort. When he went to the shop and asked for tea, the man produced some, with a very self-satisfied air, saying,—"Of course, sir, you will prefer the Russian. However, independently of its recommendation as being from your country, it is very good; —we consider Russian tea the best that is sold."

W——'s excellent German was doubtless the cause of this mistake of the tea-merchant as to his country. Many English here do not speak the language at all, and very few indeed with the perfection he does: but the Russians are excellent linguists, and speak foreign languages as fluently as their own.

But, speaking of tea-urns, I must say that the foreign specimens of this race, although odd characters are to be found among them, as among everything else, are on the whole on a very good principle. In Belgium they were contrived so that hot charcoals occupied part of the centre. Farther on, we had a sort of kettle placed over a pan of burning charcoals; and in these two kinds the water was kept in a state of furious boil for hours. Then here again we have the spirits-of-wine lamp, a very good contrivance—when it chooses to light.

Before I leave this important subject, I must make the amende honorable to the whole body of "machines," and retract an unjust opinion I had formed of them at the first acquaintance. This was founded on their invariable custom of retreating off to the very extreme edge of the table, and remaining there with their backs turned to everything on it, in the most huffy, misanthropical manner, instead of coming, like a good, honest, sociable English tea-urn, to stand by the poor tea-pot, and help her in her arduous duties of filling the cups. But I have found out that this piece of unpoliteness is their misfortune, not their fault, owing to the difference of shape.

How wrong it is to form hasty and uncharitable opinions of any class,—be they men, women, or tea-urns,—without taking into consideration their various circumstances and situations!

We could not possibly be at Leipsig without paying a visit to the famed publishing establishment of Brochaus, where all the literary business of Germany is transacted. The place has a very dusty, book-wormish look. As we entered, we could not help thinking how many poor authors, their hearts beating with

anxious hope or fear, had crossed that threshold and mounted the dingy stair; —coming, perhaps, to commit the precious child of their brain, to the tender mercies of that, sometimes, rough step-mother—the gentle public.

CHAPTER III.

Leipsig to Dresden—Unfavourable impressions—The first peep at the picture-gallery—The flies—Luther and the inkstand.

DRESDEN, *August* 23*rd.*—This morning we left Leipsig, not a little sorry to bid adieu to that pleasant, bustling, sun-shiny town. Indeed as there were reasons for hurrying on here, we did not think we should have staid even the additional day we did.

"How long do you remain?—where do you come from?—where are you going?" was part of the catechism of the Polizei, as we stopped at the barrière coming in. "Vive la liberté," thought I. How would John Bull, at his own side of the water, chafe and rebel if any one took the liberty of asking him where he was going, and how long staying in whatever place he might choose to honour with his presence.

A short way outside Leipsig, workmen are busily employed breaking up the ground and levelling it for a rail-road. This is the first thing of the kind we have seen since we have been in this country, and we could not avoid smiling at the incongruous ideas it brought with it,—the speed connected with rail-roads, and the deliberation of German habits. The work did not seem to be going on at a very rail-road pace; but indeed the most active labourer would find his due power over shovel and pick-axe impeded, were he forced to have a great, lumbering, china pipe hung to his mouth, as these had.

At Wurzen, the next post from Leipsig, there was a wooden bridge erected, over which the rail-road was to pass. Shortly after leaving this place, we got once more into the forests, which we hailed with the greater pleasure from not having met any since we left Eisenach. Under the trees were bright patches of purple heath, that looked and smelt delightfully; but the face of the country is level, and utterly devoid of beauty when you emerge from the forests.

The harvest, however, was going on, and that is an interesting and beautiful scene anywhere, and more particularly in a country

where there are no divisions of land, and where the costume and appearance of the peasantry is novel and picturesque. The groups of them reaping the corn to-day as we passed along,—or seated under the apple and pear-trees that border the road, eating their dinners, were very pretty, the colouring so bright and peculiar.

A long pole with a sheaf of wheat fixed to the end of it like a broom, is the trophy raised to show that the labours of the season are ended,—the harvest home. In some cases these were triumphantly attached to the top of the highest tree in the field.

The scenery did not improve until we came within view of the Elbe, when it began to assume that interest a river usually imparts. As we wound along the bank fine masses of pointed rock began to appear, rising high above our heads, and planted up to the top. These were at the right;—on the left, rows of lofty poplars bordered the road.

The banks of the Elbe reminded us very much of those of the Meuse, though they do not perhaps quite equal the latter in beauty. The Meuse we admired more than we did the Rhine,—particularly in the drive between Namur and Huy.

"Comparisons are odorous," Mrs. Malaprop says—and the good lady is right; that is to

say, provided she keeps to the original meaning of the saw. It is hardly fair to compare even rivers;—but still there is a kind of satisfaction in extolling and raising unobtrusive merit in opposition to charms be-praised and be-sung, until the shrine is so piled up with incense, a mite more seems altogether superfluous. This last is certainly the case with the Rhine—she has enough of everything—her cup of praise is running over: and it is pleasant to find two such rivals to remind her that though such a bright one, she is not the *only* star in the firmament. The view on entering Meissen is not unlike that of Huy; there is a charming old castle perched up on the very top of a perpendicular rock, the bridge stretching across, &c.

Meissen is the little town where all the Dresden china is manufactured. It is a bustling place, but the streets are exceedingly narrow. As we were proceeding along one, the houses on either side so close to us that we might almost have touched them with our hands, the postilion anxious, no doubt, that our entrée should be with becoming dignity, commenced a flourish upon his horn. He was so intent upon this barbarous melody, that he forgot his reins while absorbed in his quavers.

The consequence was, the carriage dashed up against some obstacle in the narrow street with such violence, that we were sure it must inevitably be overturned. Indeed the shock was so great, and the concussion swung the carriage with such force, that in our fright we hardly knew what was going to happen. Dear G—— became so ill, she was obliged to get out.

When she had recovered, and all was right again, I could not help, as we drove along, reflecting with deep gratitude on the protecting care that had preserved us so far on our journey. We were now approaching Dresden, the furthest point in our tour, and great reason indeed had we to lift up our hearts in fervent thankfulness to the almighty Guardian who had brought us in safety, and shielded us from the many accidents that might have happened.

How delightful it is to feel that God is "about our path, and about our bed, and spies out all our ways," wherever we go, whether we "travel by land or by water!" Without His fatherly care, what would become of us, poor, weak creatures? When we think of the numerous unseen perils that beset our steps, from the time we rise in the morning until we

go to rest at night, and during the helpless hours of darkness; when we consider our complicated frames so "fearfully and wonderfully made," and reflect that the slightest disorder in one of those thousand muscles and blood-vessels, the least disarrangement in that beautiful and complicated net-work of nerves which covers the whole frame, might poison and dry up the sources of all our happiness, and cause us to linger on in pain and agony to our graves, we have ample reason to rejoice that we are not our own keepers. No—the management of the wondrous machine is not committed to *our* exertions,—praises and thanks be to Him, who watches continually over us for good!

This idea is connected with a very delightful reflection. If God does for us what we cannot do for ourselves, in this case, and thus provides for the welfare of perishing bodies, that a few revolving years will see returned to their native dust—how much more will he keep and shield the immortal part? This reflection is fraught with comfort to all who feel the great value of the soul—that precious thing which must live on in continual happiness or endless woe, long ages after the sun that has shone down upon this earth and all its changes since the creation, shall have melted away.

We crossed the bridge at Meissen, and the view of the town and the castle, with its towers and pinnacles against the sky, from the other side of the Elbe, was enchanting.

We now lost the rocks, but not the beauty. The road continued to wind along close to the river, through a succession of vine-gardens. It was delightful!—the vines, instead of being cut and curbed as in other places, twined up lofty poles, and in many instances were left free and unrestrained to follow their own wild and beautiful fancies. Every now and then we passed lovely cottages, situated in the midst of gardens full of flowers, and shady vine-covered walks. The opposite bank of the river was a chain of undulating planted hills, with occasional châteaux, cottages, turrets, perched up on some high jutting crag, and terraces rising one above the other, overhanging the river, on the quiet surface of which, little boats, with their painted gondola-like awnings, were gliding by.

Although we were approaching a town, the number of country-seats and isolated cottages struck us with surprise. Such things are very rare indeed on the continent. There are some, it is true, on the banks of the Rhine and the Meuse, —but with these exceptions, we have travelled

for miles together through a rich, cultivated, and beautiful country, without meeting a single human habitation—that is to say, one standing by itself. All the population, high and low, seem to share the same sociable propensity to gather themselves into towns and villages.

A genuine taste for the country,—country life,—and country seclusion, appears to belong exclusively to England. Nowhere else do you see those old hereditary mansions retired in solitary dignity in the centre of their own parks;—the spreading domains that surround them, their world,—its confines, their boundary wall.

Abroad, they certainly do not love the country. In France, if a courtier gets into disgrace, he is condemned to his château as a place of punishment:—if a lady misbehaves herself, if her milliner's bills are too large in the eyes of Monsieur le mari, she is sent off to the same retreat to do penance for the past, and learn economy for the future. In short, the maison de campagne is the Siberia, (and a dreary enough one too, generally speaking,) for unsuccessful lawgivers and naughty ladies. It is difficult to trace the origin of this rural taste among the English. That they have not inherited it from their Norman ancestors is very

certain—and as for their Saxon forefathers, it is equally plain, that neither from these was it derived.

The rows of lofty poplars at either side of the road, showed that we were now very near the end and object of our journey, Dresden. The intention was to spend some time here—indeed there were floating ideas of staying the winter, for we had heard wonders of the attractions of the place.

There is something very delightful in the feeling with which one approaches a spot where one is to remain any length of time. One of my besetting sins is an inordinate attachment to places, originating doubtless from some unlucky, overgrown bump of adhesiveness in my cranium. However this be, I am always afraid of allowing myself to get fond of a place where I know I am not to stay, sad experience having taught the pain and misery of leaving, in such cases. But when two or three months are in contemplation, it is quite another affair. Bit, bridle, and martingale, are then removed from those unruly affections, and they are allowed to settle down on the place, and twine themselves round every stone, and building, and tree, as they think fit. True, the pain of parting is great, but after a prudent calculation of both

sides of the account, the pleasure of the previous indulgence more than counterbalances it.

Our tours, and guides, and travelling books had prepared us to be in raptures with the appearance of Dresden. Indeed I expected so much, that I was almost afraid to be half as much pleased with Brussels, and Frankfort, and Leipsig, as I felt disposed: it seemed a kind of injustice to what was to follow.

"If you are so delighted with these places," whispered conscience, "what will you do when you get to Dresden? Keep your superlatives till then—you will want them all—don't exhaust everything now."

So I moderated my extacies, and gulped down sundry interjections. I need not have done so, for here we are in Dresden, and—(of course I speak of externals)—grievously disappointed.

The first coup-d'œil was very striking. The three fine buildings of Dresden, two Lutheran churches and one Catholic, rise beautifully out of the town, and give a most imposing effect to its general appearance at a distance. But when we passed the barrière, the cold wintry look of the houses, with their small windows and smoke-begrimed roofs, the dilapidated aspect

of the grass-grown square,—the cheerless decaying appearance of everything, fell like a blight upon our spirits. These were our impressions this evening as we drove to the hotel "Stadt Wien." "What a disappointment!" was our simultaneous exclamation; "how different from what we expected!"

But perhaps we expected too much. Perhaps, too, we are tired and fagged after our long journey—the want of spirit may be, not in the streets of Dresden, but in ourselves. The feelings under whose influence we view objects, generally throw such a colouring over them, that it is hardly fair to form a judgment from impressions alone. We have decided on waiting until to-morrow. Who knows what may be on the other side of that long bridge? Meantime I conclude the day's lucubrations with that very convenient phrase in all uncertainties—"nous verrons!"

Aug. 24th.—We have just crossed the Rubicon, alias the Elbe, by means of the long bridge, which kept our hopes and imagination alive last night. And now returned from a promenade through the length and breadth of the town, here in the spacious saloon of the very comfortable Stadt Wien, being neither tired,

sleepy, hungry, cross, nor under any other unfavourable influence, and with moreover every wish to be pleased,—we have come to the cool and deliberate decision that we *are* disappointed with Dresden.

The bridge is a very fine one, and there is a very excellent arrangement upon it, namely, that in crossing, all comers take the right side, and all goers the left, or to speak more concisely, all keep to their left. This avoids jostling, by putting an end at once to contending interests.

Two arches of this bridge were blown up by the French in the campaign of 1813, to prevent the allies crossing the Elbe. They were restored by the Emperor Alexander of Russia, together with a large crucifix of cast metal gilt, which stands in one of the semicircles, surrounded by the stone benches of the bridge.

This crucifix rises from a mass of artificial rock, roughly carved, with wreaths of ivy, &c. twining over it. At the foot of the cross is a globe with a serpent coiled round it,—a frequent image to imply the world enslaved by sin, from which the great sacrifice has set it free. The eye is offended by the awkward effect of this crucifix being not in the

centre of the bridge, but at the fifth arch. The stopping up of four or five out of fifteen arches originally built by Augustus II. is probably the cause of this.

The views up and down the river, of the surrounding country and the mountains of Bohemia, are very much extolled; we thought, however, they fell short of the description. The bridge itself is the finest in Germany, five hundred and fifty-two feet long by thirty-six wide. Were it not as solid as it is, it would not be able to resist the strong currents of the deep and rapid Elbe, which frequently overflows its banks, rising sometimes sixteen feet in twenty-four hours.

After crossing the bridge, you come to the Kallolische Kirche, which I shall not describe until we have examined it more minutely.

Then—this surely must be a prison—this black, dirty, melancholy-looking building, with crossed iron-bars to the windows, and guards outside. I thought of "the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners," and compared their lot, pent up in this wretched place, with that of our luxuriously-lodged delinquents at home. I might have spared my thoughts the trouble of the comparison, and the long journey to the

British isles to boot. This jail-like abode was no prison, but one of the royal palaces. We passed under an archway, and came to a grand entrance, over which an eagle or pelican, begrimed and black with soot and filth, looked—his bill stuck into his breast—as if he were trying to commit suicide. No wonder, poor fellow! he should be tired of life in such a gloomy spot.

We passed along through the dark, narrow streets of the old town, into which I defy the most ingenious sun-beam to force its way, until we came to the Neue Markt, in which stands the Frauen Kirche — (church of Our Lady.)

This church is a large circular building with a cupola roof. It reminded me, at the first glance, of St. Paul's in London, as far at least as anything so near the ground can be said to resemble anything so near the sky. It is seen to great advantage from our rooms in the Stadt Wien. From thence the tower part is concealed by intervening houses, which is very desirable, the building being much in the predicament of a handsome woman with ill-shaped legs. As you get nearer the church, it really does remind you, to carry on the simile, of a fine figure, well-proportioned in the upper

parts, but suddenly cut short at the knees. This is a pity, for "Our Lady" would have been a noble building, had the architect carried her up to her proper and legitimate height.

Two things we have learned from our promenade. If Dresden have not the sunny, cheerful, cleanly, luxurious air of Frankfort, or the gay bustle, and beautifully-picturesque buildings of Leipsig, it has two great advantages over them.

First, you can walk all over the town without being obliged to have recourse to your eau-de-cologne bottle or scented pocket-handkerchief, those absolutely necessary companions in every large foreign town we have hitherto been in. The second advantage is, that when you return home from your peregrination, you are not shifting from one leg to another like a foundered horse, with the soles of your feet bruised as if they had just had the bastinado. This misery we had in full perfection at Leipsig—the paving-stones there would certainly obviate the necessity of Irish pilgrims putting peas in their shoes, while walking the appointed rounds of the holy well: their sharp points would do the peas' duty effectually. Here not only is the paving better, but there are excellent flagged trottoirs on both sides of the street.

Aug. 27th.—"The finest gems are in the smallest caskets." We have just had a glimpse of some of the treasures of which Dresden is the shrine:—this morning was our first at the picture gallery!

Conscience was right, after all, when it told me to keep the superlatives for Dresden. The first feeling on entering the gallery is that of utter bewilderment. The eye wanders round those brilliant walls,

"Dazzled and drunk with beauty,"

overwhelmed, unable to fix itself on any one of the countless objects that challenge admiration on every side.

We intended merely to go through the galleries—so on we proceeded through one room after another, until we reached the sanctum sanctorum, the chamber containing Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto—*the* picture of Dresden. Here we were stopped,—rivetted. I defy any one to pass by this heavenly painting.

My mind is now in a state of confusion—I feel still as if under the influence of some spell —some enchantment! The lovely Madonna, Correggio's Notte, Titian's Christ and the tribute money, and three or four other gems, alone

rise with any distinctness above the floating mass of impressions,—the images of beauty that fill it almost to repletion. It will require many a visit to the picture gallery, before I can form any coherent idea, much less attempt any distinct account of what I have seen.

Aug. 29th.—"Have you put down *the flies* in your journal?" This question W—— has just called across the room from the secrétaire where he is writing, and certainly as I have undertaken to recount what we have "to be, to do, and to suffer" on our travels, I ought not to omit the flies. If I were to write of them as often as I am forced to think of them, they would occupy a considerable portion of my paper.

Ever since we left Frankfort we have undergone a species of petty martyrdom from these little sable tormentors: in the carriage, at meals, reading or writing, standing still or moving, it is all alike,—they come flapping against us, and buzzing about us unceasingly. We should be delighted to come to any amicable arrangement with them, and give them their own terms. The sugar-basin they might have without reserve, nay, even a free and full surrender of the whole tea-table might be resolved upon,—but

our own fingers and faces, that is really too bad. When they come to make a promenade of one's forehead, and coolly establish themselves without any sort of apology on one's very nose, hopping off and on as if that respectable little protuberance were their own rightful property, the thing becomes too insulting!

There is an absurd story at the castle of Wartburg, of which place I have already made prolix mention, of the devil having assumed the shape of a fly to worry Luther, while he was employed there in translating the Bible. Luther bore up manfully against all the other satanical devices to annoy him in his work; but this was too much for his powers of endurance. In his rage and provocation at the continual buzzing, he seized his ink-bottle and flung it at his tormentor. The stains of the ink are shown to this day on the wall of the room.*

* This absurd story, which they relate with perfect belief at Wartburg, showing the ink-stained wall to confirm its truth, is not without foundation. During his confinement there Luther laboured under great depression of spirits. He had been suddenly interrupted in his active and zealous career, and was iso-

Certainly the flies here are quite enough to wear out the patience of saint or reformer. The most provoking part of it is, that one cannot find it in one's heart to take vengeance on these little merry creatures. Much as we suffer, it is impossible to see without a certain repugnance the murderous condiments of sticky, treacly stuff that garnish every window; and the melancholy spectacle of rows of white plates strewed with the dead bodies of the slain, makes us forget all our wrongs. I can never resist rescuing a poor little struggler from a

lated from the world in a lonely castle,—a dependant for daily bread on the bounty of others. This chafed his generous spirit, while severe study and unremitting mental labour undermined his health. Sleep deserted him, and his nerves became impaired. His mind was so disturbed by constant tension, and his imagination so heated, that one night, while studying by the light of a lamp, he fancied he saw a vision. In the momentary excitement he threw his inkstand at the appearance. After this his friends persuaded him to relax in the labours of the pen,—they induced him to go out with them, and even to join at times in their hunting expeditions against the wild animals of the surrounding forests: On these occasions he was obliged to wear his disguise, and adopt many precautions, but his health gradually improved.

milky or watery grave, even though I know, that like the monster of Frankenstein's creation, he will be the worry and torment of my life for half the day after.

CHAPTER V.

Treasures at the Grüne Gewölbe—Expedition in quest of a dress-maker—Male sempstresses—Music at the Catholic church—Its effect in exciting devotional feelings.

Sépt. 1*st.*—We have just returned from the Grüne Gewölbe—("the green vault")—a collection of the royal treasures of Saxony, and while its glittering splendours are still sparkling before my eyes, I must try and describe something of what we have seen.

This collection is in the old palace. There was a party viewing it when we got there, so we sat down on a bench in the court to await patiently our turn for being admitted.

Nothing could be a more fitting ante-chamber for the fairy-like region that we were about to enter, than where we were now detained,—I

mean with respect to the power of contrast. It was a large, deserted-looking paved court, across which the old towers, blackened and dilapidated, flung their melancholy shadows: all within was silent, yet not however gloomy; there was that kind of tranquil stillness that reigns in the close of an ancient cathedral, broken only, in the present case, by the measured tread of the sentinels on duty, and occasionally the echoing footsteps of some one crossing to the opposite entrance of the palace.

From this peaceful, dreamy spot we were ushered into chambers that were certainly more like the descriptions one meets of enchanted palaces in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, than anything else. The suddenness of the change—the unexpectedness of finding within those cold, blackened, repulsive walls, such an oriental display, had something of magic in it, very much savouring of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp.

The first room contained bronzes, — the second, a most beautiful collection of carved ivory. Some of these were exquisitely elaborate, the works chiefly of German and Dutch artists. There was a very curious piece cut out of a solid mass of ivory; it represented the fall of

the angels, and was executed in Naples, and sent as a present to Augustus II.

The whole thing is a mass of fairy figures, (ninety-two in number,) entwined one with the other, yet each perfectly finished and distinct. They are all falling downwards toward an open-mouthed monster at the bottom, representing hell. The figures at the top are angelic beings; —gradually as they descend they lose this appearance, and the one just disappearing in the jaws of the monster is a regular little fiend. The expression and minuteness of finish of these fairy figures, are wonderful. Round the piece is a rich garland of flowers wrought in silver. The height of the whole piece of ivory is only sixteen inches.

I should have premised that the collection in the Grüne Gewölbe was begun in the middle of the eighteenth century, but that it owes its present form and magnificence to Augustus II.,*

* Augustus II., surnamed der Stark, (the Strong,) is the alpha and omega, the Monsieur Nongtong-paw of Dresden. Everything that has been done in it was done by him,—on all sides you hear of his wonderful exploits and the gigantic feats of strength which procured to him his surname. No one who wishes to live on peaceable terms with his neighbour will, of course, think of disbelieving these. If you entertain

who remodelled it in 1724. It certainly is a monument of his taste and collecting propensities.

The next room to that containing the carved ivories, is perfectly dazzling. The walls are covered with looking-glass, and so are the square pillars that support the arched ceiling. This multiplies the effect of the display of gold and precious stones. I really could hardly persuade myself I was not entering some palace of a gnome or genii,—one of those glittering grottoes that are fabled to exist in the submarine caverns among the coral reefs.

There were shells formed into drinking-cups of every form, superbly mounted in gold and jewels—ostrich eggs fantastically disposed so as to imitate the body of the bird, while the head and legs were made of silver—cups cut out of solid garnets—others made out of jasper, chrysophras, lapis lazuli, of the most graceful forms. Two splendid chalices of a large size and beautiful shape, particularly attracted us;—they were of embossed gold, and literally covered with valuable antiques. Others were

any treasonable doubts respecting their redoubtable Augustus der Stark, the sooner you bid adieu to Dresden the better. Hercules was a babe, and Sampson a woman, compared to him.

composed of smaller sized Bohemian garnets, and amethysts. Besides these jewelled cups, there were larger drinking vessels of silver gilt and pure gold, in the form of birds, elephants, and other shapes, graceful or grotesque.

All these were not grouped together in the confusion in which I have described them, but were arranged, each standing out separately and distinctly on its own gilt bracket, one above the other against the mirrored wall, from the floor to the ceiling. The smaller articles,—cups,—knife-handles of precious stones, single stones, &c., were disposed round the rooms in glass cases.

All this arrangement added to the charming effect, and totally removed the feeling of crowded confusion which such a mass of treasures would be calculated to produce. They were all in the most admirable order, bright and polished, and as free from every particle of dust, as if, indeed, they had been under the waves in the palace of the sea king.

In another looking-glassed room was a curious chimney-piece, composed entirely of Saxon materials:—Specimens of all the minerals and stones, spars, cornelians, &c., found in the mines, were ingeniously introduced in various patterns,—and the porcelain appeared

in the body of the structure, in figures, flowers, &c. Altogether, it was interesting as being a sort of national monument.

In the same room were three or four beautiful Italian tables, pietra dura, and scagliola:—a gold hunting-horn of Augustus II. studded with gems; innumerable salvers, and basins of embossed silver gilt. Among the latter was the rich silver salver used in the baptisms of the royal infants of the house of Saxony.

Here was rather an interesting curiosity—the first looking-glass ever made in Germany: judging by the gemmed and elaborate frame in which it was shrined, the small bit of mirror, not a foot square, must, indeed, have been precious. This raised frame was in some places double the breadth of the glass, and as an additional protection, the latter was covered with a kind of little moveable door of silver gilt, having stones on it to correspond with the rest.

The ill-luck of breaking a looking-glass, an opinion which has been handed down to our days, may be easily accounted for by the value once attached to them.

The next to this chamber was a fairy cabinet, richer in point of value than the larger rooms we had yet seen. The articles in this were of a peculiar description. Huge misshapen pearls,—

those deformities which are unfit for any ornamental use, were here framed into a variety of quaint devices, and grotesque figures. Sometimes they formed the body, sometimes the head of some fantastic little elf, or caricatured animal, the rest being supplied with gold and gems. It seemed as if the genius of Cruikshank had presided at the framing of all these fanciful shapes,—his materials being, instead of pen, ink, and paper—uncouth pearls, enamel, and precious stones.

There was in this cabinet a likeness of a favourite dwarf of Augustus II., who was a long time the delight of the court: his body is composed of a large emerald, and the misshapen head and limbs of other costly materials: one may with perfect truth say, he is a *preciously ugly* little fellow.

Our guide told us, that 12,000 dollars were paid for one of these grotesque groups, and that not the largest or most valuable in the cabinet. They, as well as many other things in this collection, were the work of three brothers Dinglingen, artists, whom Augustus kept employed for several years in carrying his improvements of Dresden into execution.

The next chamber was a very brilliant one,—it contained ancient cut glass, and crystal.

The effect was light and elegant to a degree—reflected as these graceful objects were from the mirrored walls a thousand fold in all their colourless purity. There were some ewers and vases in that beautiful Venetian glass, with waving lines like light gleaming on water. The art of making this is now lost.

Our eyes were now suddenly reposed by a room panelled in dark wood, which looked peculiarly sombre after the succession of glittering chambers through which we had passed. Here were carvings in wood of various sizes, from a large crucifix down to a cherry-stone, with (they said) one hundred and fifty heads upon it! That there was not this number it would have been no easy matter to prove,—so, of course, every one believed what he was told.

One small piece of carving struck me as very beautiful. It was a round ball about the size of an apple, cut in two,—one hemisphere representing the old, the other the New Testament. Within the former, was the scene of the lifting up the brazen serpent in the wilderness;—within the latter, that of the crucifixion:—both exquisitely done.

"But you have seen nothing yet," said the guide, opening another door; "here are the royal jewels."

And very magnificent they were, ranged round the room in cases lined with velvet, and covered with glass. Diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, set in necklaces, buckles, sword-hilts, and every variety of wearable form. Indeed it was often puzzling to find out what portion of the human frame could give accommodation to some of the strangely-shaped ornaments, and when fixed on, how they could ever be either worn or borne. One resplendent suite of diamonds, a necklace and an immense knot for the waist, must, I should think, require the fair wearer to possess some of the strength of Augustus the "Stark" himself, to enable her to support it with any comfort.

But these, after all, were too much like a jeweller's shop on a splendid scale, to be very interesting. I soon slipped away from the party and the guide, (the latter, had he perceived the defalcation, would have pronounced me sorely wanting in taste,) and went off to the other end of the room in quest of other amusement.

I found it in the shape of a most interesting model, opposite which I seated myself. It represented the birth-day of the great Mogul, with his subjects arriving to pay their respects, and bring their offerings. The sovereign is reclining under a jewelled canopy, fanned by

his black slaves. There are one hundred and thirty-two little figures executed in enamelled gold, each a perfect bijou in itself, about two inches high. Some are mounted on horses, others leading elephants completely caparisoned, with tiny towers on their backs. Others again are being carried in palanquins, or marching under canopies and umbrellas, while there are crowds of persons on foot, slaves bearing the presents, prostrating themselves at the foot of the throne, &c. The presents are almost the prettiest part of the whole thing;—little fillagree baskets, and fairy enamelled vases and tea-equipages, that Titania might have sipped her "May-dew" out of.

This model covers a large table. There are several small brilliants introduced into the dresses of the tributary chiefs and princes, and the housing of the steeds and elephants. It cost 85,000 dollars, and was the work of the brothers Dinglingen, occupying them for eight years.

From this last chamber we went out, through that appropriated to the bronzes, into the quiet, shadowy court of the old building. When we found ourselves here once more, the change reminded us of the old fisherman in Scheze-rade's tale, who, after being taken down to the

palace cave of the genii of the lake, rubbed his eyes and shook himself, doubting whether he were the same man, when he felt he was lying across the planks of his crazy skiff again.

It is only a pity the "Grüne Gewölbe" is not a "vault," as its name imports;—that would make it marvellously more romantic and mysterious, and Aladdin-like. The reason why this Udolpho name was given to a set of very handsome, brilliant, (comfortable I was going to say!) apartments on the ground-floor, has not been handed down to posterity.

Sept. 2nd.—A discovery! I have just found out what the men do in a country where women mow, reap, and till the ground. A few days since, I bought a dress, and as it was expedient to get said dress made up, inquired for the domicile of a marchande de modes. Several were named, and away I went to the first on the list. After mounting some dark, dirty flights of stairs, I found her—surrounded by finery;—a cross, uncivil person she was, by the way.

I opened the state of the case. "A dress to make!—O no—caps and bonnets, and sundry other things, I could have;—but a dress—no, she never made dresses."

"Well," thought I, as I descended, "one learns something even by going up a dirty set of stairs. I can now say that there *is* such a thing in Germany as a disagreeable, ill-natured-looking person, at least."

I went to another marchande. She was very civil and promised wonders, till we came to the point, and then she was "*so* sorry, but no —she never made dresses."

A third told the same tale. I was all dismay and astonishment—the marchandes de modes evidently confined their attentions to the nobler part of the frame alone. Heads seemed well taken care of, but for the rest, that was utterly beneath their consideration.

In this dilemma I betook myself to the shopman, of whom I had bought the materials. I told him of my failures, and begged he would direct me to some woman whose needle embraced a wider field of action.

"*Woman!*" he exclaimed, "you surely would never think of giving your dress to a woman to make; it is men,—men do all the ladies' work here. There is M. Reiché of the Schloss-gasse, and M. Franz Heyse, and M. ——."

"Oh! that will never do," I interrupted;—"a man dress-maker!—that would not suit us

English ladies—I must try and find out a work-woman."

"Then I assure you," he said gravely, "your dress will be utterly spoiled—there is no woman in Dresden can do such a thing,—and if you give her your stuff you will not get it back before a fortnight. No, no,—I will give you the addresses of some excellent tailors,—why so scrupulous? all the German ladies employ them, I assure you. Don't let your materials be spoiled by a woman."

This was rather startling. He drew from under the counter about twenty printed cards; and after shuffling them over, put three or four into my hands. I thanked him for his advice; but, determined to make another desperate effort for a feminine practitioner, turned into the next street, where a civil old lady kept a shop I had already been in that morning.

She listened very patiently to my story, and seemed very much surprised why I should be so bent on employing a woman. "However," she said, "that is out of the question—I assure you all you have heard is true; there is no such thing in the town. M. Herrmann,—do you know him?—lives close by; he fits the ladies so well! here, I will give you his address, and ——"

"Oh," I said,—rather unamiably, I fear, for I was out of humour at being cut off from my last hope, "I have addresses enough, thank you—more than I shall want. But, madame," (a bright idea struck me,) "I suppose these gentlemen send out maidens to try on their work, do they not?"

The shop-dame shrugged her shoulders. "No indeed, women had nothing to do with it; there were *keine mädchen*, no maidens."

This bad news drove me home in despair. On my way back to the Stadt Wien I recollected how often I had seen written up on the shops, "Herren-Schneider," and "Damen-Schneider," (gentleman's tailor and lady's tailor,) I never had thought of asking what the latter meant. Now the mystery was explained,—I could not say satisfactorily.

Next morning was cold and sharp, as our autumnal mornings are beginning now to be. I looked at my warm, comfortable, unmade garment, and at the pile of tailor's address cards on the table; it was too bad to shiver in the midst of plenty.

After breakfast, partly from a lingering hope of finding a woman in the establishment,—partly from the spirit of adventure and a real curiosity to see one of these male dress-makers

performing his functions, I resolved to pay one a visit. Franz Heyse had a *Jun.* after his name, which did not look so well; so I chose the Herr Reiche, and started off for the Schlossgasse, accompanied by our femme de chambre, who had likewise attended my peregrinations of the previous day.

We found the number with some little difficulty, and there on a black board was painted, "F. Reiche, Kleidermacher für Damen, 4 Treppen," (F. Reiche, Dress-maker for ladies, 4th story.)

The streets of Dresden are dark enough certes, but tenfold darker was the sort of hall in which we found ourselves on leaving the open air for an ascent to Mr. Reiche's premises. At first we could see nothing, but after a few minutes, when my eyes became accustomed to the place, I distinguished by the faint glimmer the foot of an excessively dirty flight of winding stairs. Nothing daunted, however, by the uninviting prospect, I led the way boldly, and groped up to one, two, three, four landings. On the fourth, at the left-hand side, was an open door, and there they were, all the *Damenschneiders*, hard at work at a table covered with silks and satins, cutting and stitching away pelisses, petticoats, and pelerines.

They were not perched aloft in the cross-legged tailor fashion,—but seated round the table as soberly and demurely, as the same number of notable young damsels serving their time to the trade.

As I saw no symptoms of woman-kind here, except what was in the hands of the men sempstresses, I was going to retrace my steps down stairs, when I heard a child cry in another room. An infant and a woman are seldom very far apart one from the other, so I knocked at the door, and it was opened, as I expected, by Madame Reiche herself.

"Ah, how unlucky!" she said, "my husband is out."

"How very lucky!" thought I, and I immediately proceeded to endeavour to enlist her services. I was the more anxious to succeed in this, from the view I got of a dress lying on the table, so admirably made, that it impressed me with the highest idea of the talents of the house of Reiche.

But madame declared *she* knew nothing about the matter; her "mann" was the person.

"Surely, though, you can take directions,—you can do something?"

No; the invariable answer to every question was, "Wenn mein mann kommt," (when my

man comes;) and she kept on about "mein mann, mein mann," never dreaming that the said "mann" was the very thing I wanted to avoid.

While I was trying to persuade her that she *must* know how to make ladies' dresses,—(the poor woman I verily believe had never threaded a needle,)—the door opened, and in walked Herr Reiche. He took it for granted I must be a customer, and unfurling a roll of paper patterns, commenced an eloquent descant on fashions and novelties, discoursing so learnedly on the various technicalities of trimmings and pipings, folds and bands, that I was far too much amused to interrupt him.

When, at length, he drew bridle, I stated my difficulties, and was quite surprised to find the man enter at once into my British scruples and prejudices.

"I have keine mädchen, (no maidens,)" he replied, "but that is nothing; if you will let me have a dress that fits, you shall have yours made without any further inconvenience."

Men certainly excel in everything they undertake, no matter what it is. I always thought so, and now the opinion is confirmed. No woman ever sent me home so well made a garment as that which arrived from Herr Reiche this morning, to say nothing of being spared

the endless annoyances of trying on, alterations, &c. &c.

Sunday.—After our own prayers this morning, we went at eleven o'clock to the Kattolische Kirche, to hear what is universally allowed to be the finest church-music in Germany. "The finest in Germany!" that is a bold saying, and the expectations it excites, such as would not very easily be satisfied.

Ours were surpassed, even with the recollections of the Münster at Cologne,—the echoes of which have haunted my brain ever since,—fresh in our memories. The introduction of violins and other stringed instruments into sacred music has been objected to as inappropriate. We certainly attach other ideas than solemn ones to these instruments; and I remember being shocked the first time I heard them within the walls of a church; but this morning it would have been impossible to cavil. The deep, solemn swell of the splendid organ mingled so beautifully with the other instruments, all were so blended, so harmonised together in one burst of melody, while the full, rich tones of the human voice floated distinct and sweet over all, that the effect was indescribable. You could not perceive,—you did not stop to inquire, what it was that pro-

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duced it,—whether organ, trumpet, or violin, mingled most in the magnificent body of sound that rose upwards, and rolled through the lofty aisles, but you *felt* every nerve thrill to its overwhelming, its heavenly influence.

There is certainly no place where the power of fine music is so irresistible as in a church. The soul touched and softened by feeling itself more immediately in the presence of its mighty Creator, is then peculiarly alive to such impressions. Music too, one of the most beautiful gifts, without doubt, that God has blest us with faculties to enjoy, how can its best powers be more nobly employed than in his service? Is not sharing in it, as we did this morning, really a kind of foretaste of the pleasures that are at his right hand for evermore—the melody of praise that will echo through eternity? Are we not assured that the disembodied spirits of the loved, the lost, whom death has separated for *a little while*, (delightful words!) from our longing eyes, are similarly employed?

Many people object to the devotional feelings excited by music. Religion, they say, is not a thing of impulse and feeling; these should not be suffered to enter into it. I would not be thought to intrude so humble an opinion as mine, and on a subject of such mo-

ment, among wiser and better judgments; but I do confess I cannot understand this objection. How is it possible for creatures constituted as we are, to exclude the feelings and affections from a part in everything we do and think? And if it were possible, would it be at all expedient or desirable?

Is not the religion of the Bible, a religion of the affections? The sweetest feelings of humanity are used as figures to express the love of the Lord to his people. The affection of a father for his offspring, "as a father pitieth his children;" the fondness of a mother for the son of her womb, her sucking child; the tenderness of a husband towards "the beloved of his soul:"—all these, the most endearing ties that can bind one human being to another, are employed as symbols of his love; and shall we return cold, calculating reason alone for all this? Oh, no!—would that our fervent and warmest affections were more wholly, more devotedly his—would that we *loved* Him with our heart of hearts!

Nothing has so softening, so elevating an effect as music on those who can feel it. Why then should not sacred melody be hailed as a valuable means of cherishing feelings which all know can be called into life by the Spirit

of God alone, but which, alas! are so prone to languish and grow cold.

Over the altar is a painting representing the ascension of our Lord, by Raphael Mengs. Those are melancholy words, "He was parted from them, and a cloud received Him out of their sight." It was a dark cloud truly, for the sorrowing disciples. How well one can imagine them as they are described standing "gazing up into heaven," doubtless with that desolate feeling with which one continues to look after a beloved friend, long after he has disappeared from our eyes. It must indeed have been a heart-rending bereavement, notwithstanding his own kind words, "I will not leave you comfortless; let not your heart be troubled."

But to lose such a guide, such a friend, such a companion—what a blank!—he who bore so long and so tenderly with those twelve poor, ignorant fishermen, (one a traitor at heart,) their infirmities, their doubts, their disbelief! Even his last act was one of affection, "*While He blessed them* he was parted from them."

How encouraging is all this to us!

The music at the church was peculiarly fine this morning from its being the first Sunday the king attended divine service since the

death of his predecessor. The court are not now at Dresden — they always spend the summer at Pilnitz, a palace some way out of town, but whence they drive in frequently. The four royal pews are at each side of the altar, and glazed in front. Last Sunday they were hung with black, but to-day, the court-mourning being over, crimson velvet embroidered in gold replaced the black; the windows were thrown up, and all four were filled by the royal party. In one were the king and queen, (she is his second wife and a Bavarian princess,) the King's father, prince Maximilian, and Otho the young king of Greece, who is now on a visit at this court. The betrothed bride of the latter, the princess Amelia of Oldenburg, was there also, but I could not see her from where we sat. Otho is quite a boy in appearance; he was dressed in a blue uniform, the king of Saxony in scarlet.

Frederick Augustus is about thirty years of age. He was associated with the late king, his uncle, in the government at the revolution of 1830. On the death of the king, which happened about three months since, he succeeded to the throne, his father being considered too old to rule over them by the lively Saxons.

CHAPTER VI.

The Saxon Switzerland—Fortress of Königstein—Schandau—Rencontre with Mr. B.—Waterfall—The forest path—Monument to Götzinger—The Kuhstall.

Aug. 6th.—THIS has been a day of perfect enjoyment! How true though it is, that the greater the pleasure and the more beautiful the causes that produced it, the more difficult is the task of recording the same on paper. I am quite sure if we had not been so gratified to-day, and if the scenes we have witnessed had been less delightful, I should not have been sitting for the last five minutes with my pen full of ink between my fingers, doubting considerably whether or not I should wipe the said ink out again after setting down "indescribable," as the result of the day's peregrinations. But no, this I cannot do. Impressions, even the best, the most vivid, are, alas! washed

away by the waves of time and succeeding events, without there is some landmark to point out where they have been. I *must* say something, not with the hope of conveying the ideas that filled my brain since yesterday to others; that, powers of description which, alas! I do not possess, would fail to accomplish, but I will try and note down what may in time to come serve as an "open sesame" to the cell of memory that will contain the pleasures of to-day.

Yesterday morning we started from Dresden on an excursion to the Sächsische Schweitz, the Saxon Switzerland. The road, it was said, would be rough, and as a country the most picturesque and interesting to the eye is generally far the least pleasing and congenial to the springs of a carriage, we were recommended to leave ours in Dresden, and take an open britzka of the country as far as Schandau. The morning was very sultry, even at the early hour at which we started, and shortly after the sun began to shed down its burning rays most unmercifully upon our heads. Perhaps, however, I over-rated their intensity, mine being unfortunately preoccupied by a throbbing head-ache; and when the burning and beating within came to meet and receive

the burning and beating without, they made a sum total of discomfort it would be unfair to ascribe wholly to the sunshine.

We drove along by the banks of the Elbe through Pirna, a large village, or rather small town, which is famed for its lunatic asylum, formerly the fortress of Sonnenstein. This is conducted on the most admirable plan, every thing being done to amuse the minds of the poor sufferers. They have a regularly organised society,—reunions, books, music, even regular concerts, the consequence of which rational treatment is, that nowhere are there so many cures effected. The poet Tiek, who resides at Dresden, (unluckily he is not at home just now,) has laid the scene of one of his tales in this abode of lunatics at Pirna.

The striking features of the Saxon Switzerland, as you approach it, are the huge hills that start up suddenly from the midst of the level plain. There are several, but the most remarkable are Königstein, and Lilienstein, masses of rock rising abruptly to the height of between twelve and thirteen hundred feet from the level of the Elbe; they are planted towards the summit, and are flat at top, as if suddenly cut across, which has a most peculiar effect. Lilienstein looks like the base of a gigantic pillar

—it is a beautiful object from every point at a distance, but close underneath the effect is greatly lost.

Königstein is a fortress, and one of immense strength. Nature and art have combined to make it impregnable, and so it proved itself to be, for it resisted every attempt to capture it in the thirty years' war, the seven years', and the late war. Bonaparte, as an exercise for his artillery, tried to throw bombs into it from Lilienstein, which lies opposite across the Elbe, but he failed. On this occasion the king of Saxony was Napoleon's friend, and dearly he paid for his fidelity, the allies having deprived him of a great part of his dominions.

There are few things in this world that the nearer you approach, and the more you see of them, the more beautiful they appear, but Königstein is certainly one. We had an order to see the fortress, but alas! when we arrived at the top of the rock, where there is an inn under the walls, our fatigue, not our wills, compelled us to pause. On one side, the glare of the hot sun beat down full upon the unshaded path that led up to the fortress, on the other, the cool, clean, quiet-looking little gast-haus under the spreading trees invited most temptingly to repose. I longed to see the interior of the

fortress; but to mount up to it under the burning heat, and unwell as I was, would have been impossible, so at last G—— and I decided on staying at the inn, while W—— ascended with the valet-de-place. Apropos to him, a curious equivoque occurred. In procuring the order to visit Königstein, the authorities are very particular in stating the number and names of the persons admitted. Our three names were therefore severally inserted in the paper, which W—— presented to the soldier on duty.

"There are but two persons here," said he, as he read it.

W—— explained about heat, fatigue, &c.

"Ah! good, good!" cried the sentry, "one absent from fatigue, and here is the third," he added, reading my name and pointing to the valet-de-place. The poor soldier was evidently not versed in the nice distinctions of sex expressed in the little significant words before an English surname:—a tall, thin man of six feet high was quite the same to him on paper, as a young lady of five feet four, and so in the former capacity I was inscribed in the books of Königstein, and handed down as such to generations yet unborn. It was well for the poor valet-de-place, who thus was admitted to see all the inside of the fortress. He had al-

ready been twelve times this year alone to the Saxon Switzerland, but not having hitherto had the good fortune of being called on to act the lady, was always obliged to remain outside the gates.

While W—— was absent, we admired the beautiful view that was to be seen on all sides of the picturesque little inn. They brought us some coffee, and with it a sort of plum-cake, and thin slices of bread covered over thickly with powdered sugar: the latter was a most juvenile-looking dainty, very much resembling that wherewith nursery-maids bribe young ladies and gentlemen of three years old and thereabouts to stop crying.

Nothing could be finer than the view in descending from Königstein. The fortress towering high in the air over head, on the edge of a perpendicular wall of rock, Lilienstein rising on the opposite bank, and the Elbe winding between. The descent from the fortress is exceedingly rapid—so much so, that when you find yourself at the bottom, you can hardly believe you have already got down from such a height.

The road is cut out of the rock, and, as may be supposed, very steep; indeed, descending it in a carriage exactly resembles driving down stairs. At every two or three yards you

come to a stone step or ledge, the concussion of passing which endangers your being shot altogether out of the vehicle, and flings you against the sides with no very gentle violence. Such a forced contact against the clumsy irons and nameless hard projections of a German carriage is no joke. Many a spot of goodly fair skin, that rejoiced in its native whiteness at the top of the descent, before it reaches the bottom mourns the roughness of the way in melancholy black-and-blue. But in the midst of such splendid scenery the mind is far too much engrossed and enchanted to allow any grumblings the body may think proper to make at its hard fate, to be heard.

While we were still gazing with delighted admiration on the magnificent fortress, our attention was called away to the village of Königstein, a most picturesque little spot. To add to its effect, the yearly fair was going on, and the scene was really interesting to a degree. Groups of peasants in their pretty holiday dresses, and with their happy holiday faces, were pouring in from all sides—the women with their head-gear of bright coloured handkerchiefs, and long white streamers flowing behind, their striped petticoats, laced boddices, and short full chemise sleeves of snowy white, al-

lowing nearly the whole of the round, plump arm to be seen.

All this was so interesting, that it made me forget there was such a thing as a head in the world, except at intervals, when mine would ache and throb so, that I verily believe it was spitefully bent on revenging itself for my neglect of its sufferings.

When we arrived opposite Schandau, a ferry-boat took us,—carriage, horses, and all,—across the Elbe. We drove through the beautiful village, and stopped at its end at the romantic inn "Gasthof zum Bade," (Bath-hotel,) so called from baths and a mineral spa. A wooden bridge across a beautifully clear stream, led to the door of the inn. This stream is full of trout. A few minutes after our arrival, I saw from my room window the master of the house cross the little bridge with a small fishing-net in his hand. He unlocked a sort of weir, let down his net, and brought it up filled with trout. They were full of life and spirits, and frolicked about the net as gaily as possible. However, they seemed to suspect the good man had somewhat the same design in his head with respect to them as the cook in La Fontaine's fable, when he calls the chickens in such a soft caressing voice; for after sundry jumpings and

springings, they all leaped into the water again. But our host was not to be thus put off—he let down his net, brought up a fresh supply, and after discarding all the little fellows, (what safety there is sometimes in insignificance!) chose two fine, large, active fish as his victims.

After dinner (where I recognised my two poor lively friends the trout, now quiet enough) we strolled out along one of the lovely paths in the wood that overhangs the valley. The evening was still sultry,—that heavy, oppressive, unnatural heat that portends a storm,—but the sun had gone down, and our walk was delightful.

When we returned, I got out my paper, and opened my ink-bottle, and mended my pen. I wished to note down the events of the day, and the sweet tranquil hour we had spent seated on a wooden step of the rude stairs leading down from the inn to the valley beneath. The valley itself, I intended to describe it;—its peaceful, quiet charm;— the rush of the stream through it, and the soothing chirp of the grasshoppers; —the peasants at their work;—the picturesque cottages scattered about;—the rude steps cut one above the other on the rising bank, or wooden stairs with their pretty railings of logs; —the peasants appearing and disappearing on these stairs, and the merry laugh and glad

voices of the children playing among the hanging rural balconies;—all this and much more I was going to descant upon, but it would not do, I had to put away my writing materials, and deposit my aching head and weary limbs in bed.

When I awoke this morning every ache and pain was gone! I opened my eyes with that buoyant and delightful feel, and that deep sense of thankfulness which a freedom from suffering creates. The air came in pure and cool from the open window, and on looking out I found the whole face of nature apparently quite as much refreshed as myself. During the silent hours of the night, the same God who had shed such sweet sleep on my burning eyelids, had "sent a gracious rain upon the earth and refreshed it when it was weary." The long rich grass of the valley was heavy and dripping with moisture, and the damp cool smell of the moss and shrubs rose up towards the window. The change in the external as well as internal world was great, and both equally welcome.

At breakfast, which we took down stairs in the eating-room, we made an acquaintance. A solitary-looking young man was sitting at the end of a long table, his tea and rolls proclaim-

ing at once the country he belonged to;—*tea*, indeed, is a symptom never to be mistaken. It turned out afterwards that he did not know a word of German, therefore our familiar accents must have been very grateful to his ear.

I cannot imagine anything more melancholy than thus travelling through a country en "sourd-muette," cut off from every access except that through the eyes. Our countryman, Mr. B——, M. P. for L——, joined our party, and away we started on the delightful expedition of to-day.

The valley here is narrow, but as we drove along, it became still narrower, and the character changed considerably. The stream, the clearest and most beautiful, at the bottom of which you could see every pebble, and every wreath of the brilliant green sedge that waved under the surface, wound along the gorge. On either side rose the gigantic rocks that make this scenery so peculiar and so difficult to describe. They are in immense masses, piled up horizontally one above the other, apparently so loose that a touch would send them all toppling down upon the heads of those enclosed, as it were, between them. The top-stone is frequently much larger than the others, and overhangs the whole loose fabric in a way that it is terrific to

look up at. It seems miraculous how it should be so poised as to remain an instant on its tottering elevation. Indeed while winding through this defile, it is impossible not to feel awfully impressed with the greatness of the mighty hand that has piled up these gigantic fragments, and sustains them together,—and at the same time with a feeling of the insignificance of man. The Prussians and Croatians had a skirmish here in the seven years' war. What a frightful spot for two hostile forces to find themselves! —hemmed in between those awful rocks!

At the end of the gorge we stopped to look at a waterfall. A little tiny streamlet alone was trickling down through the rocks, but the scene was very pretty. There was a sort of natural cavern: under it on one side were standing the "sessel-trägers," (chair-bearers,) beside the litters which were to be our future conveyances up the mountain. Two or three travellers, with their knapsacks on the ground, were resting themselves in the sides of the cavern, and one man was lying fast asleep with his head on his arms across a rude bench. Altogether, the groups of people scattered about,—the rocks and dark firs,—the water trickling down through the wet, mossy stones,—the half darkness that prevailed over the whole scene, ex-

cept where here and there a partial sun-beam penetrated through the trees and brought out some projecting rock or figure into strong light, —all this formed a romantic, banditti-like picture; and I was admiring it, when lo! down dashed the cascade in a foaming torrent, scattering its clouds of light spray around.

There was something wonderfully unimaginative in this bespoken waterfall,—it put to flight a whole host of charming visions which my cave-scene had conjured up; — they all evaporated in a fit of laughing as we jumped out of the way to escape a drenching.

Here we left the carriage—the gentlemen grasped their trusty oak-sticks for an encounter with the tough ascent of the Winterberg mountain, and G—— and I deposited ourselves in the most luxurious conveyances that were ever invented for enjoying the beauties of scenery.

An arm-chair, stuffed to perfection, and with a board for the feet in front, is slung between two poles, carried by men. Behind each chair hangs a bag, containing two pipes, and all the well-known paraphernalia of smoking. This luxurious little bag and its contents, however, be it observed, are not intended for the benefit of the lady inside—they are the perquisite of

the poor trägers—their solace and comfort after the fatigues of the route.

We were in dismay at the first glimpse of this familiar appendage. A German's lips and his beloved pipe are so seldom divorced, and so uneasy under the separation, that we expected a union would speedily take place. But no—there was nothing to mar our enjoyment as we moved along, gently balanced between our trägers, through the mazes of the forest. A thousand causes contributed to the pleasure—there was an indescribable freshness and fragrance in the air, cleared as it had been by the heavy rains of last night. The moisture sparkled on the grass, the dead leaves and sweet-smelling moss, and the decayed remains of the fir, formed a rich, thick, soft, yellow carpet on the path.

Besides the actual enjoyment from present sources, sights, and sounds, and smells, which I should fail in attempting to convey, there is something in the feeling of being in the midst of a *real German forest*, that must have its effect. The wild superstitions, the unearthly and most imaginative associations connected with it,—the poetical and fantastic tales of which these haunted spots have been the scene,—all these to any one who has read and

can *feel*, must move even the soberest, the most unexcitable.

After passing along, sometimes through dark, gloomy paths, whence every ray of sun was excluded by the tall firs that closed over them, sometimes through open rocky glades, we came suddenly upon one of the wonders of the place, the Kuhstahl. It is an immense mass of rock, with a wide, lofty archway underneath. Passing through this natural archway, which forms a grotto or vaulted chamber of rock eighty feet high by seventy wide, the view that bursts upon you is magnificent; an amphitheatre of wooded hills, with rocks starting up between them, piled one above the other, like huge isolated pillars.

The Kuhstahl, or cow-stable, as the word literally means, is so called from its having been the place of retreat of the peasants of the surrounding country, their families, and cattle, during the thirty years' war. It is admirably well calculated for this, being a complete natural fortification. From the way in which these stupendous masses have been tossed together, there are within them, chambers, and vaults, and hiding-places, which it would be impossible to discover. Truly it is a singular place. There are deep, narrow clefts, that

reach from the top to the very bottom of the rocks. In one of these a stairs or ladder of wood has been constructed, which we ascended. We entered at the bottom, and a most extraordinary effect it had, to find ourselves thus walled in on both sides in the very heart of the solid rock. The cleft in some places was so narrow that it was not easy to squeeze up through it, (a very stout person would certainly have been wedged in,) and of course all the light we had was from the slit above, where the day appeared high over our heads.

We climbed up a zigzag path cut out of the rock to an open space, where was a little monument erected to the first discoverer of this beautiful region, the Columbus of the Saxon Switzerland. He was a great mineralogist of the name of Götzinger, and in his researches among the rocks and mountains, while pursuing his favourite study, penetrated into these lovely scenes. In gratitude to him for the source of emolument which he was thus the means of opening to them, all the guides and sessel-trägers subscribed, and erected this simple monument to their friend, in the year 1834. After stating its object as sacred to "Wilhelm Leb. Götzinger, born 1758, died 1818," are the following words:—

"Oft wohl hob sich dein Blick diesen
Höhen zum Himmel. Sich jetzt vom
Himmel zu uns, treuster der Führer herab!"

"Full oft were thine eyes uplifted from these heights to heaven. Look down now from heaven upon us, thou trustiest of guides!"

The deep feeling with which our guide, himself one of the erecters of this little memento, read the simple words, was very touching.

Another path disclosed the mouth of a cavern high up in the rock, where a magnanimous tailor had sheltered himself from the horrors of the war. He fled from a contact with cold steel, though one would have thought it more in his way than in that of most peaceful men, being so well-accustomed to handle sharp weapons. His shears are painted in black over the mouth of the cavern.

After many climbings and windings, we found ourselves once more under the archway, where a girl was seated playing a harp, the favourite instrument here as in Wales, and a constant mode of appeal to the liberality of strangers. The whole of the vaulted arch over our heads, and every inch of the rocks outside it, was literally covered with names. These were not, as

is generally the case, roughly cut or scratched with a pen-knife, but were systematically painted in large black characters.

"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's-self in print."

As I stood under the archway, looking up at all those names, a very solemn thought came quite suddenly into my mind. The recollection of the two Books, where *all* our names are written, flashed so vividly upon me, that for a moment it drove away every other idea. Oh how ardent was the aspiration I then sent up that mine and those of all I loved, might be found in the book of life at the awful day of reckoning!

At the bottom of a steep descent, we found our trägers waiting for us, and were glad to resume our seats after the somewhat fatiguing exploring of the Kuhstall. We continued our way through fir trees over-head, and the spreading "lady-fern" beneath, until we reached an extraordinary linden-tree, — the pride of that part of the forest,—where they set us down.

Apropos to this "setting down," which occurred whenever we came to any remarkable spot, or when our bearers were tired, it had a very droll effect. We were laid on the ground side by side, in the most old-lady-like, helpless-

looking manner—so that it was impossible not to feel very venerable, and to begin to fancy one had made a sudden jump over fifty years at least. When I happened to be on first, and that I was set down safe on terra-firma, the sight of G—— being brought up behind to be deposited by my side, was irresistibly funny. We never could help laughing when we got abreast of each other, and were then all on a sudden whisked up and borne away like two rheumatic old dowagers.

But to return to the linden-tree. It was twenty-four feet in circumference, that is to say, twelve yards,* (for a German foot is longer than John Bull's,) and was reckoned by the foresters to be five hundred years old.

* This sounds like a traveller's tale, but it is nevertheless true; our gentlemen, not content with the report of the guides, ascertained the fact by measuring the tree with their walking-sticks.

CHAPTER VII.

Ascent of the lesser Winterberg—The inn—Legendary lore—The lover's leap—The great Winterberg—German enthusiasm — The Prebisch-thor. — Valley of Herrnskretschen—A day on the Elbe—Tetschen.

We were now fairly beginning the ascent of the Kleine Winterberg, (the lesser Winterberg,) and a very precipitous business it was. The path in some places was almost perpendicular, —like mounting a ladder of wood logs or stones made to project so as to form rough stairs one above another. The scenery is very fine, and everything that art can do to facilitate the steep ascent of the mountain, is done by the care of government. Strangers and travellers have indeed reason to thank his majesty of Saxony for his attention to their comforts in traversing his forests. Paths are made,—wooden balustrades in dangerous spots,—little bridges across the

precipices,—sign-posts in intricate places;—in short, all the arrangements are admirable, and to make the thing complete,—guides, trägers, boatmen, all conveyances are taxed, at a fixed price, so that no unwary traveller can be cheated.

But notwithstanding the ladders of logs, and steps of stone, and other facilities, I was by no means comfortable in mounting the Kleine Winterberg. The ascent was so steep, and in some places so difficult, that the thoughts of the fatigue my poor trägers must be suffering, quite marred my enjoyment. I could not bear the idea of lying luxuriously back in a well-stuffed arm-chair, while these poor men were toiling and panting up the steeps. In vain I reasoned, that if they were not carrying me, they might have some heavy, fat gentleman of sixteen stone weight, (they frequently do, they told us, carry the lords of the creation as well as the ladies, up the mountain,)—in vain I argued, that if they were not "earning their bread in the sweat of their brow" in *this* way, they would in some other;—still I could not pacify my qualms—one has no sympathy for toil one does not witness, however aware of its existence. So I continued to reproach myself because my face was so cool while theirs were

so hot, and to long to jump down from the sessel and clamber up at my own expense instead of theirs, though that would have been a feat rather beyond a lady's power to accomplish.

At last we reached the top of the Kleine Winterberg. There is a little temple at the summit, and the view from thence is beautiful. I never saw anything like the effect of the partial sun-beams on the rocky pillars that rose up on every side;—the sudden light, contrasted with the masses of dark fir, was the finest thing possible.

The following incident occasioned the erection of the little temple. Prince Augustus of Saxony, in the year 1558, while out hunting, pursued a lordly stag as far as the summit of the mountain. He stood on the narrow foot-path on the verge of the precipice, and above him on a projecting rock, was the stag surrounded by dogs. The frightened animal was on the point of springing down on the prince, when the latter exclaiming, "Entweder treffe ich dich, oder du bringst mich um," ("Either I hit thee, or thou destroyest me,") fired, and the shot happily taking effect, sent the stag headlong down the abyss. Christian, the son of Augustus, afterwards erected this building to

commemorate the providential preservation of his father.

We now had another mountain to climb, the Grosse (great) Winterberg, — the ascent to which was neither so abrupt or difficult as to its lesser namesake. At the top was a pretty, romantic little inn, built entirely of wood, and there we stopped. Our trägers betook themselves forthwith to their pipes, and it was pleasant afterwards to see them, when they had despatched their dinners, seated round a little table in a bower of fir-trees, puffing away over their tall glasses of beer.

Before the door of the little "Wirtshaus" were spread out a variety of little temptations for travellers, in the shape of drinking-cups and smelling-bottles of the far-famed Bohemian glass; straw slippers, walking-sticks, knitting cases; seals and watch-hooks of the Sprudelstein at Carlsbad; views of the "Sächischeschweitz," and various other "andenkens" (souvenirs) of the Grosse Winterberg.

While we were looking over the curiosities, and furnishing ourselves with a few *andenkens*, the active housewife of the inn and her pretty daughters prepared dinner. We took it, not in the house, but German-fashion, in a pavilion

in the garden. The view from this was so interesting, that not even the very meritorious soup powdered with nutmeg, the tongue stewed in elder-berries, omelette, boiled plums, or all the other good things so nicely served up at the summit of the Grosse Winterberg, above two-thousand feet over the level of the sea, could distract our attention wholly from it.

A view from a very great height has never the same picturesque beauty as one from a lower elevation, but as a map of the country, and means of viewing at a glance the relative positions of river, rock, and mountain, it is very interesting. Looking down from the Winterberg, was like being suspended over a waving sea of undulating mountains clothed with their "eternal forests" of dark green. Here and there rose the Lilienstein, Königstein, Hochstein, &c.,—those beautiful and peculiar features of the Saxon Switzerland,—and far in the distance was Dresden, and the well-known dome of the Frauenkirche diminished to a speck. The course of the Elbe, winding and shining like a silver serpent through the land, was easily traced.

As I looked down upon all these romantic spots, every rock, and mountain, and forest of which is haunted by its own wild and beautiful

superstition, I could not help thinking what a treasure of legends might be gathered among them by any one who had time to devote to this fascinating pursuit, and taste to enjoy it. No passing traveller has a chance of obtaining the slightest insight into the old hereditary feelings that lie buried deep in the hearts of those who have derived them from their forefathers. The dwellers in mountainous countries are rich in this traditionary lore, but they are shy in exposing it to superficial eyes. So it is in Ireland. Few are aware of the wild tales and poetical superstitions that are secretly cherished by its imaginative peasantry,—the fondness with which they cling to the legends of Banshee and Cluricaune they have heard whispered over the smouldering turf-fire at evening, in the days of their childhood. But there is no point on which they are so sensitive, nothing that they shield with more jealous caution from every profane eye. It requires a long acquaintance with them, and great tact to draw forth their sentiments on subjects which they regard with an almost religious veneration, and on which they are so acutely alive to the slightest ridicule.

This probably is the case everywhere—there are few of us willing to disclose any secret

weakness,—above all, if it be a cherished one, —where we suspect it may meet with want of sympathy or disbelief.

It is interesting to follow up these old hereditary superstitions, and poetical legends, to their source: to trace them, as we may generally do, to some religious observance, or Pagan origin. The similarity between the superstitions of all countries is very remarkable, and clearly shows a common descent. Those who delight in researches into fairy lore, will find the same wild belief in the tent of the wandering Arab,—the depths of the German forest,— and the purple mountains and green valleys of

"La divisa dal mondo, ultima Irlanda."

Although the secrets which might charm the fancy of a Crofton Croker, or a Grimm, lie hidden in the deep rents of the rocks, still here every mound and mountain has its own peculiar story, such as it is. There is the Jungfernsprung,—young girl's leap,—so called from a Saxon maiden having been pursued to its verge by a Swedish soldier, in the thirty years' war, when to save herself from falling into his hands, she sprang over the frightful precipice into the chasm beneath.

Every place has its "lover's leap," and so has the Saxon Switzerland. It is called Hohe-Liebe, and the story belonging to it differs a little from the usual one of a solitary victim. There was a mutual attachment between two young people, but the parents of the lady were cruel. They not only opposed her affection for her chosen one, but were about to force her to marry another, when the lovers, to avoid so dreadful an alternative, resolved to take the fatal leap together, which they accordingly did.

The next point to which our steps were directed, was the Prebisch-thor, another of the natural curiosities of this beautiful region. We descended the Grosse Winterberg through scenery of much the same character as before, and passed the Saxon border into Bohemia.

I must not forget to mention the peculiar effect of a sudden current of wind just as we passed this spot. When first I heard it, I thought it was the rush of a waterfall, and expected every moment to come in sight of one. I called to the trägers to know where the cascade was, but they only answered, "Luft, luft;" (air, air;) and so it was. It appeared to rise gently very far down, deep among the distant forests; then gradually swelling and gathering

as it swept on through the countless fir-trees, it came with a booming, rushing, musical sound, that was quite indescribable—I never had heard anything like it before; it seemed like the voice of the mighty Creator himself, sounding in the stillness and solitude of the forest—and I felt as I listened a strange sensation of awe.

Shortly after this had passed away, we came to an open space, the Prebisch-grund. The view here burst upon us with such sudden loveliness that we hardly waited to be deposited side by side, selon les règles, but escaped from our sessels to the verge of the precipice to feast our eyes on the magnificent prospect extended beneath.

One of our trägers, an old man, was very interesting. His enthusiasm, when we caught the first view of this Prebisch-grund, was delightful: he took hold of my sleeve, and pointed it out with as much energy as if his existence depended on our feeling its beauty. When he was quite satisfied with our admiration, he went to seat himself with the others on a bank, and I heard him muttering, as he slowly vibrated backwards and forwards, "Schön—schön! gar wunderbar schön!" ("Beautiful—beautiful! very,—wonderfully beautiful!")

Is it to the majestic scenery in which they are brought up, or to an innate sense of the beautiful, that is to be attributed the great susceptibility of Germans to the beauties of nature? Of course I speak of the uncultivated classes, for an educated taste will be the same in all countries. But here, guides, trägers, boatmen, — all those people who one would suppose were so satiated with the beauties they have seen over and over again that they would find no pleasure in them, are nevertheless keenly alive to their charm.

This is a very striking characteristic, and I have often observed it. The real enthusiasm with which they point out any beautiful view, the delight it seems to afford themselves, their anxiety that you should appreciate it, and the eager way in which they gaze up into your eyes to see whether you really do enjoy the scene as it deserves, are very remarkable. I have often thought, as I watched their kindling eye and every feature dilating with admiration as a sudden burst of fine scenery opened upon us, that they must be made of some finer mould than ordinary "village clods."

He had a great taste for wild flowers,—our old friend. Whenever we stopped, instead of going to rest himself with the others, he dis-

appeared among the trees, and after rooting about among the moss and fern, always brought us some little offering of flowers or wood-berries, or a bunch of vergiss-mein-nicht (forget-me-not). At one halt we observed the men slyly abstracting a pipe from behind a sessel, and gathering round it a little way off. We could not imagine what they were about when shortly after they brought us a bunch of the vergiss-mein-nicht, part of the flowers their own native blue, part changed to a brilliant emerald green. I was admiring the colour and inquiring what had produced it, when, as one is apt to do with flowers, I raised it to my nose. My sudden grimace at the horrible smell of tobacco fumes highly diverted the trägers, and showed them there was no need to explain what had caused the metamorphosis.

The Prebisch-thor is a noble object; it exceeded anything we had yet seen. When I describe it as a stupendous arch of rock standing on a narrow bridge-like projection more than twelve hundred feet above the level of the plain below, I give no idea of what it is. The causeway,—if I may apply so tame a word to such a wild path,—by which you approach it, is not gradually sloped down to the level ground; it winds along the top of a rock rising abruptly,

so that on your right hand and your left are perpendicular precipices, from which you look down on the tops of the lofty firs, deep, deep down beneath you. The view from the end of this rocky bridge, where it terminates in a point over the arch, may be imagined. When we had admired it—I cannot say enough, that would be hardly possible—we clambered down and stood under the arch. It is, like the Kuhstall, covered with names. They were all foreign ones, Russian, German, Dutch, &c. We looked about on every stone for a compatriot, and at last succeeded in finding but one solitary Englishman, "John Green, aus London." Is it that the English have not yet found out this majestic scenery; or that they have no taste for being handed down to posterity by being affichéd in black letters on a grey rock? The latter may be the case, and John Green a solitary exception. Any one desirous of immortality may purchase it at the moderate rate of four groschen (sixpence). The guides pledge their honour bright that the name shall be duly and faithfully inscribed on the lofty arch.

The little Gast-haus at the Prebisch-thor is the most romantic thing I ever saw in real life. It hangs like a birdcage on the side of the

precipice; and the tout ensemble, with the trees starting out of the clefts, the wooden railings and balustrades, and bridges contrived on the narrow ledges of rock to ascend and descend, look like some picture where a fantastic artist has indulged the vagaries of his pencil. A concert of wild music issuing from the rock had an almost magic effect. We looked down, and there, on a wooden bench hanging over the precipice, were seated a man, a woman, and two lads, singing one of their mountain melodies in parts. The man had a harp and the boys a flute and violin; and it was astonishing how they managed to produce such sweet accompaniments and symphonies from these rude instruments.

The first part of the descent we of course performed on foot. It would have been impossible to have gotten down otherwise, the zigzag staircase of logs and stones being almost perpendicular, and difficult enough to accomplish without slipping. Even when we resumed our seats, the path continued very steep. It was rather a nervous business while turning the corners of the precipices, and very affectionately did we clasp the stuffed arms of our trusty sessels as, with closed eyes and compressed lips, we were borne down past these awful-

looking spots. Our trägers, too, forced forward by the steepness of the descent, increased their pace to a swinging trot, which added to the difficulty of keeping in our seats; so that it was rather a relief when we found ourselves arrived at the bottom, and were laid down by the banks of the stream that runs through the valley.

This valley was lovely; such a contrast to the wild majestic scenery we had been passing through all day. It is called the Kirnitschthal; and I shall long remember the name, though it is an odd one. The stream that waters it discharges itself into the Elbe, and the sweet village on its banks is named Herrnskretschen. "Well!" exclaimed G. and I, as we passed through it, "this is the loveliest spot of all! Herrnskretschen is certainly *the* most beautiful of all the German villages we have yet seen." (I am afraid we often make this last observation.) Certainly, however, there is something peculiarly picturesque in Herrnskretschen. The cottages are more Swiss in their character, and the piles of wood and bark—that extend along the banks of the stream the whole way to the Elbe add to the effect. The valley, too, is so narrow that there is in many places but just

room between the rocky defile for the stream and the little path that winds along it. The cottages are built half way up on the hanging slope.

It is the busiest little place possible, all sorts of forest work going on, than which, by the way, nothing can be more picturesque, more rural, or more fragrant. Sometimes we came to saw-mills actively plying their large water-wheels, over which the stream is artificially conducted: next, a group of peasant girls carrying the rejected logs in baskets slung at their backs; here were men piling up the newly-cut, sweet-smelling fir planks, and farther on appeared some lordly tree just felled, trailed along the narrow path by a horse or oxen. In short, the forest employed all the population of Herrnskretschen, men and women, girls and boys.

The way in which the trees, after being stripped of their branches, are transported to the Elbe is very curious; they are all floated down the current, and as the stream is narrow in some places, and in others impeded by rocks, it requires some little dexterity in the men, who perform the operation by means of their long boat-hooks, to get them on.

It is very amusing to see these trees, as they move down the stream, pushing and jostling

each other like "things of life." One might spend hours watching their progress, and moralising over them. Some start fair with every prospect of success, and get along swimmingly for a time; but, alas! some projecting rock or unwieldy tree comes in the way, and stops them short in their career. Others—bold, adventurous travellers—dash impetuously down the current, and by their energy not only get themselves along, but urge forwards the indolent and timid spirits they encounter in their passage. More, again, with strength enough to serve their own purpose, yet not sufficient weight to influence others, work gradually on, neither seeking or shrinking from dangers, through every obstacle.

Others there are, weak, gentle, helpless-looking things—but I shall never get to the Elbe at this rate. We reached it—too soon. I turned back regretfully towards the lovely Kirnitschthal; for when its sweet cottages and overhanging rocks vanished from my eyes, and the rushing stream and busy saw-mill no longer sounded in my ears, the pleasures of the day seemed over.

At Herrnskretschen the good skiff "Gottfried Flessel" waited to take us back to Schandau. Our friend, the old träger, when he put down

the sessel for the last time, took off his hat and looking up devoutly, said, "Nun Gott sey dank, wir sind gesund gekommen." ("Now, God be thanked, we are arrived safely.")

The earnestness and real feeling with which he uttered this, expressed much more than the words. There was neither constraint nor ostentation in the fervent out-break of that beautiful natural religion so often met with in the German peasantry.

Our hearts did, I trust, re-echo the old man's gratitude to Him who had brought us in safety through the dangers of the dizzy precipice and yawning abyss.

While returning home we had a splendid sunset view on the Elbe. Schandau, at the end of the vista formed by the fir-clad banks, with its church tower and the beautiful Lilienstein rising behind, was quite a picture; softened as it was by the blue, vapoury haze, and reflected in the shining waters, nothing could be more lovely. The clouds were tinged with a rich sunset glow, and a streak of red light fell upon the river, broken only by a dark boat advancing towards us, with its broad black shadow and plashing oars.

G—— and I agreed, as we sat in the boat enjoying all this, that such a day, passed thus

in the midst of the wondrous and beautiful works of their Almighty Creator, was rarely to be expected. Even at this late hour of departing day, heaven and earth were still full of the majesty of his glory. Well might we exclaim, "Gott sey dank!" (God be thanked!)

Sept. 7th.—A day on the Elbe. The morning was lovely, and Mr. B——, our English acquaintance joined us in an excursion as far as Tetschen, on board the Gottfried, which was towed along by two men.

One advantage in the scenery on the banks of a river, where the latter are high, is that the view is to a certain degree confined. You are not oppressed with the feeling that there is more than the mind can take in at once, which is so often the case where the picture spread before you is on a very vast and extended scale. Along the Elbe, this sighing after the power to contain more does not mar the enjoyment, for the view is comparatively shut in till you reach Niedergrund. Lofty grey rocks of majestic forms, partially clothed almost to the top with dark fir, is the character on both sides. On one bank is a succession of picturesque cottages, a sort of running village, extending as far as Niedergrund. These, with their little gardens, patches of vegetables, vines, and bright

yellow pumpkins,—peasants in their scarlet coifs moving along the hanging terraces on the steep banks, mowing the narrow slips of meadow on the water's edge, or seated in groups upon the rocks,—form altogether a very pretty scene. You feel, while gliding along, as if some interesting panorama were slowly unfurling before you,—the whole thing, with its still and active life, reflected and prolonged far down in the clear transparent waters.

Niedergrund is on the frontiers of Bohemia, as you learn by a government-boat moored before it, wearing the national livery of black and yellow stripes.

Near Tetschen the view opens, and the first glimpse of the little town is very fine. It is beautifully situated, backed by a wall of planted rock, behind which rises one of the columnar hills of the Saxon Switzerland, with mountains in the distance. It has an air of bustling life about it, very different from the rural seclusion of Schandau. The castle rises boldly from a projecting rock, and commands a splendid view; its owner, Count Thun, and his brothers are friends of W—— and G——; but most unluckily, they are absent at this moment at the coronation in Prague. This is a sad disappointment; as, but for it, we should have enjoyed an oppor-

tunity of seeing the manners and customs of a German Schloss, and under the most favourable auspices too. They tell us that the hospitality of the Count is quite on a princely scale. We should have been delighted to devote some time to exploring this interesting place; but the fear of being benighted on the Elbe, and some symptoms of change in the weather, made us anxious to hasten back to Schandau. It was well we did so. We were scarcely housed in the "Gast-hof zum Bade" when the lightnings began to flash and the thunder to peal among the mountains, and an awful storm, accompanied by torrents of rain, set in.

Sept. 8th.—Just returned from a delightful ramble with dear G——. Three pleasures enjoyed to perfection—lovely weather, lovely scenery, and interesting conversation. The last is the rarest of the three, and the best. A fine view and a fine day are often found: a congenial companion—oh! how seldom!—one with whom you can pour out every thought and every feeling, sure of its being sympathised with —*understood.*

This is a quiet day devoted to Schandau. All the morning has been spent in "writing up" the delightful excursion on the mountain—it is

a dangerous thing to let a journal get into arrear.

The kellners evidently don't know what to make of so much writing. Not that their own German ladies are by any means deficient in industry: if for pen and ink, you read cotton-ball and knitting-needle, they are quite as indefatigable as we, only in a different way.

Before we went out I asked the man to fill my ink-bottle; he stared, and I had to repeat my request. If it had been a cup of coffee or a glass of seltzer water, I need not have had the trouble of saying the same thing twice. Though this day belongs to Schandau, I am not going to try and describe it. It is *a German village*, and in a valley of the Saxon Switzerland. If I were to sit up half the night writing, I could not say more.

CHAPTER VIII.

A disappointment—Dinner at the Stadt Wien, and the flaming pudding—The Rustkammer—The Picture-gallery.

Dresden, Sept. 9th.—In the happy (?) days of childhood, that sweet spring-time of life, which is spent in writing English exercises, working sums in the rule of three, and conjugating Italian verbs, I remember learning in Murray's grammar that "disappointments sink the heart of man."

So they do—and the heart of woman also. Mine fell very low this morning at Schandau, when my waking eyes and ears were assailed by the beating rain pattering against the windows, and I found the opposite side of the narrow valley was invisible through the mist. The most beautiful thing in the Sachische Schweitz—the Bastei, was to be seen to-day on our route back to Dresden; and we anticipated

so much from it, that I verily believe I should have dreamt all night of the rocks and mountains and precipices to come, had I not been much too tired to do anything but sleep as soundly as possible.

We went down as usual to the salle to breakfast, but a rainy morning in Germany brings out all the pipes, as surely as the showers in April bring forth May flowers. The atmosphere of tobacco down-stairs soon drove us back again to our own room.

After a council of war,—our host president,—it was decided by all the wise-heads that "the rain would be nothing; that when we left the valleys the mists would clear off; and we should find fine weather on the heights." On the strength of this prophecy we started; but, alas! it proved a false one. It was very tantalising to feel that we were passing through fine scenery, to catch glimpses of it occasionally when the mists cleared away from the steeps, and yet to find the clouds settling down again on the mountain tops, and covering them like a thick veil. The effect of what we did see, however, was very sublime, when a mass of vapour would roll slowly away from some deep precipice, and disclose the overhanging rocks above and the yawning chasm beneath us.

When we came to the Bastei, the mist did not, it is true, prevent our seeing the cliffs, and the river, and the stupendous natural bridge; there they were in all their bold and majestic outlines; but the whole thing was cold, and raw, and damp, and gloomy. The glow, the colouring was gone! It was like looking on features perfect and beautiful in themselves, but where the expression, the soul that should have lit them up and given them life and charm, was wanting.

No wonder that the same objects should strike people so differently. When we consider what a dependant thing the human mind is,—the sport and toy of so many changeful influences,—that sun and sky and cloud and atmosphere have such power over it, it is only surprising that two should be found to take the same view of anything. And what are external causes compared with the internal?

"Man is a harp whose chords elude the sight."

Touch but one of those complicated fibres, one string in the mysterious instrument that jars and thrills so painfully when struck, and all goes wrong. "There is no

"Glory in the grass or splendour in the flower."

When the heart is out of tune, what harmony can it find in anything?"

Persons of a very sensitive nature, and those easily open to impressions, can understand this, for all have felt it more or less; but those who have suffered deeply know well, too well what it means. They know what a trifling cause, what a minute association of ideas, can in a moment wake up from its silent depths the secret sorrow that may slumber, but cannot die. Who has not felt, even in the midst of some bright hour, after time and events have comparatively healed over the wound, some recollection of the lost come suddenly upon them, with its sharp, agonising pang, to cause the "waters of the heart" to well up afresh in all their old bitterness?—But a truce to such melancholy reflections.

Before leaving the region of the forests I must not forget to mention our remarks on the admirable way in which they are managed. There is not a spot of ground lost. Even on the steepest ledges of the precipices, places to which one would imagine nothing but a goat could clamber, fir cones are sown, and young trees planted. In short, no half-acre of cottage garden is turned to more advantage or managed with a sharper regard to profit, than these vast

forests by their princely owners. It is said that Prince Clari can cut down 80,000 dollars worth (about £12,000) every year, and that a hundred years would elapse before returning to the first cutting. This requires skill to effect; and a forester's education is of so much importance here, that there is a regular college at Tharand, a village near Dresden, where they are trained.

The trees are as carefully economised as the soil. We remarked that they were cut down only to within about two feet of the ground. "What fine pieces of timber wasted!" thought I, as I saw all the stumps projecting out of the ground. Not at all; these are afterwards carefully cut and sold as an inferior quality, and then the roots are pulled out and converted into firewood. The soil is then ready for the cones, or young firs.

All this, combined with what I have already said about the paths, wooden stairs, &c., sounds very business-like and unpicturesque, and might make any one fancy the stupendous German forests were, after all, so trimmed and pruned and managed as to be no better than a Jardin Anglais on a large scale. This is far from being the case. No art can overcome, or even mar in the least degree, the wild, majestic

grandeur of these magnificent regions. Indeed the puny attempts of man rather heighten their effect than otherwise, by showing the immeasurable distance at which the wondrous works of creation soar above his insignificance.

Sept. 12th.—When we left the Stadt Wien last Monday for the Saxon Switzerland, we were the only English in the hotel: now, on our return, we find several here.

At the table-d'hôte to-day I found myself seated next a compatriote, a fair-complexioned, intelligent-looking man in spectacles, who looked about him with that air of observation that betokened, even at the first glance, an intelligent mind. In process of time we entered into conversation, and I found him to be a very superior person, one of those who talk even about common things in an uncommon way. This—par parenthèse—always shows more real talent than the "parler Grec et Latin," which poor Nannette thought the bounden duty of every thorough-bred savant. It is much easier to be wise and original about philosophy and metaphysics than in remarking on the fineness of the day, the darkness of the Dresden streets, or the toughness of the boiled beef.

I was not aware of my good fortune at the time, but learned since that my agreeable companion was Dr. Granville, author of a tour in Russia and other works.

What a great deal those people lose who come abroad, and do not adopt the manners of the country in dining at the tables-d'hôte. Every one who travels should leave their little national prejudices of this kind at home, for they are troublesome companions and spoil a great deal of enjoyment. If they did this, the English would not, as they so often do, eat their meals in solitary state in their own rooms, looking at each other's faces, and knowing as much of the manners and habits of the people they are among as before they set out.

I do not know whether the cookery of a place has anything to do with the character of the people, or if the plain, solid fare we have met with since we came here, be any index to the dispositions of the good people of Dresden. The growing simplicity of food since we came into Germany is very remarkable. At Brussels the nondescript condiments that were submitted to our discussion would have puzzled any naturalist to discover from what order of animals they were compounded; here

nothing can be more simple and school-boyish than the four good, honest, substantial, wholesome dishes that are in circulation at the primitive hour of one.

After the soup the invariable boiled beef revolves round the table, attended by its two "satellites,"—a bowl of smoking brown gravy, and a dish of potatoes, or sliced pumpkin. Next comes fish, or fowls:—then the pudding, and lastly, some sort of roast meat with its never-failing accompaniments of stewed plums or pears, and salad. Here is our Stadt Wien dinner—no dish can say to us, as Selim did to his bride of Abydos—

"I am not, love, what I appear;"

for there is a most praiseworthy absence of disguise in all, and their simplicity would rejoice the heart of Dr. Jephson, or any other preacher of plain diet.

I must describe a very brilliant pudding we had to-day, one which they are rather fond of giving us.

The kellner bringing it into the room looks as though he was bearing one of those flaming tripods one sees in pictures of the old heathen sacrifices: for as the whole mass is covered over with a kind of brandy-sauce which is

set fire to just before it is sent in, all is of course enveloped in flames. This has rather a formidable effect, and the first time we had one of these fiery puddings,—it was at the Poste at Schwalbach,—we were quite frightened, not knowing what to make of it. However, the sober face of the waiter, and the Germans quietly helping themselves as it went round, showed all was right.

Where there are English at the table-d'hôte this pudding always makes some commotion, and the kellner's lips generally relax into a smile as he hands it to *them*. Even we, though now pretty well accustomed to it, cannot help starting back a little when the insertion of the spoon is followed by a sudden burst of lambent flame, and the crackling fragment is generally hurried from the blazing dish into our plate with considerable trepidation. The good old Christmas game of snap-dragon is thus very often enacted at a German dinner-table, though to them it is no play, but a very serious, business-like affair.

As I have got into our eating saal at the Stadt Wien, I will not leave it without speaking of the delightful music that we are indulged with every day during dinner. This is sometimes very pleasant, and sometimes not. One is not

at all times equal to the German music, which is peculiarly soft and touching; and if from any cause the spirits do not happen to be quite up to concert-pitch, the appeal to the feelings at such times is often very inconvenient. Nothing is so painful as struggling against the effect of some tender, melancholy air, into which the provoking musicians are throwing such heart-rending expression—in momentary dread of being *upset* by the next cadence or modulation. On such occasions, the only way is to try and turn a deaf ear to the whole thing;—if you listen at all, it is all over with you, and it would be too absurd to be caught drinking your soup with eyes full of tears.

One of the first of the Dresden sights which we went to see was the Rustkammer, or Armoury;—I omitted putting it down on its own day, but will make it the amende honorable now.

This interesting exhibition does not, indeed, deserve to be passed over in silence. It is full of old chivalrous associations, and carries you back to the days of jousts and tilts, broidered scarfs and ladies' gloves, tournays and tournaments. Those long lines of mounted knights, belted and spurred, with vizor down and lance in rest, conjure up a host of delightful ideas;—

one longs for some magician's wand to wave over the steeds and their riders,

"And give them voice and motion once again."

They must certainly, both horses and men, have rejoiced in a quantum of bodily strength, unknown to the bipeds and quadrupeds of these degenerate days. It seems quite wonderful how either could have moved under the enormous weight of their armour. In point of size, the owners of most of the suits of mails were not fine men; we remarked many of them rather diminutive, and as far as one can judge of a figure by the clothes that covered it, not particularly well made. But their "thewes and sinews" must have been like the iron they wore, and they were trained in to their ponderous garments from early childhood. We saw several diminutive suits of armour belonging to the young princes royal of Saxony; and the small wooden chargers, (also clad in mail,) on which these liliputian knights were mounted, looked like hobby-horses.

Among the many suits of armour the three handsomest are those of Christian II., one gold and steel, the others gold and japanned iron. One figure there is, who, besides his heavy accoutrements, has an immense iron chain

round his neck. We asked what it meant, and were told it was forged by his enemies for a prince of Saxony. I forget his name. They purposed hanging him with it after a certain battle, which they of course intended to gain. The battle was fought, the prince won it, suspended the fatal chain round his neck,—in rather a different way from that his foes intended,—and wore it as a trophy ever afterwards.

There are various interesting relics of well-known characters. A dagger of Rudolf of Swabia with a curiously-carved handle, dated 1080, one of the most ancient articles in the collection; the coat of mail of Sobieski, king of Poland; a sword and buff leather belt of Charles XII.; a sword of Peter the Great, and his little cocked-hat, a most comical-looking thing by the way, under a glass case; besides various and sundry treasured mementos of August der Stark, the hero of Dresden.

The most interesting rooms are those containing the horses caparisoned with their armour and trappings, and the sceptres, shields, collars, scarfs, and other knightly paraphernalia. Bright visions of the days of chivalry hover round these relics of the olden time, and the imagination busies itself in retracing the

scenes and pageants in which they once played their parts,—the bright eyes now closed, and the beating hearts now still, that followed their movements with intense anxiety. On one shield, richly emblazoned, was the motto—'Privo di te mi moro," and several others had words on them, and names and initials—the deep and tender meaning they once possessed, now, alas! lost and gone.

The trappings and housings of the horses are magnificent: precious stones and rich embroidery are lavished upon them in the greatest profusion—many of the bits and stirrups being quite covered with jewels. Christian the Second, the owner of the three handsome suits of armour, who appears to have been very luxurious in his appointments, has one of the most preciously caparisoned steeds in the collection. A single topaz of extraordinary size is on the pummel of the saddle, large garnets and other stones decorate the reins, &c., and the sabre which is attached to the saddle, is covered with jewels of great value.

Another suit of harness is composed of enamel and rubies; and the appointments of Augustus the "Stark," are studded with pearls and small diamonds. The trappings of the chargers which were led in advance of the nup-

tial procession of the latter are curious, the animals being entirely covered with tinkling gilt bells, and wearing immense nodding plumes of feathers.

During the "troublous times" of Saxony, all the jewels, relics, &c. of the Rustkammer were transported for safety to the fortress of Königstein—(what delightful associations that name now recals!)—together with the treasures of the Grüne Gowölbe.

The guide at the Rustkammer is the only genuine specimen of his race we have met with in all our sight-seeings here:—one of those automaton-like personages who, their tale once begun, like a musical-clock wound up and set going, proceed without ever stopping, or changing tone or muscle, until they have discharged their whole cargo of information.

In one of the rooms is a state chair of the everlasting August der Stark, with his picture on the wall opposite it. G—— being tired, took the liberty of depositing herself in the said very inviting-looking seat, albeit it is doubtless regarded here with much the same veneration in which the good old lady of Tillie-tud-lum held the chair honoured by the person of her royal guest. I am sure a Dresdenite would sink with fatigue rather than commit the profa-

nation of resting in this sacred spot. The guide had proceeded in his oration as far as the picture—"That is the true and faithful portrait of his most gracious majesty, king August der Stark of Saxony"—then wheeling himself round, while all the company wheeled with him, he pointed to the seat, and added pompously—"Und das ist sein rühe sitz!" (And that is his easy-chair!)—He never perceived how comfortably it was occupied at that moment; indeed if the ghost of the mighty monarch himself had risen up to take possession of his old quarters, I do not think the apparition would have interrupted the thread of the old gentleman's eloquence.

The guides in general are very different. They enter into the merits of everything they are showing off with as much zeal and enthusiasm, as if it were for the first instead of the thousandth time. They are so anxious that every one should hear, and see, and understand, and admire! In their energy to accomplish this, German, scraps of French, English,—all their little store of erudition, is brought into the field.

The picture-gallery!—Day after day we have visited it, and day after day I have returned,

resolved to note down the paintings which delighted me most, and which I am anxious to retain longest in my memory; and yet I have never got beyond those words, "the picture-gallery."

The fact is, that the task of description, with such a subject, is a herculean one. The pen is no sooner taken in hand than a host of images come crowding into the mind, following each other in as swift and beautiful succession as the sunbeams across the summer fields. The pen is thrown down in despair; the puzzled writer, unable to choose out of such an *embarras de richesse*, is reduced to almost as dire an extremity as that of poor Doctor Syntax in that irresistible picture, where, after advertising for a wife, he is overwhelmed with such an influx of candidates of every size and description, tall and short, fat and lean, ill-favoured and well-favoured, that the terrified would-be Benedict is forced to take refuge behind a phalanx of kitchen chairs. It was well for the worthy Doctor, that he had not to choose a rib out of a variety of objects as endless and beautiful as those that are conjured up to my mind's eye by the words "picture-gallery;" in that case, he would have been forced to resign himself to single, or rather

widowed blessedness for the remainder of his days.

Even were I able to describe a hundredth part of the gems of this magnificent collection—which I am not—such feeble sketches would fail of conveying any idea of them. There are lithographs, and engravings, and mezzo-tintos of the celebrated paintings of the Dresden gallery to be found in every print-shop in Europe. These show the grouping and design, and description might, perhaps, in a faint degree, effect the same purpose; but it is utterly impossible to receive or communicate any idea of the magic of colouring and expression without seeing the originals.

The Italian room is the principal point of attraction, and no wonder, for there is Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto! There is an absolute fascination about this picture: the eye once rivetted upon it, detaches its gaze reluctantly and with regret, and, after paying its mede of admiration to the beautiful objects beneath and around, still "untravelled, fondly turns" to this exquisite production. An atmosphere of purity, and holiness, and repose seems to surround it; there is such an utter absence of glare and gaudiness in the colouring, such simplicity in the design, that you feel you could stand there

and gaze for ever, and the longer you gazed the more you would admire.

Of all the Madonnas I have seen, this seems to approach the nearest to the ideas we form of the "highly-favoured" Mary. Here is none of that exaggerated refinement, that Juno-like affectation of attitude and features, so often met with in representations of the Virgin. Her figure is full of dignity, but it is the simple unconscious dignity of nature, exquisitely easy, graceful, and unconstrained. There is a mild majesty in the countenance, and an innocent expression withal that is very touching. The brow is beautiful,—so placid and meditative. Altogether there is in the whole aspect something so fresh, so youthful, so modest, that one recognises at once, not the goddess of a mistaken idolatry, but the lowly and devout Virgin,—she, whose woman's heart was troubled at the salutation of her angelic visiter—whose trusting submission prompted that meek reply, "Be it unto me according to thy word."

At the feet of the Virgin, on the right, kneels Pope Sixtus, from whom the picture takes its name, and, at the left, is St. Barbara. Her countenance and attitude are beautiful; the head gracefully averted, and the eyes cast down, as though overpowered by devotional feeling.

There is, perhaps, more actual beauty, and of a softer and more tender character, in this face than in that of the Virgin; but it is terrestrial loveliness—none of the almost unearthly purity, the chastened and innocent expression, that characterise Mary.

The artist has been less happy in the infant Saviour than in any of the figures of this matchless group. The countenance is unpleasing, and there is something disturbed in its expression. The attitude, however, is interesting and child-like, and nothing can be more touchingly fond than the clasp with which the infant is folded to his virgin mother's bosom; you actually see the pressure.

The two cherubs at the foot of the picture are universally acknowledged to be perfect personifications of childish beauty. One has his fingers on his lips, the chin of the other is resting on his crossed arms; they are surpassingly lovely. I do not think it is in the power of language to describe them.

This Madonna of Raphael and Coreggio's Notte are the rival beauties, the Roxelana and Statyra of the gallery. They have each their partisans; and the constant query of the Italian room is, "Which do you admire most?"—"Which do you prefer?"

It is very difficult in the Dresden gallery to keep the eyes, for many moments together, off those dazzling walls; otherwise the various groups of people scattered about and passing through, would be a most interesting study. Indeed, I do not know of anything that would afford more enjoyment than to get into a corner and watch and observe the different characters. The pale, intelligent-looking artists, who come here to copy, from every part of the world—some mounted up on high wooden scaffoldings opposite the large paintings—others occupying the embrasures of the windows—others seated in the very middle of the rooms,—but all so absorbed,—so engrossed with their occupation, that they seem quite unconscious of the crowds of people passing by them, and stopping to peep over their shoulders and gaze at their work.

There is one most interesting lady-artist whom I never can pass by without stopping a minute to look at. This any one may do without fear of annoying her, for she sees nothing but her canvass. She is copying Titian's exquisite painting of Christ and the tribute-money. I never saw anything so intent, so devoted as she is to her work; her whole soul is evidently in it, and when she pauses for a

moment, and leans back to gaze at the original, the enthusiasm that lights up her intelligent countenance is really beautiful to look at.

There is a French artist now copying,—and admirably well too,—Raphael's San Sisto for Louis Philippe. This must be an immense strain of mind; reaching after such unattainable excellence, with such an exalted standard constantly before the eyes. He is a pale, delicate-looking man, and there is an air fatigué in his features, as if the energy of his mind were wearing out his body. Last winter he worked so incessantly, that it brought on a nervous fever, to repair the effects of which he was obliged to go into Italy in the spring.

In the next room a dark-eyed young American is at work on a Dutch picture, an Ostade, I believe. Near him is a German artist, copying, on stone, the Virgin and Child, by Palma Vecchio. He told us he has been from morning till night for the last six months over this tedious, blinding occupation, and has many a month's labour in prospect before the picture will be completed. It is only wonderful how his eyes hold out.

There is, of course, an endless variety in the stages of forwardness of the various copies. Some of the artists, arrived at the close of their

labours, are putting in the finishing strokes, the last lights,—others only just making out the first bold outline in rough crayon; each day you may trace the gradual progress they are making.

The visiters of the gallery are quite as interesting in their way as the artists, and afford a fine field to any one who is fond of exercising his observant propensities. Some stroll idly in, and lounge about with vacant looks,—come there evidently merely because everybody must go to visit the picture-gallery at Dresden. These, however, I must say, are far the fewest in number. You much oftener see the enthusiastic amateur, rivetted before some chef-d'œuvre, gazing up at it with a rapture of fervent admiration, abstracted from all besides, every faculty absorbed in his devotion to the art.

Some proceed patiently round the rooms, catalogue in hand, diligently conning and comparing; some with no other guide than their own feeling and their own taste,

> "Leaving to learned fingers and wise hands,
> The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
> How well his connoisseurship understands
> The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell,"

stand, paying an unconscious and silent homage to the beautiful, before their favourite pictures.

Yesterday morning I observed a peasant woman walking through the rooms. Her face was quite a study—such a mixture of delight, and admiration, and wonder,—and all expressed with so much naiveté. What a subject she would have been for some of the masters whose works were on the walls! I could have fancied her just stepped down from the canvass of Gerard Dow or Mœris.

CHAPTER IX.

Drives near Dresden—Mr. B——.—Sketch on the bridge—A word on smoking—Mr. Sch * * * * r—Crofton Croker and the "Fairy Legends"—The Hand-book—Porcelain Gallery.

THE drives about Dresden are delightful. There is the Plauenshe Grunde, where the scenery is most romantic and beautiful, through which you drive to the lovely village of Tharand—a very pleasant excursion. There are coal-mines in the neighbourhood of the Plauenshe Grunde, and this is one of the reasons of the blackened, dirty, gloomy appearance of the houses in Dresden, which gives so unfavourable an impression of a place abounding in attractions of every sort. Coal being cheaper than wood, is more generally burned by the middle classes, and the road to the Plauenshe Grunde is covered with conveyances bringing it into the town.

I never was in a place where the dogs are so

systematically made to work as here. They have regular little sets of harness, with high pointed collars and brass bells, exactly like the trappings of the waggon-horses in England. Sometimes there are two under a little coal-cart, as well matched as any pair of phaeton ponies; and at other times, one noble animal draws the whole load himself.

The day we drove to Tharand, we met a curious pair of dogs bringing coals into Dresden. One a steady old veteran, who had evidently done many a hard day's work in his time, was harnessed to the cart; and fastened to him, outside the shafts, as a sort of outrigger, was a pert, saucy, short-eared young thing, with piercing sharp eyes, and a coat as black as jet. He kept on jumping, and barking, and turning round every now and then, half tricks, half impudence, to snap at his sober-plodding companion. It was most amusing to see the crossness of the old one, and the hearty bite he would give the teasing frolicker, whom he evidently looked down upon as a mere puppy. A running skirmish was thus kept up between them, which threatened every moment to end in a pitched battle. It was as much as the driver could do to keep the peace between this ill-matched pair.

I could not help laughing at them, though, I must say, it grieves me to see a dog made to work so hard. It seems taking an ungenerous advantage of his attachment to man, and his voluntary desertion of his own species to attach himself to ours.

Another of the established drives of Dresden is to a monument erected to Moreau on the spot where both his legs were shot off. Moreau is not interesting enough to wake up any very enthusiastic feelings or associations at the sight of his "denkmal." However, if the eyes do not rest with much interest on the stone slab surmounted by a helmet, they do most certainly on the view of Dresden that is obtained from thence.

Dresden, at a distance, from whatever point it is seen, is a striking and handsome town; from this spot it is peculiarly so. The dome of the Frauenkirche, (shame on the architect who could cut short and spoil a building otherwise so graceful!) the towers of the Catholic church, the Kreutz church, and the palace, rise boldly out of the city, and give it a character at once peculiar and beautiful. When the setting sun has touched the gilt balls and crosses on the summit of these distinguishing objects, and made them glance and sparkle in its rays,

while the rest is in shadow, the effect is very fine.

There is another very nice drive in the "Grosse Garten," a large park-like garden belonging to one of the numerous palaces. We have been told that concerts are often given here under the trees in summer at eight o'clock in the morning. In our drives through it, we have frequently come upon large parties of people seated in the promenades, enjoying themselves à l'Allemande. A little table under trees, covered with tall beer-glasses, or coffee paraphernalia, or ices; a lighted lamp for the pipes and cigars; a supply of cotton balls and knitting apparatus; a band of musicians in an arbour close by—this is the summit of German enjoyment, in the middling classes. We have often seen, in the environs of Dresden, a quarter of an acre of little chairs and tables, with crowds of well-dressed men and women smoking and knitting over their beer and coffee.

Smoking is forbidden in the town. During the reign of the last king, this regulation was so strictly enforced, that an Englishman here told me, he was one day strolling down the Schloss-gasse with a cigar in his mouth, not knowing it was unlawful, when he was stopped by a sentinel, and taken into the guard-house.

Here, not being able to speak German and explain matters, he had to remain more than an hour before he could regain his liberty. I do not know whether they are so strict now, but think it probable, from never meeting any smokers in the streets.

Sundry minor regulations are enforced rigourously enough here. (N. B.—I do not reckon smoking among the minor concerns.) For instance, if any unthinking wight,—or one who does happen to be thinking, but of something else,—should go towards his left hand instead of the right in crossing over the bridge, he is forthwith tapped on the shoulder by one of his majesty's sentinels, and requested to step across to the opposite side. Then again at the Catholic church, if your gentleman companion, after getting you a seat, has succeeded in finding one beside you, and you are just congratulating yourself on seeing him snugly established in it, up comes a tall, be-laced, and be-powdered domestic in the royal livery, armed with his great baton of office, to say, that his majesty cannot allow gentlemen and ladies to sit together in church by any manner of means.

These little interferences would be annoying anywhere else, but the great kind-heartedness of Germans, makes them do disagreeable things

in so agreeable a way, that no one can be hurt by them. I could not help, the day we went to the Church, remarking the difference between the officials there, and the surly, gruff, uncompromising, overbearing functionaries of the same class in England.

It really seems to go against the grain of a German to do anything that gives pain. I have not forgotten the concern that appeared in the good-natured face of the man who came to tell W—— that he could not remain with us in church, when he saw we were a little dismayed at the prospect of losing him.

Sept. 13*th.*—Just returned from passing a quiet, pleasant evening at Mr. B——'s, the British chargé d'affaires. He lives in a pretty villa in the Neue Stadt, delightfully situated in the midst of a garden of his own creation, and has a charming Saxon wife, full of all her country's kindliness, and two lovely children. Altogether they are a very interesting family, and Mrs. B——, with her broken, or, I should say, foreign English, (for she speaks it surprisingly well,) and her winning, affectionate manners, a most loveable person.

I could not help thinking to-night how much amiable, kind-hearted, domestic people gain by

being known and seen en famille. All the interesting *home* qualities come out, which are lost in a wider circle. We were lamenting our being too late to see our favourites, the two little girls, when Mrs. B—— proposed a visit to their nursery. It was gladly accepted: there is no picture—no, not even in the Dresden gallery—half so lovely to look upon as a real sleeping child. These were not asleep, however, but peeped at us out of their pillows like two little rosy cherubs; and the only one who *could* speak lisped out her tiny "Gute nacht, schlafen sie wohl," (good night—may you sleep well,) as we left the room.

L'Hermite de la Chaussé d'Antin used to take great delight in observing the passers-by; indeed, he has made out a regular set of theories, the result of his speculations on "les passans." Judging by the accommodations provided, the well-stuffed cushions in every window for the elbows to rest upon, and the glass reflectors attached to the shutters, the Germans seem very much addicted to this idle pastime. It is certainly very attractive, for it sets eyes and imagination at work, and, in a strange place, one loves to gather up the little traits and peculiarities en passant.

Our windows at the Stadt Wien, though they face the Elbe, and the view is charming, and cushions soft, are, nevertheless, too distant for a sketch: mine shall be taken from the bridge. The most striking object is the Kattolische Kirche, just fronting you—a gorgeous-looking building loaded with ornament; large stone images of saints, martyrs, and apostles standing all round the top, as well as in niches along the walls. You cannot help feeling the effect to be imposing, even while you criticise the want of taste and simplicity in the architecture. The two human tides are flowing, one on the right into the town, one on the left out of it, at each side of the bridge. Now a group has collected, in one of the little circular spaces, to watch a "gondel," with its red flag and white awning, coming up the Elbe. There is a peasant girl, with her striped woollen petticoat, laced boddice, short chemise-sleeves, leaving her arms bare almost to the shoulder, scarlet kerchief round her head, and curious fabric of stiffened lace or muslin, in the shape of a fan, with a bow and long ends at the back of the coiffure. She has laid down her basket on the stone bench, while she leans over the balustrade to see the boat passing under the arch.

A little way off, in another of the spaces, is one whom no passing object can tempt to raise her industrious eyes from her work. There she sits, poor patient thing! at her little stall from Monday morning until Saturday night, stitching away reticules and work-bags of a kind of embossed leather, never looking up except at the approach of a customer, who may have one of her pretty wares at the moderate sum of four groschen (sixpence).

Not quite so constant is another of the habitués of the bridge—yonder young sausage-seller. Half his time the little urchin is away from his place. He has just run back to it, and is now lifting up the cloth from the wooden tray, and asking some one to buy. I fear he will never make a fortune by sausages, for, often as we have passed by, I have never seen him sell one yet.

Here come two students—saucy, foppish, reckless, half-mad looking things between boys and men—with spectacles on their noses and cigar-cases in their girdles, of course. One of them is dressed in a *blouze* frock, embroidered and braided, being exactly a large edition of what is worn by children of six years old with us. The other has no waistcoat, and his expanse of striped shirt is folded back at the

collar, so as to give neck and throat that Byron-like exposure which their manly owners so unfairly deny them. He has a thick tuft on his chin, and light moustachios, stiff at the points and turned up; while his long fair hair, divided in the middle like a boarding-school girl's, falls in masses on his shoulders.

There, at the left, is a sight new to British eyes—a pile of large logs laid down before a house, two sawyers at work upon them, and those two—*women!*

A carriage has just passed with four ladies in it, all in caps, another German trait; and here comes a second. It is easy to decide who are *its* occupants. The sort of half contemptuous, half condescending way in which the young men who are lolling back in it, with their arms crossed on their chests, glance round at every one and every thing, show they are English—that description of them who come abroad, pre-disposed, as a matter of course, to look down upon all that does not exactly resemble what they have left behind.

Opposite the Catholic church is the superb flight of steps, guarded by two lions couchant, that leads up to the Bruhlische terrace. A more delightful public promenade there cannot be than this terrace, flagged with stone and

raised over the Elbe. You have the river at the right, shady trees over head, and at the left a row of coffee-houses and restaurants with open verandahs. The piles of little chairs and tables *stacked up* in these verandahs, en cas de besoin, are quite a curiosity.

There are fruiterers, and flower-women, and slipper-venders, and various other little stalls in the open space outside the steps; and, close by, is a stand of carriages. An old man is seated beside one of the lions, puffing away with his long china pipe, while his truck stands still, and the dog that draws it is resting himself. The poor tired animal has curled himself round and is fast asleep, and most funny he looks in that position, the complete *abandon* and nature of which is such a contrast to all his trappings and harness, pointed collar, brass bells, &c. "Tout est aux écoliers couchette et matelas," says La Fontaine; this poor fellow, if he could speak, would say the same of a weary dog, who rolls himself up for a comfortable nap, in spite of all his finery.

But it is time for me to put a stop to my idle observations on "les passans," and move off the bridge.

There is no point so often discussed as that

very important one, whether or not German women dislike smoking. From all the questions I have asked, and the observations I have made, I rather incline to continue in the opinion I ventured to put forth very early in my journal-keeping days, viz., that it is not to them (those of the middle classes, I mean) the disagreeable thing that so many people pretend.

Some exceptions there are, of course. A pretty, fair-haired Saxon girl, who was netting a purse the other day, when I admired her work, said, "I am doing it for a gentleman. You will be surprised, for, you know, cigar-cases and tobacco-pouches are the presents one always gives *them*, but I do not like smoking, and so I never make these things for my gentlemen-friends, as other girls do."

Mrs. Trollope, however, certainly goes too far, and does an injustice to the German lords of the creation when she says, "The young men scruple not to approach the woman they love with sighs which make her turn her head aside, not to hide the blush of happiness, but the loathing of involuntary disgust."

These words came into my mind yesterday when we were sitting under the trees on the Bruhlische terrace, and a little scene was going on close by which I could not resist watching.

It was not unlike the one I had before remarked at Cologne; a young lady at work and a young man leaning over her chair, puffing away most energetically his cigar. As far as I could see, there was certainly no "loathing" in the case. At the same time I must say, the gentleman did not appear to be smoking for smoking's sake. He was evidently doing it in much the same way that a young Englishman, similarly circumstanced, shuffles over the leaves of the unfortunate album lying before him upside down, or twists off the corners of some devoted fire-screen. The lady, I have not the least doubt, put many a wrong stitch in her worsted work, though she kept her blue eyes so earnestly bent upon it, and plied her needle so industriously. No—it was evident there was no "loathing" in the case. Mrs. Trollope's accusation recurred the more forcibly, because if smoking were a cause for disgust, in this instance certainly it would have been discontinued. If, indeed, my surmises as to the state of affairs were right, the young smoker in question would have sacrificed more cigars than one, rather than endanger his favour with his pretty companion.

After all, is it any wonder that German women should not dislike pipes and cigars, used

as they are so constantly by every one they love and like? As for me, though I have a thorough lady-repugnance for everything in the shape of tobacco, yet I think, with such associations, even smoking would lose its desagrémens. There is something endearing in all that is connected with those we love,—even their very faults and infirmities,—and who has not felt what a thrill of delight is occasioned by anything, however uninteresting in itself, that recals one who is precious to us.

Surely there is an alchemy in affection that turns to gold all it touches.

September 14th.—"Lively" is a sobriquet applied to the Saxons; "the lively Saxons," they are called at home and abroad. Before we came here, we were told that at Dresden this characteristic shines conspicuous, and the first day we dined at the table-d'hôte, we certainly had a striking illustration of the truth of the report.

Beyond us was seated a young man, whose vivacity was the most mercurial and the most infectious I ever saw. He literally kept his end of the table "in a roar" during the whole of dinner time, and his vehement action and enthusiastic way of hearing as well as telling a

story, was most curious. We could not follow the conversation or the lively sallies that were bandied to and fro; but an occasional "Das ist sehr gut, das ist sehr, sehr gut," ("That is very good, that is very, very good,") from the young Saxon, uttered with an expression of thorough and earnest enjoyment of the joke, that is indescribable, showed that something very witty was going on. Indeed I could hardly fancy it possible that so exquisitely keen a zest for the humorous, could be conveyed by two little words as this "sehr gut" expressed.

Next day it was my fortune to have this lively individual as a neighbour, but the only advance to intimacy between us, was his handing me the mustard with a very demure "S'il vous plait, mademoiselle." Since then he has sat next our party, every day with but three or four interruptions, and our acquaintance with Mr. Sch******r has progressed very far beyond a help to mustard, or a s'il vous plait. He is a young jurisconsult, and accounts for some of the abounding liveliness which struck us so forcibly, by the close application and severe studies in which his mornings are spent. "At one o'clock," says he, "my Saxon spirits are like children let out of school."

However, I should fancy, judging from his character, that whatever he was about, he would put his whole heart in, whether it were business or pleasure. I have not seen a character so strongly marked, in any person we have met with in our travels; but it seems more to belong to the man than to the country—to be rather personal than national. There is a combination of ardour and enthusiasm, energy, talent, firmness of purpose, intelligence, and animation, that might serve for three or four people. His energetic "das ist sehr gut" on the first day we saw him (we have had many a laugh over it since) was amusingly characteristic of himself—a sort of epitome of the earnestness he brings into everything.

Some time ago he was descanting on the pleasures of meeting so many foreigners at the table-d'hôte. "Without moving a mile," said he, "I am always en voyage. I meet Russians and Poles, English and Dutch, Italians and Americans, and have invitations to, and acquaintances in, every capital of Europe. What a variety of characters I have met with during the two years I have been at this hotel!"

"Well, I cannot understand your living here at the Stadt Wien like us, birds of passage," I replied; "you a Dresdenite, and having a

father, mother, sisters, and brothers, of whom you always speak so affectionately, residing close by in the Neue Stadt."

"What!" he exclaimed most vehemently, his eyes flashing and kindling, "would you have a man of four-and-twenty with two hands and a head, stay at home and eat the bread of dependence?—Never!——"

I might have expected this outbreak of spirited feeling. Indeed I was often wicked enough to provoke similar bursts from our vivacious friend; but he was too quick-witted to fall into the little traps I laid for him; he soon found me out, and often turned the tables upon myself, to his no small glee.

Mr. Sch*****r's thirst for information about England, its habits, manners, scenery, authors, everything,—is so insatiable, that I often regret he has not beside him a more competent answerer of his various queries. In his energy on these subjects he often wholly forgets the important business in hand, viz. dinner, and sends away plate after plate in the same untouched state in which the kellner has placed it before him.

Books and authors are a favourite theme, and most unmercifully does he drain my poor stock of literary lore. Yesterday, however, we

touched on one of the latter, about whom he found me ready to talk quite as long and as delightedly as he was inclined to listen,—Crofton Croker.

The "Fairy Legends" he had read over and over again with the genuine German enthusiasm for the wild and the supernatural; and when I told him that their author was known to me not through the medium of the "sons of ink" alone, but is a cherished friend, whose name brings with it "old hallowed memories" of childish days, his countenance kindled with interest and curiosity.

How eagerly he listened while I described the chronicler of "Faerie Land;"—his warm Irish heart, and rich vein of humour; his antiquarian propensities and tender affection for ancient manuscripts; the mingled drollery, and intelligence, and good-humour that dance and sparkle in his merry dark eye; and his laugh!—that most irresistible and infectious of laughs, so joyous and delightful! Then came a host of old stories and reminiscences:—how we used, when we expected a visit from Crofton Croker, to search the "twisted brake and bushy dell," in quest of his favourite flower, the graceful bindweed. Many a pinafore was rent in that cause, and many a stitch did it cost the grumbling

abigail to repair the damage; but little was that cared for, while the long wreaths were brought home in triumph, and the guest made to sit on a mossy stone or trunk of a tree, until the curling tendrils and snowy bells were twined round his straw hat.

And then our holiday gala in the garden summer-house—that memorable day when, in reply to an invitation written in large-hand on the leaf of a copy-book, and duly despatched to "Crofton Croker, Esq., the Rookery,"—he came to tea at the juvenile hour of six. How good-humouredly he drank the said tea out of a set of tiny cups and saucers that would have suited his own Titania or Oberon, and how he delighted our young hearts afterwards by making sketches of his beloved Black-rock Castle on his thumb-nail, or else drawing pictures for us with a pencil made of burnt paper and candle-grease. Very soft and pretty these were by the way—I have one of them still, a moonlight scene, which I would not part with for the world.

These bye-gone days led to more modern times, and then followed the description of a visit paid us one summer, when our author, after legend-hunting all day among the mountains, arrived at our house late in the evening minus a

shoe. How the house was full of people, whom he contrived, notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, and his loss to boot, to keep up half the night by his brilliant and varied powers of conversation. How one unfortunate poor gentleman of the party was fraudulently beguiled of his rest altogether. He, concluding very naturally that where the author was so very agreeable, the book might, perhaps, be so too, took up the "Fairy Legends" to his room in an evil hour, began to read, was tempted on from "the Haunted Cellar" to "the Brewery of Egg-shells," and had not got half-way with "Daniel O'Rourke and his *rapin*' Hook" to the Moon, when lo! the sun rose upon him instead, and left him little more than time to dress himself for breakfast.

Then again . . . . . .

One o'clock by the pendule!—and there goes the table d'hôte bell!

Wednesday night.—Whoever bestowed its name upon the "Hand-Book," did so certes in the spirit of prophecy, for it is literally in everybody's hand. It was amusing to-day, in the gallery, to see the little red book peeping out from beneath an arm, or out of a coat-pocket, a sure sign by which to recognise a compatriote the moment he entered the anti-chamber.

Every traveller is furnished with his "Guide-Book," or "Journal," or "Travels," the result of the experience of some former rambler, and the severe criticisms, the thousand faults I hear every day found with these, make me grieve for the unfortunate authors. The "Hand-Book," however, finds favour with every one; and the cause of this I am quite convinced is, that it is so completely what it professes to be, "for travellers on the continent." Other tourists try to compass two objects, to amuse those at home, as well as inform those abroad, and this is a hopeless attempt. The task of the luckless old man and his ass, those two personages of biographical notoriety, was nothing to it! They are opposite tastes that cannot be united.

How often have I heard the personal adventures, the feelings and reflections of a tourist pronounced utter "nonsense" by readers abroad, and those pages skipped over in contempt that would be the very parts to interest readers at home. What do the latter care, seated in luxurious ease with dressing-gown and slippered feet on the fender, to be told that there is a good road between Fulda and Eisenach, or that the Hotel de Russie at Frankfort is a better inn than the Weidenbusch. Then

again, if these common-places, so important to the traveller, be omitted, the unhappy author is called over the coals by him. The book is thus denounced as "useless moon-shiny stuff" by one party, or else "dry, uninteresting stuff" by the other. Between this Scylla and Charybdis, and that frightful bugbear "the public," perched up before him on his writing-desk, I can fancy the poor "tour-writer" in a sad predicament.

Sept. 15th.—What an improving place is this! Any one desirous of increasing their attainments and cultivating their taste, either in the sciences or fine arts, has ample opportunities of doing so. The collections of every sort, so varied, so extensive, so well arranged, and so accessible, afford a fine field of instruction.

First, there is the picture-gallery; next the valuable collection of copper-plates, which we went to see a few days since, where there are thousands of engravings from the year 1466, (the one bearing this date is the oldest known,) to the present day. Then there is a collection of antiques, another of casts, a public library containing 300,000 volumes, out of which any one may take books to his own home by merely

finding some individual to become responsible for him.

Besides these is a museum of natural history, zoology, mineralogy, fossils, &c.; in short, I cannot fancy any place where a person of refined and literary pursuits and a lover of study would be happier than at Dresden. But, alas! the gallery, the copper-plates, almost every one of these treasure-houses of learning and the fine arts, are closed in winter.

We have just returned from rather an interesting exhibition, the collection of porcelain in the Japanese palace. How delighted a genuine lover of china would have been, and how sorely tempted to break the tenth commandment! There are eight rooms full of china of every age and from every country, chronologically arranged, from the first bowl of rough brown unglazed porcelain that was ever made by the alchymist Botteger, who discovered the manufacture, down through various gradations of excellence to the splendid vase fresh from the fabric of Meissen. There are specimens of Sèvre porcelain, a present from Napoleon; and some genuine Wedgewoods from England; besides a few articles of the curious Serpent and green porcelain, the art of making which is unknown

in Europe, and which is very rare even in China.

They show you a set of China, in exchange for which August der Stark gave Frederick the First of Prussia a fully equipped regiment of cavalry! But the most beautiful thing by far in the collection is a piece representing the crucifixion. It is of white porcelain, very large, and cost 20,000 dollars, about 3,000*l.* The figures in this, their expression and grouping, are exquisite.

The first thing that stares you in the face on entering the rooms is an immense china head of the redoubtable August der Stark himself. A most unintellectual cranium it is, by the way, sloping back from the nose with a large development of the animal organs. It was the intention to erect the whole figure, but Augustus in porcelain was not as "Stark" as his flesh-and-blood namesake, and so he unluckily broke in two one day.

That this collection is tolerably large may be concluded from the fact of the manuscript catalogue of its contents occupying five large folio volumes!

Friday night, Sept. 16*th.*—This is our last day at Dresden—what melancholy words!—

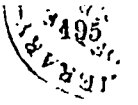
the "last day!" This place has grown upon us, and wound itself into our affections in a—I cannot say surprising way—for it is quite worthy of them. We were all disappointed with it, and now, though there are reasons against a longer stay, we are all grieved to bid it adieu.

I have just turned away from taking a long, long last look at the so-often admired view from my window at the Stadt Wien. I never close the casement without a good-night glance across the Elbe;—this is probably the last time I shall ever again see the moon rise behind the Frauenkirche.

It is late, and we are to start before day to-morrow, and yet, I know not why, I cannot resist the temptation of the paper lying open on the table. Perhaps it is on the same principle that some author, I forget whom, describes as one of the pleasures of writing, the power it affords of disburdening and thus sharing, as it were, the thoughts: making the dumb unconscious paper our confidant, and pouring out upon it feelings that would oppress us, if restrained.

Certainly it is in moments of depression that such little *soulagemens* are peculiarly required. We turn with a sort of yearning to any one or

anything we imagine likely to yield us sympathy, and receive our lamentations. The same remark may apply equally to happiness, or in short any excited state of feeling whatever. When there is too much for one, an irresistible instinct prompts us to impart it to another,—the happiness is doubled, the regret diminished one half.



CHAPTER X.

Leipsig—Different views of life by different dispositions—Strange contrast at the hotel—A German stove—A dissertation on tables-d'hôte.

LEIPSIG, *Saturday night.*—Here we are again in this interesting place, and yet with all its attractions it was with a heavy heart I placed my foot this morning on the step of the carriage that was to bring us to it.

How often it happens that the people one loves best in the world are those against whom one has been once prepossessed. It is the same way with places; and so it was that when I turned back to take a last look at Dresden this morning, the Frauenkirche, and the other domes and towers,—something suddenly swelled up between my eyes and them, that made everything invisible for a moment. Dear Dresden! how could we ever dislike it!—how could I ever write a word in its dispa-

ragement! I would tear out the page, but that I leave it as a sort of record against myself, to keep up the compunction I feel for having done so: that compunction, which, in the case of people doubly endears one who has overcome a first impression, and twined round the heart in spite of itself.

And most lovely did they look,—those familiar domes and towers in the soft, beautiful gray mist of the early morning; and lovely was the drive along the banks of the Elbe through village and vineyard, after Dresden had faded away in the far distance. We stopped at Meissen to visit the fine Gothic church built in the tenth century, and to admire the magnificent view it commands from its aerial height. We saw the picturesque castle close to it where the Dresden china is now manufactured, and then resuming our journey, the road, shortly before reaching Klappendorf, led us away from the Elbe. With that "shining river" was lost the chief interest of the day's drive, and we were left to the souvenirs of the pleasant hours spent on its beautiful banks. How little we thought they would bring with them such regretful feelings!

What a different view of life is taken by different people! Some live in the past, some in

the present, and others only in the future. This is owing, in a great measure, to disposition, but more, perhaps, to circumstances. We none of us know what a day may bring forth: persons of very sanguine, buoyant dispositions, and who have never experienced any check, forget the past and overlook the present in the hopeful anticipation of the dawning of a day yet brighter than any that has preceded it.

But with those, however cheerfully disposed by nature, to whom a day *has* come, and brought with it bitter anguish and blight, the case is far different. No wonder they should cling to the present with a feverish, —I had almost said desperate—fondness,—unwilling to part with the treasured blessings,—the happiness that may not be theirs to-morrow. No wonder they should shrink from an uncertain future, and be appalled at the thoughts of what "a day may bring forth." Yet this is a wrong, a very wrong feeling to indulge, and like everything else that is unlawful, it brings its own punishment with it. I am sure, for I speak from experience, that an over-fondness for the present is almost as dangerous to happiness as viewing it with discontent. Both extremes proceed from the same cause, want of an entire trust in Him who holds

past, present, and future alike in His hands. He has guided us hitherto,—He is the author of our present comfort, and yet we cannot trust Him for the rest! How necessary for our temporal peace of mind, as well as our eternal salvation, is the prayer, "Lord, increase our *faith!*" If we had more of it, we should dread neither temptations nor trials.

The feeling of being able to look forward with cheerful hope and confidence to the future, of seeing bright and golden skies in that distant horizon beckoning us on and seeming already to smile a welcome, is too delightful not to seek earnestly the means of procuring it. There are seasons of depression when the path, —the earthly one—appears so overclouded, so dark, that we close our eyes painfully against the contemplation; we long to be able to clear with a bound the intervening space whose unknown dangers affright us, and to find ourselves safe in our eternal home,—that happy place where death cannot rob us of our treasures, where the weary are at rest. The remembrance of past deficiencies,—the ever-present sense of that frailty, which keeps us even while standing, perpetually and momentarily ready to fall, makes us tremble at the snares and temptations with which this world abounds.

But this again is want of faith:—we ought not to be anxious:—we are desired to "be careful for nothing, but in everything," (what a volume of comfort is in that little word—"*everything!*") "by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving to let our requests be made known unto God:"—and then comes that most heart-cheering promise—"And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

The study of the biographical parts of the Bible is very interesting in this point of view. They afford practical instances of the extent of the divine interference and superintendence in those minute, every-day matters which unassisted reason would pronounce unworthy the notice of so exalted a Being.

True we have promises in abundance to the same effect;—we are told to commit our way unto the Lord,—to cast all our care upon Him, for he careth for us. Nay we are invited by the lips of the incarnate God himself to come unto Him, all that labour and are heavy laden,—and we have the assurance that the very hairs of our head are numbered. Yet, stubborn creatures that we are, we want facts, and proofs, and illustrations to convince us, and here we find them in this Book so admirably adapted

to the weaknesses of those for whom it was written.

Our way into Leipsig this evening was absolutely lit by the lightnings. For some time before we approached the town we saw the storm gathering in the distance,—and a very splendid sight it was. On one side the entire horizon glowed with an angry lurid light, that gradually deepened from fiery red into a dusky orange. This faded away, and then the most intense darkness fell so suddenly upon the whole scene, that it almost appeared as though a thick curtain had been let down upon everything in a moment. We did not, thank God, get into the fury of the storm—it seemed to have passed over the place we travelled through, and was succeeded by torrents of rain, that came rushing down like a water-spout. Every now and then a long bright flash of lightning issued from the midst of the pitchy darkness, and brought out rock, and tree, and cottage in vivid distinctness in its strong ghastly glare. What a contrast was this to the quiet, unruffled loveliness of the morning!—but we were destined to another quite as striking.

When we arrived at our former quarter, the Grosse Blumenberg, whither W—— had written

on to secure rooms, our old friend the Oberkellner, out of breath with the beating rain and his efforts to keep up a flickering lantern, issued therefrom, and announced with a face full of dismay, that it was " alles besetz," all occupied. " Lieber Herr, wir haben kein Platz, die ganse Stadt ist voll."—(Dear Sir, we have no room; the whole city is full.)

This was rueful intelligence at such an hour and in such weather, and knowing too, that the great fair of Leipsig,—the rendezvous of mercantile Europe, is coming on next week, and that people and goods from all parts are now pouring into the town. However, our trusty friend went on to say, that he had procured rooms in the Hotel de Pologne, and here accordingly we drove.

The scene of confusion that met us at the door of the Hotel de Pologne, was indescribable. Kellners flying about in all directions, —lights glancing to and fro,—dripping umbrellas,—crowds of people muffled up in cloaks pushing their way in,—sedan-chairs jostling and crossing each other, under the feet of the horses,—loud voices, calling, and shouting, and hackney-coachmen forcing up their rattling machines over the rough pavement.

As we stumbled up the stairs, giddy with fatigue and weariness, and half blinded by the

brilliant lights, we met crowds of people gaily dressed, frizzled, and perfumed, proceeding the same way. At the first landing there seemed a general halt, and great was the changing of shoes, and hanging up of wet cloaks, and passing of fingers through well-curled heads of hair, that was going on.

"There is a great ball here," said the kellner; "eight-hundred people in the grand saal—it is given by the company of the railroad subscribers." (I think I mentioned before the railroad that is now in progress between Leipsig and Dresden.)

We had to traverse the brilliantly lit up rooms, laid out for supper, to get to our apartments. A pretty contrast we must have been to the gay doings and fine folks around,—three weary, way-worn travellers, thinking of nothing but their quiet beds. W—— with his dripping indian-rubber coat, and G—— and I with our tumbled, rumpled dresses, and bonnets crushed and bent into every imaginable shape: just as dresses and bonnets will get in a long drive in the dark, when cold, and sleepy, and tired, and miserable, one curls oneself up into a corner of the carriage, totally disregarding the damage incurred by those wearables on the occasion.

We have just supped off some of the good

things prepared for the revellers. Bouillon served up in coffee-cups with little paste accompaniments, —pudding stuffed with plums, &c. &c. All the gay company are similarly employed in the room outside this, and whenever the door opens, it admits a flood of brilliant light, a loud mingled din of merry voices, clattering knives and forks, and peals of light laughter;— and a vision of moustachio'd beaux, and belles in white satin, flowers, and jewels.

Through this radiant assemblage are brought our spattered imperials, travelling-bags, book-baskets, &c., together with the vulgar nocturnal paraphernalia of our rooms;—sheets, hot water, and warming-pans. The chambermaid gathering up the rejected pillows, bolsters, feather-bed-quilts, and manifold other superfluities of a German bed, boldly tucks all under her arms, and marches off with them through the company, with the most perfect stoicism. The incongruity of the whole thing is very ridiculous!

September 18*th.*—Another Sunday at Leipsig. As if to remind us of the last happy one passed here, our old friend the valet-de-place of the Blumenberg, came in to pay us a visit after breakfast this morning. It was he of whom I made mention as accompanying us to the

Lutheran church when we were last here, and whose fervent devotion preached us a sermon so impressive though so silent.

We were all delighted to see his pale, interesting face appear at the door, and the little attention of coming to see us when, of course, he could gain nothing by it, (for he is employed by an Irish family, Lord Chief Baron J——, now at the Blumenberg,) showed him to be superior to the generality of time-serving hirelings.

We had another delightful walk among the beautiful oriel windows, and Saxon arches of this place, so rich in ancient architectural beauty, and we have rambled through the acacias and willow-trees of the gardens and promenades by the water side. The windows are still full, up to the very topmost story, of blooming flowers,—and the birds are singing among the myrtles and hydrangias as of old. But in the promenades there is a change. There the marks and tokens of the declining year, begin to be strewn around by the unsparing hand of autumn, and the rustling of the withered leaves as they are crushed by the passing foot, proclaims that the glory of summer is departed.

There is a warning in the sound. Every sear

and yellow leaf as it gently detaches itself from the bough and comes whirling slowly downwards, until it descends at our feet, there to decay and turn to its native dust, has a voice, speaking though silent, which cannot be disregarded. It seems to whisper, "I too was once young, and fresh, and blooming—and now....." God grant us grace to lay to heart those simple lessons which our daily walks abroad afford us;—that we may not, when it is too late, have to join in that despairing cry, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

September 19th.—A few days before we left Dresden, we had a stove lighted for the first time. Never having had a trial of it before, and being taught to expect suffocation, stifling, and all sorts of uncomfortablenesses, we felt quite nervous at the prospect, and were agreeably disappointed to find no such results. However, this mode of getting warmed without knowing how, if I may so speak, is by no means satisfactory.

The whole process of fire-making, &c., goes on outside the door, as the stoves open into the passage, and are supplied with wood there. Nothing but an occasional crackle shows any

signs of life in the stove, which looks as cold, as unmoved, as black and cheerless, as ever; so that one does not give it credit for the hidden virtues it possesses. One perfection we had no idea of—that of becoming hot so soon. I was nearly paying dear for my ignorance on this point. Never fancying the tall ungainly mass could possibly have begun to get warm, I put my finger upon it, ten minutes after the fire was put in, by way of experiment, and it was blistered in a moment:—the entire stove was hot up to the very topmost shelf.

In this room there is an "ofen" of a different construction from the usual ones; that is to say, it opens into the room instead of the passage. Great was our delight yesterday when it was lit, and our eyes were gladdened with the bright blaze. We left the little door open, though I believe this is quite against the rule, on purpose to enjoy that most enlivening sight,—the cheerful blaze dancing and flickering upon the opposite wall.

After all, there is nothing like a bright fire. It brings with it such a host of dear old home associations, and beloved familiar faces, and long delightful winter evenings; pictures of quiet happiness that we feel can be realised,—unlike the wild ideal felicity of which poets

dream, and which sometimes come across the waking imaginations even of those who have to do only with the plain prose of life.

If there be a spark of domestic feeling in the composition, (and I am sure there can be no one without some,) it kindles into a flame at the thought of these

"Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness."

The read-aloud book so often interrupted for the interchange of thoughts and opinions;—the work—the music—the rendezvous at the fire which seems to concentrate and draw closer together household ties, and bring as it were to a focus the social endearments of life;—the looks of calm happiness that "brighten at the blaze;—all those noiseless, unobtrusive pleasures that "welcome peaceful evening in."

Halle, Monday night.—We started from Leipsig after dinner, and at the end of about three hours' drive through a flat, ugly country, are now in the very comfortable hotel of the Kron Printz, to which our guide-books did the injustice of pronouncing "not good."

Before leaving Leipsig to day, we had nearly as great a treat in the musical way as we have

enjoyed since we have been in Germany. Such an orchestra at the table-d'hôte! it was worth going any distance or giving any sum to hear.

They played nothing but German music,—those wild, melancholy strains which reach the heart sooner even than the Italian,—and it was really difficult, while they were going on, to attend to the business of dinner before us. My neighbour, in answer to my exclamations rather than inquiries, told me, that the leader was a celebrated violinist of Vienna, who had come with his orchestra of sixty performers for the approaching fair of Leipsig.

I could not help thinking, as we sat there feasting on such divine music, what a sad falling off a German traveller would find in England. How he would miss the tables-d'hôte! Here he is always sure at one o'clock to find an admirable dinner, good music, and a society of well-bred, polite people, ready to receive him kindly. If he be inclined to be silent, he may;—if not, it is hard if he do not find some congenial companion among so many people, from so many countries.

We have never met with so lively a table-d'hôte as at the Stadt Wien at Dresden. Probably from its being a place where every one

made a certain stay, people had time to become better acquainted.

Our salon there was next the dining-room, and before we went in, after the preliminary flourishes from the orchestra had announced that operations were about to commence, we could hear the scraping and sliding on the floor of the various guests greeting each other. Every one had been to see something in the morning, and there was great comparing of notes and mutual inquiries. It was easy to know that sight-seeing—and beautiful sight-seeing too,—was the order of the day at Dresden. I used to be amused at all the "sehr hubsch!" and "sehr schön!" and "wunderbar!" and "vortrefflich!" ("very pretty!"—"very beautiful!"—"wonderful!"—"excellent!") that issued from every mouth in turn round the table.

Sometimes a traveller had just arrived from the Saxon Switzerland, and then there were so many inquiries as to what he had seen, and whether he had been pleased. Sometimes a party was starting for it, and then ensued hopes for fine weather, and kind hints about what was best worth seeing, and friendly endeavours to put them in the way of being most gratified.

I was greatly struck with this good-natured interest—this entering into the pleasures and

disappointments of others, on one occasion.

The first week or ten days we were at the Stadt Wien, we remarked an interesting-looking young man, with black moustachios, who sat a little way from us. He was, I believe, a Prussian. We never happened to speak to him, but we met at the picture-gallery and elsewhere, and there was a sort of silent recognition between us. With the people at his side of the table, he was of course intimate, as usual. He departed; and one day, shortly after, the news came that the young man with the black moustachios, had been way-laid and robbed of all his money a little beyond Töplitz.

I never saw anything like the feeling this excited at the table; one would really have thought it had been a brother of every one there who had been the sufferer,—such a universal regret was on every countenance. The dear, kind-hearted Germans! This little incident made me love them more than ever. How different would have been the case had every traveller lived to himself,—a solitary, isolated being: taking his lonely mutton-chop in his own room, without a soul with whom to exchange an idea!

I am sure the being brought thus into contact with our fellow-creatures, must have a beneficial influence on the mind. In the first place, meeting people of all nations and countries, must enlarge the ideas, and remove prejudices; in the next, it must tend to promote that feeling of love and good-will towards man, which it is the glory of Christianity to inculcate. It seems almost impossible for any one to be thus among so many human beings of "like passions" with himself, without finding his heart expand with benevolence and love towards them, and without offering up ardent prayers for their souls and bodies. How often, when I have looked round on all those people collected together from so many distant countries, the delightful thought has rushed into my mind, "And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."

The roads now are literally covered with waggons going into Leipsig for the fair. Where all the goods that pour into it from all quarters on this occasion can be bestowed, it is hard to conceive; besides the forty thousand strangers who are to find room in the fourteen

thousand houses already apparently pretty well filled by their own population.

The English consul gave W—— a singular account of the way in which every atom of space from the second or third cellar underground, to the fifth row of dormant windows in the roof, is made available; every stable, outhouse, shed, archway, &c. is converted into a shop.

CHAPTER XI.

German beds—Eisleben, Luther's birth-place—Drive to Cassel—The Review—Wilhelmshöhe.

Heiligenstadt, September 21*st.*—There are two kinds of disappointments—agreeable and disagreeable ones. We have been destined to experience both to-day,—the latter in our drive, which was dreary and uninteresting, the former in this hotel, the Preuschisch Hof, which is excellent. We had been taught to expect quite the contrary, and are, therefore, agreeably surprised to find ourselves in a spacious three-windowed room, fitted up with looking-glasses, handsome painted ceiling, &c.

The Stube-mädchens (chamber-maids) have just made their appearance with wadded crimson silk counterpanes, like those we enjoyed so much at Weimar, and a pile of those snow-

white sheets of the beautiful Saxon linen, the only fault of which is in the quantity—not quality. They are now busily employed making up the beds, little imagining that all their labour is in vain, and that the first movement will be to demolish the goodly fabric they are erecting: for here every man (*i. e.* English) is his own bed-maker.

The German beds are a fertile subject of discussion. Basil Hall, in his "Schloss Hainfeld," devotes an entire chapter,—and a very amusing chapter too,—to one. Every tour and guide-book has something to say about them—some new definition or illustration to give,—in fact, the work would not be complete without.

They certainly are a very striking feature in the characteristics of the country, and form quite a fashionable topic of conversation among travellers when they meet. Every one has some device of his own, and great are the ingenuity and powers of contrivance that are set to work in managing to procure some sort of nocturnal comfort. Mr. W—— (a young Englishman we met at Dresden) told us the other day, that in despair, he often tumbles out the whole concern,—pillows, mattrasses and all, upon the floor, and there takes up his quarters; while his brother vowed, that the

only way to ensure a good night's rest, was to take a place in the diligence.

The fact is, the Germans do not lie in their beds: they sit in them, as it were, generally speaking, and this is why the first thing an English traveller has to do is to pull out half-a-dozen pillows and short wedge-shaped mattrasses inserted in the top so as to raise the upper half until it is almost at right angles with the lower. So much for the pillows, of which we have counted as many as nine.

As for the dimensions of the bed, I cannot pretend to account. What a long-legged man, or even a tall woman does with his or her superfluity of limb is a mystery quite beyond me, and one I shall probably never be able to unravel. I only hope most sincerely the German dowagers never attain to the portly dimensions of some of the "merry wives" of England of a certain age; they certainly in this case would never find either hip or elbow-room in their narrow cribs.

Blankets there are none. A wadded counterpane called a *bett-decke* tied in between two narrow sheets the exact breadth of the bed, is the single and simple substitute. In winter a light feather-bed or down couvre-pieds is added to this. Woe to the luckless mortal who is

given to dreaming, or the indulgence of tossing in his slumbers. At the first turn, down slides the treacherous "decke" on the ground, leaving him exposed to the tender mercies of the frosty night air. G—— has a regular travelling establishment of sheets and blanket, the extravagant dimensions of which must strike the German mädchens as being most unreasonable, besides a grievous waste of material. W—— manufactures his couch with her rejected paraphernalia, added to his own:—every night he finds out some new improvement, and we tell him that before he leaves Germany he will certainly have reached perfection. Nevertheless,—despite of all his contrivances, which afford us an endless source of amusement, he is often edified by the sight of his own uncovered feet protruding up against the foot-board when he wakes in the morning.

Woe is me! notwithstanding all the discomforts of a German bed, and the repeated infidelities of the *decke*, I am afraid I am not as alive to its evils as might devoutly be wished, when the sad time for our separation in the morning arrives!

The drive yesterday from Halle to Nordhausen, where we slept, was most uninteresting.—

There was hardly a tree to be seen, and all the beauty and riches of the country were under the surface instead of over, in the shape of silver, copper, and coal mines. We could not even say of the road as the Frenchman did of his mignionette, " Ses qualités surpassent ses charmes," for it was as bad as it was ugly; that is to say, they were making a new chaussée, which cut up the old in such a way that we came floundering along through mire and ruts enough to break the springs of the carriage.

We passed through the small town of Eisleben, hallowed by being the birth-place of Luther in 1483. The birth-place of Luther! what a distinction! It is indebted to accident for this honour, which invests it with an interest which not the proudest city in Germany can boast of.

Hans Luther, the father of the great Reformer, was an obscure miner, poor but respected, who lived in the little village of Mira, in the mountains on the borders of Bohemia. He was in the habit of coming into Eisleben for the Jahrmarkt, (the annual fair,) to make purchases for their little ménage with Margaretta Lindermann his wife.

On one of these occasions, Margaretta was looking forward to be a mother, and repaired to

Eisleben to make the necessary preparations for the event, intending to return home immediately. But she was prevented doing so by the unexpected birth of her child, the night of her arrival in the town.

Next morning Hans carried the infant into the church, and as it was St. Martin's day, had it christened after the saint. When his wife was sufficiently recovered to travel, they returned to their cottage in the mountain. Here were passed the infant days of him who was destined to become so powerful an instrument in the Divine hands,—such a burning and shining light to the christian world. How true it is that God chooses the weak and foolish things of this world to confound the wise and the strong!

The interesting house in which Luther first drew breath is close to the poste where we changed horses. His picture is over the door.

It was at Eisleben that the Reformer died in February, 1546. The Counts of Mansfeld, to whom the district belonged, had disagreed about the inheritance left them by their father. They could not decide on the boundaries of their respective allotments, and in this difficulty had recourse to Luther. They sent to him to Wittenberg, where he resided, requesting his presence at Eisleben.

Luther had been living in retirement for some time, preparing for the " better land," where he so ardently desired to be. His health and strength had given way under the great mental and bodily exertions of his laborious life, and he looked forward to his dismissal with joy. This extraordinary man was a striking instance of that deep humility which is the fruit of genuine Christianity. His learning,—the wonderful revolution in religion he had been the means of effecting despite the opposition of pope and potentate,—and the estimation in which he was held, might well have exalted him in his own eyes. So far from this being the case, he was continually reproaching himself with deficiency. A meek and lowly follower of the Saviour's example, the conviction of his imperfect attempts to reach the exalted standard so constantly before his eyes, occasioned him bitter regrets.

He left Wittenberg accompanied by his two sons, at Count Mansfeld's request, and in approaching Eisleben was attacked with his death sickness. He rallied, however, for a few days, arranged the business on which he had come, and even preached. On the 17th of February, he complained of weakness—and the same night breathed his last. His end was full of hope and

peace;—he literally "fell asleep in Jesus," a few moments after Count Albert's wife, who watched by his couch like a daughter, had bathed his temples with some sweet waters.

While the body lay in the little church at Eisleben, it was visited by a concourse of people, among whom were Princes, Electors, and the ladies of many noble houses. At the desire of the Elector of Saxony it was afterwards removed for interment to Wittenberg,—the young Counts of Mansfeld heading the funeral procession.

At Sangarhausen, a neat little village, we stopped to dine, and, mirabile dictu! were shown into a room in the Preusische Hof without any beds in it. This is very rare in German hotels,—the very large ones excepted. As all the eating goes on in the grand saal, the other rooms are generally arranged for sleeping in. This, however, makes but little difference, as one hardly remarks the little curtainless things that take up no more space, and make no more fuss in the corner, than a couple of small loungers in an English sitting-room.

Nordhausen is rather a considerable town, and the Römishe Kaiser tolerably comfortable.

After leaving it the road approaches the Hartz forest, and there are some miles of

improved scenery. We saw, on our right, capped in mist, the haunted Brocken—that mystic rendezvous of spectre, witch, and evil spirit,—where they celebrate their wild, unearthly, midnight orgies. The Brocken is the very centre and strong-hold of German legend and superstition.

But altogether the country, though most highly cultivated, is quite devoid of interest; the day too has been cold and miserable, with occasional sharp, sleet-like showers, which did not improve the appearance of the bleak, bare mountain region through which we passed.

The warm stove in this hotel,* and some hot soup served up in English tea-cups, are by far the most interesting objects (the Brocken *perhaps* excepted) we have seen to day. Apropos, the quantity of English china we meet here is very strange. At Frankfort in the great hotel de Russie, nothing else is used. Even at Dresden, there it was again!—regular "Spode" with the everlasting blue birds, the two cows looking at themselves in the stream, and the gentleman and lady under a crooked umbrella.

* The Preusische Hof, in the humble village of Heiligenstadt, proved to be the cheapest as well as one of the best inns we met with in Germany.

It seems inconceivable how any one can take the trouble of bringing the common blue ware, so despised with us, all the way from England to Dresden.

Cassel, Sept. 22nd.—Yesterday and the day before our books were in full requisition; to-day they lay unopened in their baskets and pockets, the scenery the whole way was so beautiful. After leaving the pretty, picturesque, half-town half-village of Heiligenstadt, the country began to improve in beauty. There was an air of primitive, rustic simplicity about the peasants, their abodes, and their occupations, that was very interesting. Just outside the town were two old men in quaint-looking cocked-hats, exchanging pinches of snuff out of their large round boxes. Shortly after, we met an immense drove of cows slowly making their way towards some distant mountain, where they were to pass the day. A shrivelled hag, her grey hairs streaming out from beneath the scarlet kerchief that covered her head, and wrapped in a blue mantle, urged them on with shrill cries. Her wild appearance, as she tossed her arms in the air, like a witch at her incantations, her long staff, and the large sym-

bolic-looking figures on her mantle, corresponded well wtih the wild scenery and mystic associations of the Hartz.

The road wound along by a beautiful stream bordered by willows, on the side of which peasant girls, with their picturesque red and blue ribbons flying in the wind, were mowing the fragrant grass and raking it into heaps. This way of treating meadows, mowing them constantly, and using the produce in grass, gives the country a very cultivated appearance, every field looking as green and carpet-like as a well-kept grass-plot. In one picturesque little hamlet we met a flock of speckled, shaggy goats, proceeding leisurely down the long narrow street to the sound of their tinkling bells. All these flocks of animals, sheep, goats, cows, geese, &c., each with its two guardians, biped and quadruped, are very interesting and pastoral. The sheep always follow the shepherd, instead of being driven by him. We often see both man and dog walking down the mountain, and behind, at a little distance, the whole flock leaping from crag to crag, jostling and hurrying down after them like so many children. Even in a town I have seen the shepherd walking up a street, and the patient, docile creatures following him entirely

of their own accord through every turn and winding.

The road now got deeper into the forests, and the scenery assumed somewhat of the vast, sublime character of that in the neighbourhood of Eisenach. In one respect it was more beautiful, from the rich glowing colouring which autumn now flung over the forests. The effect was indescribable; the deep red and bright golden tints mingling with the masses of grey rock that rose out from among them. Every wind of the road brought us in view of some magnificent swell of mountain, clothed up to the top with forests of a thousand changeful hues,—sober browns and yellows, and brilliant dyes of purple and scarlet blending together in the most beautiful harmony. We passed, on the right, the picturesque old ruins of the castle of Handstein, rising boldly up on the summit of a verdant hill, surrounded by a belt of trees. Their form and situation reminded me of the ivy-clad ruins of Carrig-o-Gunniel Castle, in the county of Limerick.

There is something very touching in coming suddenly on one of these old castles, standing there mouldering into decay in the midst of all that is fresh and green and inhabited;—a silent memento mori, a monument of the transitoriness

and instability of all earthly things. Its busy tenants have long passed away, and all the stirring events so full of interest to them—their whole world perhaps—(for, alas! to how many is this world the only one)—are at an end. Even the traditions that recorded them are lost; their very memorial has perished with them!

And the actors themselves!—they have disappeared; but only for a time. They await the reckoning day—

> ..... the day
> Which none unholy ought to name, the day
> Of judgment! greatest day, past or to come.
> Day of eternal gain, for worldly loss;
> Day of eternal loss, for worldly gain!

These reflections involuntarily come home to ourselves: they knock at the door of our hearts with a warning and a solemn voice. We, too, shall be no more. In a few short years, the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, the restless projects and fond affections, and all the thousand emotions that now swell the anxious bosom, and throb and flutter through the busy brain, shall be hushed and still. In a few short years, even the tears of those who

loved us and mourned our loss shall have ceased to flow. We, too, shall be forgotten—our hearths shall be deserted, our homes shall have mouldered into ruins. Thus "the fashion of this world passeth away."

But there is another—a bright, an everlasting rest. *There* no crumbling remains of mortality shall, as with us, be ever ringing in our ears the mournful knell of time. Oh! that we kept that distant home more constantly in view—that we trained our minds to contemplate it with more hopeful and joyous feelings—that we sought more earnestly and prized more intensely Him who is the door and the way to it!

But a truce to my reflections.

We were now in the Electorate of Hesse-Cassel. Shortly after crossing the frontier, marked by a post bearing the national red and white stripe, a magnificent view suddenly opened upon us; an amphitheatre of wooded hills, rising one behind the other, with a fine old castle, (Arnstein,) the centre and foreground of the picture, perched up on a lofty eminence directly in front. A bright gleam of sunshine lit up the hill behind the castle, bringing out into vivid distinctness the gorgeous colouring of the trees and rocks, while beyond, all lay in

mist, the cloud-like, shadowy forms of the mountains fading away until their outline was lost in the far distance.

Sept. 24th.—If we suffered the loss of a whole day, and a disappointment to boot, by our visit to Wilhelmsbad, the palace of the Kürfürst of Hesse, near Frankfort, both have been amply atoned for by an expedition yesterday to Wilhelmshöhe, his summer abode, near this.

The natural beauties that surround this delightfully situated little capital, Cassel, render the improvements of art, which have been lavishly bestowed upon it, peculiarly successful. There are some good houses in the new town, and three or four large "Places."

This hotel, the König von Preussen, is in the König's Platz, a circular inclosure; and beyond it is Friedrich's Platz, the largest square in Germany, with a statue of Friedrich himself, much larger than life—at least in the lower extremities, it is to be hoped,—in the centre. I never saw such a leg as they have given him; like Vestris's, it certainly can have but one fellow. The sculptor had most gigantic ideas of the solidity of the Elector's understanding; but unluckily the French did not treat it with

due respect; they were so annoyed at the clumsy extremities, that they shot down the statue for no other reason. It lay prostrate until Wilhelm, in 1818, replaced his parent on his ponderous supporters. Friedrich's Platz has no beauty to boast of but its size. On one side is the Museum, the handsomest building in the town, and the elector's palace. Another side is without houses, so as to afford a view of the splendid country beyond, and the fine public garden (the Augarten) immediately beneath.

We saw this beautiful Augarten to the best advantage yesterday morning, as there was a review of all the troops in Cassel, and some which came in from out-quarters six leagues off, held in it. There were between two and three thousand men, infantry, cuirassiers, fusiliers, carabiniers, artillery, &c.

When we got to the Augarten we found all the staff, generals, aide-de-camps, &c., their plumes flying in the wind, drawn up outside a large gateway, waiting for the arrival of the Kürfürst. Presently he came galloping down the hill with his officers and a body of mounted servants. He is a handsome young man, fine figure, fair complexion, and a very prepossessing countenance. What a grievous thing that

by his domestic arrangements he should have deprived himself of that respect and admiration which his manners and appearance are so well calculated to excite.

It is remarked that the errors of parents are usually avoided by their children, but unfortunately, this rule does not hold good in the electoral family of Hesse; the cause of the expulsion of the ex-elector from the government is known to all, and yet in point of morality the Hessians have no reason to boast of the exchange.

For some time previous to the change of government, the neglected wife of the Elector had left Cassel and lived at Bonn with her son and daughter. It was there at his mother's soirées that the young Kürfürst, the present Regent, commenced an attachment which still exists, and which has been the cause of so much regret to his family and subjects.

The Electress is now living here. She returned to Cassel when the Elector and his companion were chasséd by the people, and resides in a palace beautifully situated over the Augarten;—she is said to be very much respected and loved. Poor thing! her trials have been great—disappointed first in her husband, then in her only son. For a long time she refused

to see the latter, but the court of Prussia interfered and a nominal reconciliation took place.

It was a beautiful sight yesterday—all the Hessian troops drawn up in the Augarten, with a back-ground of such scenery! forest, and mountain, and rock, piled one above the other as far as the eye could reach. The Kürfürst, followed by all his staff, rode along the lines, who cheered as he passed. The gay uniforms and glittering arms of the party, the white plumes dancing and fluttering, now disappearing, and then gleaming out from among the foliage as they galloped under the trees, had a very pretty effect. The beautiful horses too, full of fire and spirit, prancing, neighing, and seeming to enter into the animation of the brilliant scene quite as much as any of the other actors therein, added not a little to its interest.

A striking contrast to all the glitter and bustle and waving feathers, were the groups of statues round the garden, standing there so cold, so motionless, so pure, so snowy white, looking down upon the gay parade, as if they resented their sylvan solitudes being intruded upon.

We were admirably well placed, just behind the Kürfürst, so that we had a full view of all

the troops, beside the treat of military music we thus enjoyed, for every band drew up in succession opposite him, and played while the regiment to which it belonged marched past. The foot-guards are a splendid body of men, so tall, handsome, and soldier-like. The officer that headed them was quite a giant—I am sure he must have been nearly seven feet high. The band of this fine regiment is a delightful one, and all their instruments are silver. The other Hessian troops, cavalry and artillery, look very well in the field, but their clothing and appointments do not bear as close inspection as those of our British soldiery. His army is said to be quite a passion of the Kürfürst's.

After dinner we started for Wilhelmshöhe. It is three miles from the town, and nothing can be prettier than the drive. The road is a straight avenue bordered with lime-trees, and at the end of the vista, formed by their pillar-like stems, stands on the summit of a high wooded hill an octagon building surmounted by a colossal statue of Hercules. Half way down, immediately beneath the obelisk, is the palace of Wilhelmshöhe. It is open to the public; and the water-works, which cost an extravagant sum of money to construct, are made to play two days in the week.

We drove past the palace through parks and gardens, which nature and art combine to render beautiful, until after a steep ascent we reached the base of a rocky wall. Here a crowd of persons were assembled waiting for the waters to begin their evolutions. I ought to have said that on our way up the height we passed the artificial ruin of an aqueduct, so well executed that the crumbling, displaced stones had really the appearance of having fallen into decay from the hand of time.

After a few moments' patience the water began to trickle over the rock, and soon it rushed down the whole side of the craggy wall, with such force and good effect, that you almost lost the unpleasant impression of its being but artificial. When the crowd of gazers had admired this sufficiently, they all hastened down to a little bridge thrown across a deep chasm, called the Teufel's Brücke (Devil's Bridge). The view from this spot is lovely, so wild and picturesque! We reached it before the waters did. This is a grand point to accomplish. During the whole day a race is kept up between the human tide and tide of waters; the rush of both to reach the several standing-places being simultaneous.

Presently there came a hoarse, rumbling, rushing sound, and "es kommt—es kommt!" ("it comes—it comes!") issued from the crowd. The whole torrent came dashing over the stones, and, rushing under the bridge, fell in a body of spray and foam with a tremendous noise down the precipice. It now proceeded along the aqueduct, the spectators being in advance, and reaching the bottom in time to witness the last grand fall. This was very fine, the depth being one hundred and three German feet, and the concentrated body of water considerable. But the crowning piece of the exhibition yet remained—a magnificent jet d'eau, said to be the highest in Europe, which rises out of a little lake behind the palace. The water is thrown up nearly two hundred feet in the air. I never saw anything so lovely. It looked, through the cloud of thin transparent spray that floated round it like a veil, like some tall, shadowy, mysterious being—so ethereal, so radiant and spirit-like, so exquisitely pure. The falling water descended in light feathery flakes and clouds of mist, forming an aërial drapery round the figure, the dazzling whiteness and effect of which is perfectly indescribable. While we were looking, the sun shone out behind the watery column, and the ap-

pearance of its rays, reflected through the mist, was like magic: they formed as it were a glorious star composed of light so radiant and glittering, that it would have been impossible to look upon it but for the soft, silvery haze that appeared to increase the lustre, while it took away from the brightness. In short, the effect of the whole thing was peculiarly beautiful. I never saw anything like it.

After wandering about amongst the gardens and conservatories, which are in excellent order, we rejoined the carriage at the foot of the hill. We were just stepping into it, when a royal equipage with six horses and out-riders drove up. In it were the Electress and her remaining unmarried daughter, who alit close by, which afforded us an excellent view of them. The Electress, whose misfortunes have rendered her so interesting, is a very prepossessing-looking person, with great sweetness, and the remains of beauty in her countenance. She now leads a very retired life—receives but seldom, and gives away half her revenues in charity.

There is an excellent carriage-road through the forest the whole way up the mountain, as far as the summit where stands the Hercules.

The view from this is magnificent. You are absolutely suspended over a variegated carpet of forest, and the town of Cassel, with all the surrounding villages, and chateaux, the river and plains of Fulda, are spread out far beneath at your feet.

W—— proceeded to mount the octagon, a huge pile of rough unhewn stones, and to pay his devoirs to the gigantic Hercules, who very hospitably accommodates no fewer than eight persons in his club alone. G—— and I were not so aspiringly disposed, and moreover, being very cold and not a little tired, were glad to get back to our cloaks and the carriage, and to commence a descent by the zig-zag road.

We stopped opposite a little gast-haus to wait for W——, and amused ourselves by watching the scene going on before it. Among the array of little tables and benches that, as usual, were drawn up near it, only one was occupied. Four young men were seated round this, enjoying their bottles of pale, thin, watery-looking wine. However, they did not require any inspiration from the juice of the grape, for I never saw such a party of merry, joyous, light-hearted creatures, so full of mirth and fun, it was quite delightful to see them! One particularly attracted our notice — a clever-

looking, laughing-eyed, roguish youth, evidently the wit and leader of the party. His green cap was perched up on the side of his head in a comical manner, leaving a mass of fair curls to peep out from beneath it. Presently a bright idea seemed suddenly to strike him, for he threw down his cigar, and called for something at the door of the gast-haus. Out came a poor, deformed, dwarfish, melancholy little creature, who acted as waiter, bearing on a plate a thick slice of black sour bread and some butter. This the hero in the green cap triumphantly seized, and commenced an attack upon forthwith. There was a loud shout from the others at their luxurious companion: however, they resolved not to be outdone by him; the poor little dwarf was summoned with more black bread and butter, and the appearance of the dainty seemed to increase marvellously the merriment of the party. Our friend in the cap got gallantly through his slice;—indeed he looked like one who would put his whole energies in whatever he was about.

When we drove away, they all stood up, and off flew every cap, partly out of German politeness, and partly, I dare say, in acknowledgment of all the notice we had bestowed on them.

A few minutes' longer descent brought us opposite a mimic castle, called the Löwenburg. It is a regular model of a fortress, with moat, drawbridge, and towers, and very pretty. The rooms are all furnished in the olden style, and the walls covered with tapestry. One of them, a circular chamber, is called the panorama-room, and a perfect bijou it is without doubt. The windows are circular, and such views as they command! The effect of standing in the middle of this apartment is very peculiar: it is as though you were surrounded by circular pictures of enchanting and ever-varying beauty, hung upon the walls, or rather inserted in them. The brilliancy of the day was peculiarly favourable to scenery, and surely never did sunshine light up a more lovely prospect, more rich and glowing autumnal hints.

We crossed the little court-yard to the fairy chapel opposite. The light came in here mellowed and softened through the stained glass windows, and there was something very tranquillizing in the effect of this dim religious hue.

One solitary tomb,—that of the Elector who built the castle,—is there, and perhaps from being the only one, strikes more forcibly as a memento mori,—a silent reminder of what is

the end of all human plans and devices. A single sunbeam streaming down through a bright yellow pane, fell across the grave. It looked emblematical of the cheering ray of hope and anticipation that gilds the dark cold sepulchre.

CHAPTER XII.

Picture-gallery at Cassel—Museum—Mr. Mouse—Marble bath—Legends of Henry the Lion and Prince Hubert—Reflections suggested by them.

September 26th.—The picture-gallery here is excellent. Even after the incomparable gallery at Dresden, where, not a fortnight since, we were feasting our eyes, the Cassel collection suffers no disparagement. Three or four hours may be delightfully spent there, and without the bewildered sensation that oppresses the mind at Dresden, even after many visits have comparatively familiarised it with such an overwhelming display of beauty.

The Cassel gallery boasts a number of Rembrandts, some choice Wouvermans, several Guidos, Vandykes, &c. It ought, however,

to be richer. At the time that Napoleon skimmed the cream of the treasures of Europe to transfer them to Paris, one hundred and ninety-nine of the choice pictures here were sent there with the rest. Part of these, forty in number, he made a present to Josephine, and they remained at Malmaison until her death, when they were sold by her heirs to the Emperor of Russia. These, among which were three Claude Lorraines, and a valuable Paul Potter, were lost to the gallery, though it recovered the others at the time the rifled treasures were restored to their several lawful owners.

The picture which has left the strongest impression on my mind, is a splendid Rembrandt, Jacob blessing the sons of Joseph,—the figures the size of life. The two children are standing beside the bed of the aged patriarch. One of them, a round, rosy-faced cherub, is looking up with childish innocence and curiosity, while the other bends his graceful head beneath the uplifted hands of the old man. The expression of the downcast eyes and countenance of this child is quite angelic—the little hands are clasped together, and the fair hair, parted on the brow, falls in long waving curls over the shoulders. At the bed's head

stands Joseph watching his children with intense interest:—his countenance is beautiful. A little apart from the others, behind the children, is his wife. Her hands are folded and her eyes half cast down;—the love of the mother and the retiring meekness of the woman, are exquisitely blended in her lovely face and attitude. There is a rich yellow colouring, a peculiar golden glow over the whole of this painting, that has an enchanting effect.

Another most interesting picture is the death of Cleopatra, by Guido. There is something so thrilling in this, it is almost impossible to take the eyes off it. One arm is flung back over the head, the other hangs down at the side motionless, lifeless, every nerve relaxed. The beautiful lips are half unclosed, and the eyes not shut as in slumber, but with the lids only just meeting as it were, over the ball. You see at once it is death, not sleep; and yet there is nothing ghastly in it. A slave stands bending over the dying queen in an attitude of despair, with her hands clasped upon her bosom. The warm rich colouring of life on this figure contrasts well with the marble whiteness of Cleopatra's beautiful form; her energetic action with the breathless repose, the utter stillness that pervades the features on which she is gazing.

There is a heavenly Madonna, also by Guido; and near it, Sophonisba receiving the poison from her husband's messenger; and Sophonisba dying, also by him.

Among the many Rembrandts is a portrait of his friend Kopenol, drawn at full length, mending a pen. I never saw anything like the *mind* in this picture; the expression in the forehead is quite extraordinary; you actually see him think. There are some very pretty Mœris, and two or three Teniers; a large one by the latter, the old subject, a Dutch merry-making—and a capital little picture of an old man having his corns extracted. The rueful face of the old man, and the business-like, humbugging expression of the operator, surrounded by bottles of sundry shapes and sizes and a formidable array of instruments, are admirable.

The collection is shown by a very intelligent old man, the Herr Professor as they call him, with a net-work of the kindest-looking wrinkles round his eyes and mouth. He is quite an enthusiast about the paintings, and his remarks on them are very interesting. He passed many years of his life in Rome, and speaks Italian beautifully: he also speaks French very well. When we remarked on his proficiency as a linguist, the energetic old gentleman exclaimed,

"Yes! but if I knew English! I *can* speak a few words, and, were it not that I am so very old now, I would set about learning the language at once!"

We have just returned from seeing the Museum. After the Rust-kammer and Grüne Gewölbe at Dresden, one could hardly expect to be very much interested here; nevertheless there are some curious objects in the Cassel collection. It contains several antiques from Herculaneum and Pompeii—vases, bronzes, and gracefully-shaped culinary utensils—also several statues in bronze and marble; among them some antiques and basso-relievos.

One room is entirely devoted to clocks and watches, and there are some very curious quaint designs among them. There is an extraordinary old pendule, made at Oxford, with groups of grotesque figures, birds, animals, &c. about it. The machinery sets a number of these strange creatures hopping, pirouetting, and performing sundry evolutions, which have a most funny effect. Under a glass case is a clock, made entirely by the hands of one of the Electors of Hesse, who took great delight in mechanical pursuits.

This room, with all the variously constructed

clocks set going, has an odd, busy appearance that is very amusing. Some of them go through their operations very noisily, and make a considerable display of their activity. We remarked one where a little ball kept flying at an immense pace through a set of winding brass grooves; and another where a marble lady, as large as life, though looking cold and immovable, had nevertheless a most anxious throbbing heart, in the shape of a great loud-ticking watch. This Amazon had a pistol in her hand, very harmlessly contrived for lighting a taper: on touching a spring, the sparks produced by the flint and steel communicated with a candle, which flew up ready lit.

There is a very interesting collection of specimens of different species of woods, ingeniously made up in the form of a library. Each specimen forms a volume: the back is made of the bark—the sides, top, and bottom, of the wood in different stages of its growth. The name of the tree is lettered at the back. The book forms a little box, in which, when you open it, you find arranged the leaves, the seed, the fruit, and the flower, either dried or modelled in wax; also a little specimen of the wood converted into charcoal. Altogether, this vegetable library is a very ingenious contrivance. We opened

two volumes: one was a kind of fir; the cone, leaves, &c. of this were the natural ones, dried. The other was an apple; and of this the fruit and flower were in wax. On the lids of the boxes is a written description of the nature and properties of the tree, the soil fit for it, way of cultivation, &c.

I was delighted with a collection of beautiful little cork models of the buildings at Rome. Never having seen any of the kind before, I had no idea of the very pretty effect of the substance and colouring of the cork. It imitated the rough, broken, stained appearance of the ruins perfectly, and where there were bas-reliefs, they were executed in composition. There were the Pantheon, Coliseum, temple of Fortune, temple of Minerva, triumphal arch of Titus, grotto of Egeria,—in all, thirty-six beautiful little models. Each fairy temple and building was a bijou in itself. They were done by an Italian artist, named Chichi, and bought by Friedrich II. at Rome.

This Friedrich is at Cassel what the redoubtable August der Stark was in Dresden. During his visit to Rome, he became so captivated with the "pomp and circumstance" of its religion, that he abandoned for it the creed of his country and his fathers. On his return to

Cassel he built the Roman Catholic chapel at the corner of Friedrich's Platz, died in that faith, and was buried in the chapel instead of with his Protestant ancestors. His subjects were very much annoyed at this change of religion. His wife deserted him forthwith, going off to Hanau with her children, where she remained ever afterwards. This circumstance occasioned a grand difference of opinion to-day between me and our valet-de-place, a little, round-backed, wrinkled old man, of four feet high, who rejoices in the very appropriate name of Herr Maus (Mr. Mouse). The little man strongly maintained the Kürfürstin's right to abandon her liege lord; and though we argued the matter the whole way across the Friedrich Platz, I could not succeed in persuading him that the lady's conduct was quite unjustifiable.

Doubtless little Mr. Mouse forgets the advice to the fair contained in the 10th verse, 7th chapter of 1st Corinthians.

One of the curiosities of this place is an immense marble bath, built by one of the Electors named Carl, who seems to have had very extensive ideas—on the subject of spending money in particular. That lavished on this might certainly have been better bestowed.

The walls of the circular marble chamber are in compartments, in each of which is a scene in mythology, done in alto-relievo. Round the bath are ranged statues, the work of Stephen Monnot, an artist of the last century. The tout-ensemble is very graceful; but there is something absurd in all this sculpture thrown away on a bath. It is large enough to swim about in, and would have done famously for the aquatic feats which we saw the Duchess de Berri perform *en pleine mer*, some time since, at Boulogne. There would be room enough even for the poissardes who formed a ring round her, while she swam and floated about with her head dressed in full ball coiffure.

Monday evening.—Among the number of traditions that belong to almost every spot in this land of legendary lore, there is an oft-repeated one of Henry the Lion, who, while hunting in a forest, near Lubec in Hamburg, is said to have met with a stag, bearing the resemblance of a cross between his horns. This apparition had the effect of reclaiming the Prince from a vicious course of life: a cathedral, the Dom-Kirche, was erected on the spot; and in it are two fresco paintings pourtraying and perpetuating the event.

A similar tale to this is recorded in the Ardennes. Hubert, a dissolute prince, the patron of hunters and sportsmen, was in the habit of hunting in the forest that now bears his name. He was a person of the most abandoned character, fearing neither God nor man; and, in defiance of both, made it a practice to devote to the chace Sundays, holydays, and the sacred festivals of the church.

One Good Friday, Prince Hubert was following the hounds, when suddenly a stag darted out of a thicket before him, which, he fancied, had between its horns the semblance of the cross on which he had trampled so daringly. He was instantly struck with remorse and conviction, and from that day forth became an altered man. He abandoned his profligate habits, devoted himself to the service of religion, led a life of prayer and good works, and employed all his revenues in charity. This prince founded the fine Gothic abbey church of St. Hubert, in the little town of that name in the midst of the Ardennes forest.

Tales of this kind are generally scoffed at, and considered absurd and superstitious; and yet one would imagine the importance of the result would remove all disposition to ridicule.

Anything that leads to such consequences—a total change of heart and life, a renouncing of sin, a devotion to the Redeemer, in short, all that, as far as we may be allowed to judge, will, we humbly trust, end in the salvation of an immortal soul, can be no other than the direct work of God. Where this is at stake, all is of indeed immense and awful import. A soul!—that precious thing, compared to which this perishing world and all its engrossing interests are but as a worthless drop of water: a soul! that must live on through countless, endless ages of happiness or misery, when kingdoms and empires shall have crumbled into nothing : the mind is lost in this contemplation; and this it is that checks the smile which would otherwise come at tales such as the above.

I may be wrong; and my impressions on the subject may differ from those of persons older, wiser, more experienced. "All this is imagination," they may urge. True, it is and must be imagination, for the times of miracles and supernatural influences are past; and yet may we not believe that God makes use of this powerful property to affect the hearts of his creatures? The imagination is as essential a part of man as his bodily senses: in many

persons it is far stronger than any sense; and is it unreasonable to suppose that, in his unwillingness for the death of a sinner, God should not often use it as a means.

There are no bounds to the variety of ways in which the Holy Spirit strives with men. From the day when Paul was struck to the ground, blind, trembling, conscience-smitten, until the present, the instances are so varied, so wonderful, and multiplied, as to silence the most obstinate sceptic. The memorable instance of Colonel Gardiner is one out of several of conversions by an extraordinary vision. These might have been imagination or reality; opinions differ on the subject. But one thing is certain; whether what these men described was actually present to their senses or not, it could be no other than the work of God. The fruits in all instances were decisive; a life changed—a heart renewed—a soul saved.

May not traditions such as that of Prince Hubert be viewed in the same light? The facts may be distorted, exaggerated, misrepresented, by that love of the marvellous and propensity for the supernatural which are inherent in human nature; but should they, therefore, be scoffed at and disbelieved? Should God, the merciful God, lose our gratitude and praise for

his love towards the children of men? Oh! it is a delightful thing to look abroad in the world, and mark his dealings with poor, wayward sinners! Even in the narrow circle of our own friends and acquaintances, we see, one after another—here an individual, and there a family—brought into that little flock of which Christ is the shepherd.

In some the change is sudden, in others gradual Sometimes a violent illness will bring a careless one to the very verge of the grave, and all the fearful realities of the unknown future will flash with overpowering distinctness on his view. Sometimes a slow, steady, mental process—an almost unfelt operation, as gradual as it is sure—will cause the convictions of eternal things to take root in the heart; and at others a long train of worldly disappointments will produce the same blessed effects, and drive the weary spirit to lay up its treasures in heaven.

Affliction is the most frequent, perhaps the most effectual, method. The desire of our eyes is taken away at a stroke: perhaps the mother that watched over our childhood, that soothed with sleepless affection our infant griefs, and shared in riper years our every joy and sorrow,

at once the endeared companion, parent, and friend—perhaps she is removed; and then before the bereaved and bleeding heart, death comes in all its stern and agonising realities. She is gone—where? That world of spirits—are we fit to go there too? are we prepared to meet our God? Instead of hope, the black list of our sins,—duties omitted, opportunities neglected, God forgotten, rise up before us; and, amid the throes and pangs of earthly bereavement, comes the bitter and almost despairing cry, "What must I do to be saved?"

Until this question be answered, the yearning soul can know no peace. For a time, the immutable justice of God, and its own total inability to fulfil his requirements, may keep it perplexed and distressed. They meet us wherever we turn. Baffled, hedged in on every side, we are in a sore strait: like Noah's dove, there is no rest for the sole of our foot until we find it—before the cross! *There* we may lay our burden of sin. The Redeemer has stood before us in the gap,—has done all; we have only to "believe and live."

But how I have wandered from the legend with which I started, led on by that engrossing subject, the turning of the human heart to God!

Truly there is nothing half so interesting going on in our world as this process;—the hand of Omnipotence is so clearly and distinctly visible throughout.

CHAPTER XIII.

A male knitter—Convicts—A kiss masculine—A second visit to Wilhelmshöhe.

September 27th.—Yesterday during our drive we saw, for the first time, what we had heard of at Schwalbach, as a Hessian peculiarity, a man knitting. He was a shepherd; and while standing under a tree near which the sheep were grazing, plyed his knitting-needles most industriously. I remarked that the stocking, which was nearly finished, was a woman's size, destined, doubtless, for his wife, or perhaps his bonne amie,—as he looked somewhat young for a Benedict. How surprised the Chloes in our country would be, were their Strephons to present them with gray worsted stockings of their own knitting! The stalwart young Hessian yesterday, with the needles between his

manly fingers, reminded me of the old story of Hercules and the distaff of Omphale.

The custom here of having criminals to clean the streets may be a very good one, but it is very revolting to witness. The day we drove into Cassel a party of them were employed at the entrance of the town, and the shock of coming suddenly upon them was very painful. Several bad, malignant countenances, evidently hardened in guilt, were among the group, and a face of this kind is so rare in Germany, that it strikes the more forcibly.

This morning I was standing on the balcony outside our window, watching one of the most glorious skies I have seen a long time. The clear azure was flecked with light masses of cloud in every variety of silver-gray and deepening purple, and these floated gently on with a slow heaving motion, that gradually changed their forms, without disturbing their beauty. I had been gazing up for some minutes at the pure, bright heavens, when suddenly withdrawing my eyes, they fell upon a group of these wretched criminals, who had come into the Königsplatz since I had stepped out on the balcony, and were now at work immediately under it.

What a painful transition it was! A con-

trast, indeed, from the thoughts that such a sky must inspire, were those unfortunate beings in their ghastly, shroud-like prison dresses,—with iron chains and manacled limbs, yoked to a cart like beasts of the field, guarded by a sentinel with a loaded musket. My poor, degraded fellow-creatures, and fellow-sinners!—for are not the seeds of the same vices in every one of us, withheld from springing up only by the mercy of God, who shields us from temptation?—It was indeed impossible to look on them without a thrill of sympathy and compassion, and an ardent prayer, that before their miserable life was ended, they might repent and be forgiven.

While one party dragged the cart from place to place, another swept the pavement and filled in the load. One of the sweepers, attracted perhaps by seeing me look so earnestly at them, moved closer to the window and took off his cap. My first impulse was to retreat from the balcony, but I was arrested by the mournful and humbled expression of the poor convict's face. Poor fellow! he seemed pleased and grateful at being taken notice of:—a kind look, alas! was perhaps a rarity to him.

In a moment or two, the soldier called him in a rough voice, and he was hurried away with the

rest. I saw him look back towards the balcony, taking off his cap and bowing humbly each time, while crossing the Königsplatz; but soon they turned out of it into a side street, and I saw them no more.

When we went down stairs to dinner, that melancholy countenance haunted me still. It was not long, however, before a little scene, novel to a British eye, attracted my attention to the upper end of the room.

At this end there sits a German baron,—I forget his name,—a tall, stout man, with immensely bushy moustachios, some forty years old, or thereabouts. He is staying at this hotel, and occupies the room next our salon, where we hear him singing or whistling German and Italian airs from morning till night. Sometimes, perhaps, out of compliment to his neighbours at our side of the partition, he gives us "God save the King" and "Rule Britannia," in excellent taste, and at the full extent of a clear, fine voice.

This stout baron was seated quietly in his usual place, and dinner was proceeding, when suddenly the door opened, and a man of about his own age and figure, rejoicing likewise in a huge pair of reddish moustachios, entered. The baron sprang up, dashed his napkin across his

mouth, and a sonorous embrace took place between the two friends, that re-echoed through the room. When Greek met Greek, ensued the tug of war,—but it was nothing to the concussion of one moustachiod lip encountering the other at this energetic greeting. There was no evasion in the matter, no touching of cheeks or foreheads, or other half-measures,—but a regular bonâ fide, honest, sounding kiss, as much as it was possible for two pairs of lips to perpetrate.

I suppose this is an ordinary sort of proceeding between German gentlemen, for it excited no surprise. I felt quite ashamed of the irresistible impulse that made me start and turn round at the unexpected salute, when I saw all the other guests quietly plodding through their tough bouilli, without taking the slightest notice of it.

September 28th.—This was intended to have been a very pleasant day, and so it was, though not so much as we expected. Despite the shortening days and a long journey to Paris in prospect, we could not resist the temptation of lingering here for another visit to beautiful Wilhelmshöhe. On the last occasion, we did not see the interior of the palace, and this was quite

a sufficient excuse for another day of enjoyment.

This morning, accordingly, we turned our backs upon the "King of Prussia's" table-d'hôte, and though the weather looked very lowering, our faithful "Mouse" assured us, there would be no rain. When people are anxious to believe a thing, it is wonderful how accommodating their judgments become: away we drove, Mouse on the box beside the coachman.

We went by a different road from the last; another fine avenue of chesnut-trees running parallel to it, from whence there was a different, though still a lovely view of the palace and grounds. It led through a sweet village, Kirchedilmold. Wooden houses, with their little gardens and orchards, where the rich purple plum vied with the clusters of golden apples, beneath which the trees were bending,—shelving rocks, and piles of wood, were all scattered about in picturesque confusion. We remarked a group of lovely children under a tree, playing by the banks of a clear stream. One fair, curly-headed little cherub of five years old, sitting with one leg in the water, I cannot forget:—such a little beauty! He had an apple in his hand, and the rosy fruit was not more bright or blooming than his cheeks.

In the centre of the village was a house a little better and larger than the others, but still on the same construction. A middle-aged man, with a mild, benevolent countenance, was leaning out of one of the pretty casement windows. "That is the Herr Pastor," said our guide, "this house is his." I could not help thinking how happy he must be surrounded by his flock in that sweet village!

His church, a very fine one by the way for so small a place, was on a height beyond the parsonage.

There is a hotel at Wilhelmshöhe, in the grounds within a hundred yards of the palace. How different are continental ideas from ours! Such a thing as this close beside the mansion of an English country gentleman, (to say nothing of the palace of a sovereign prince,) would drive him out of his senses—certainly out of his place. It is a very fine hotel. There are large saals down stairs, one with an orchestra, and fitted up with looking-glasses, capable of accommodating three hundred at dinner. They constantly have that number in summer. Overhead are suites of rooms as well furnished, and scrupulously clean, as in the nicest English house. I know no place where two or three summer months could be more delightfully spent than here. Any one in this hotel would have

precisely the same enjoyment of the lovely scenery and improvements of Wilhelmshöhe, as the Elector himself.

After ordering dinner we sallied out, despite the rain, which began to descend. How different was the whole scene from the last day we had been there, when it was lit up by a brilliant sunshine. Different, but not less beautiful. Wilhelmshöhe is not dependent for its charms upon the accidental circumstances of light and shade, sky and sunbeam. Its own bold and lovely scenery suffices.

We wandered under those avenues of changing trees beautiful in decay, where the golden yellow was fast deepening into brilliant red. At our feet were strewn the fading glories of the autumnal foliage, and the glossy brown horse-chesnuts, just burst from their green enclosures. We admired those gorgeous flower-beds, corresponding so well with the vast scale of the palace and the forest garden;—the rich crimson and yellow dahlias in the centre, surrounded by a circle of many-coloured china-asters, and these again bordered by a broad dazzling belt of scarlet geraniums. Near them was the lake, from the midst of which had risen that glorious water-spout. The graceful apparition was gone! but we paused to gaze on the quiet loveliness

of the water, and to watch the beautiful movements of a swan that glided across with arched neck and upraised wing, as though it were conscious and proud of the paradise in which it dwelt. We went on, stopping as we proceeded, to admire the acacia, the yew, the tulip-tree, —handsome in themselves, but still more so from the taste with which they are planted, singly and in groups, among temple, rock, and shady alcove. Cultivation has effected much, but who can describe what nature has done for this enchanting spot? Truly the prince, when he looks down from his palace height on all his fair dominions, and his capital in the rich plain below, has reason to be thankful:—well may he exclaim, "The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places."

When we returned to the hotel to dinner we found four covers laid at the table in the eating saal, besides our own. The guests for whom they were intended made their entrée at one door at the same moment that the soup appeared at the other.

They were two gentlemen and two ladies, one of the former elderly, both the latter young. One of these was not particularly prepossessing-looking,—the other a pretty, smiling, good-humoured little thing, about eighteen, as plump as

a partridge. She and the elderly gentleman said they lived at Cassel, and it came out in the course of conversation that the younger man and his wife had only arrived from Frankfort the day before. This was all the clue we had to their history, but it was quite enough:—we are now so au fait in finding out, or at least fancying we do, the geography of families. The old man and the blushing, dimpling girl were evidently father and daughter, and a more delightfully affectionate parent and child I never saw. The other lady seemed also to be his daughter. She and her husband had probably arrived on a visit to him from their distant home, and to celebrate their coming, they had all doubtless made a little "partie" out to Wilhelmshöhe.

These "parties" to some country gast-haus, with its garden and host of little chairs and tables, are the German's delight. They never say such a thing is a pretty walk, or a pretty drive, but a pretty "partie"—"*eine schöne partie.*"

W——'s reason for pronouncing the young man and the lady opposite him husband and wife was an amusing one, namely, his taking the conjugal liberty of addressing a little gentle reprimand to her across the table. The old

man told us with a face of no small pride and pleasure that his younger daughter spoke English. She had a master, he said, for two years, when at school at Aix-la-Chapelle. And so she did speak a few words very prettily, the little plump, bright-eyed damsel. G—— turned to the other lady, and asked whether she too spoke English. "Ach! Gott bewahr!" she exclaimed.

Now this Gott bewahr! is a favourite saying in Germany, equivalent with our "Heaven forbid!" It is also used in strongly denying or disclaiming anything.

The answer evidently displeased the gentleman opposite. "*Leider*," (*unfortunately*,) "you should say," he interposed gravely, and the tone convinced W—— that he was lawfully entitled to admonish the fair lady. I must say the little marital reproof was not ill-timed, though I am really sure she did not in the least mean to be rude.

During dinner the rain had gradually increased, and when we had arrived to the bonbons and fruit, it was pouring in torrents. The castle, however, was only ten steps across the way, and we knew we could manage to get over to it. We looked out, and saw little Mouse creeping across to announce our arrival,

under an umbrella that covered him as completely as his mother's pocket-handkerchief did Tom Thumb.

Meanwhile the old man and his pretty daughter went off to one of the windows, and were soon engrossed in playful conversation, she holding his hand in both hers, and he fondly stroking her glossy hair. The Germans are not ashamed to allow their affectionate feelings to appear as are our shy race, and the simple, unaffected way in which these sometimes come out is very interesting.

The other lady bounded over to her husband, who was walking up and down the room, and wreathed her arm within his, as if she were quite glad to get near him once more after being separated so long—the whole width of the dinner-table. She seemed to have quite forgotten his little reproof. Very likely she loved him all the better for it:—for who will refuse to admit that there must mingle some, nay *many*, grains of veneration in a woman's love, when the object of her affections is one of the other sex.

I had nothing to do but speculate on our companions, for the rain kept pouring as fast as it could; still it was impossible not to look out on the surpassing view. The mountains were

of the deepest and most magnificent purple, and there being no gleams of sunshine to bring out the objects on their sides, they lay an unbroken mass of gorgeous colouring. I was taking a long gaze, when a certain odour, not very uncommon in Germany, made me turn my head. Our four companions were seated at a little table over their coffee, and the gentlemen's cigars were in full puff. Presently there was a consultation among them, which ended by the little speaker of English being despatched across to where we were. She came smiling up to W—— with an embroidered case in her hand—"Vill you take a cigar, sare?" she said, in so insinuating a tone, that if it had been any thing *but* a cigar, it must have been accepted.

Just then in came poor Mouse with a most rueful face to announce the sad news that the "Castellan" and his wife were both gone into Cassel, and there was no possibility of seeing the palace. This was really a disappointment, and we were greatly provoked at it. There was no redress, however, and as, during dinner, sundry arrivals had taken place in the saâl outside, and pipes and cigars began to predominate, there was nothing left us but to make the best of our way home, which accordingly we did.

CHAPTER XIV.

Return to Frankfort—Scenery from Cassel—Harvest of apples—Feelings at church—Mr. Bulwer—Travelling journeymen—Children abroad—Promenades and shops at Frankfort.

Frankfort, Friday night.—Once more in this busy, bustling, luxurious town. The great Hotel de Russie is as overflowing, M. Sarg's face at the door as full of business, travelling carriages rattling over the street as noisily, postilions' horns sounding as discordantly, the porter's bell ringing in and ringing out travellers as unceasingly, as when we were here two months ago. All is the same;—no one would think the migrating season was well nigh over, instead of, as then, in its zenith.

But I must return to the doings and seeings of the last two days, and travel over again, (at least as long as I can keep my eyes open to do so,) the road that brought us here.

It was beautiful on leaving Cassel, and continued to be so long after we had lost sight of the Hercules on Wilhelmshöhe. We passed through Wabern, Kerstenhausen, stopped to dine at the little town of Jesberg, but, alas! with all the speed the postilions could be prevailed on to make, the shades of evening began to fall on the landscape before we reached Marburg. Here we were to halt, and the place had been described as very interesting, with one of the most ancient Gothic churches in Germany. The inns in the town, however, had a bad character; but the gentleman from Frankfort, whom we dined with the day before at Wilhelmshöhe, had told wonders of the "Englishen Hof," a little way outside Marburg. He recommended us above all things to go there.

Now no one who has not travelled has any idea of the importance of getting good advice respecting inns, and of the boon conferred on a traveller by being directed to desirable ones. The days of romance, a well-a-day! are gone by, when people were above these vulgar commonplace considerations. In these degenerate times, if the ears are deafened with noises, and the nose offended with smells, and the weary limbs doomed to a couch quite as hard, though by no means so smooth, as the floor, to say nothing of

other nameless annoyances which, however, I must confess are not met with in German inns, the enjoyment of a place is considerably abated. These are the things that make it expedient to know how to decide between the Roman Emperor and the King of Prussia, the Blue Lion and the White Swan.

It was tantalising as we drove through the picturesque town and by the church of St. Elizabeth, to be just able to discern, and no more, in the fading twilight, that they were so well worth seeing. We stopped at the Poste, but there everything looked so uninviting, that though it was nearly opposite the church, we drove on to the Englishen Hof. The "little way outside the town," proved to be more than a quarter of a mile, and thus all chance of getting a peep at Marburg in the morning before we started was cut off. This contretems prevented our appreciating the comforts of the Englishen Hof when we got there, as much as they certainly deserved. From the little we saw, and the great deal we heard of Marburg, a day might well be devoted to it.

"A rainy morning," was the first news that saluted our waking ears. This consoled us for having turned our backs upon the town last night, as the bad weather would have prevented

our enjoying it while passing through. The surrounding country is enchanting. Even the rain that fell heavily, and the mists that floated around the mountain tops, could not veil its loveliness. Sometimes we came suddenly down upon a village embedded in hills, the picturesque wooden houses with their high-tiled roofs and coloured walls, grouped round the graceful church-tower. Then again the road led us under avenues of stately trees along by the winding banks of the Lahn. The meadows in the broad rich valley looked like a carpet of velvet, and beyond them was a line of wavy forest-clad hills, from the side of which the light mists would now and then clear off like wreaths of smoke, disclosing the autumnal tints beneath.

Not far from Marburg is the frontier of Hesse Darmstadt, the colours the same as those of Hesse-Cassel, red and white. Shortly after crossing it, we passed on the left a fine ruined castle surrounded by a belt of dark pointed fir, and our admiration had hardly time to indulge itself upon this, when it was challenged on the other side by two beautiful objects,—twin castles, the most picturesque that can be imagined. They stood facing each other on two pointed hills, divided by a deep valley, and re-

minded me of the Brothers, Sternfels and Liebenstein, on the Rhine.

What must this drive be in summer, or rather in fine weather!—for even the chances of an occasional day of rain at this advanced season, are amply counterbalanced by the splendid effects of autumn in this forest region. I know not whether the tints in themselves are peculiarly vivid and varied this year, or whether it be the scenery on which they are flung that produces the charm, but surely I never so felt the magic of colouring before.

Giessen, the next large town to Marburg, is the capital of Upper Hesse. There is a university, and we passed by a fine barrack, several handsome hotels, and ornamented private houses, that give the place a very aristocratic appearance.

All this beautiful country seems very thickly inhabited. The villages are frequent; those delightful spots that I am never tired of admiring, though I am sure my raptures about them must weary other people. It is chiefly in Hesse that they are so exquisitely rural and picturesque;—generally speaking, in Saxony they are not so. (While I write these words Schandau and Hermskretchen rise up to chide me, like beautiful visions:—but of course I except

the Saxon Switzerland.) The comical eye-shaped windows in the roofs spoil the effect of many of the villages in Saxony. Indeed, I defy any one to avoid laughing at these, however their intention may be to admire.

We hailed the dear Hessian villages with all the pleasure of old acquaintances. The painted walls; the rustic balconies; the flower-pots hung out under the high casements; the inscriptions, breathing some holy aspiration to the great Being whose care they invoked, to whom they consecrated their cottage home and the beloved objects beneath its roof; the little hop-garden; the vine-covered arbour; all were familiar objects. The costume of the peasants is gay and picturesque—laced boddices fitting close to the shape, long white chemise sleeves, full scarlet petticoats, and gay ribbons streaming from the back of the little embroidered scull-cap that is perched up on the knot of gathered hair on the top of the head.

The people and their dwellings look comfortable. The former are well-clad, and the latter well-built, (very unlike the women in this respect,) and generally three stories high. It is curious to see the skeleton of a house standing on its wooden props like a great bird-cage, a

net-work of stripes and logs, with small spaces between, to be afterwards filled up with mud and interwoven branches. It is roofed in, and in this state left to dry and season in the air. It is wonderful how these wooden houses escape fire. We often see piles of charred and blackened fragments lying beside a new building, showing too plainly the cause of the recent erection; and yet it seems hardly possible that one house can burn without the whole village taking fire, composed as it is of such inflammable materials.

Here are not those violent extremes of wealth and misery to be met with elsewhere in such painful contrast. Since we have been in Germany we have seen no appearance of poverty, —no rags,—no beggars,—nothing, in fact, to denote there *are* poor, except the little iron-bound boxes with a hole at the top, and "Für die armen," ("for the poor,") painted on the lid, that are hung up in the hotels. I have sometimes seen these little begging-boxes by the way-side, going into a town.

Another feature in Hesse is the admirable roads;—the dark iron-gray of the basalt, of which they are composed, contrasted so curiously with the red soil through which they run. Certainly next to being carried about in a stuffed arm-

chair, as we were up the Great Winterberg, is the luxury of bowling along a Hessian road. G—— and I constantly write while we are driving, so easy is the motion; indeed much of this journal is scribbled in the carriage.

Everything connected with them is most carefully attended to. There is the red and white post to show that on this side is the "reiter pfad," (riding path,) and another red and white post to tell you that on the other side is the footpath. Then the mile-stones are such graceful objects—sometimes in the form of an obelisk,—and the sign-posts so well made. I have seen a hand and arm pointing out the road that might have belonged to the Apollo Belvidere.

At Butzbach we stopped to dine, and found a large table-d'hôte saal in a small inn, and, as usual, at the top of the room, a place for the orchestra. Delightful land! where the "means and appliances" of music are to be found even in the humblest gast-haus!

There seemed a general stir and expectation of something among the little population of Butzbach. Groups of people were lingering about with eager faces, and guns were fired off occasionally. The waiter, in reply to our inquiries, told us, that the troops belonging to the place were returning to the town after a month's ab-

sence at Darmstadt, where they had been assisting in some exercises, and that the people were waiting to welcome them home. Presently we heard military music advancing, and on they all came. It was a pretty sight to see the horsemen winding down the narrow street, exchanging nods and smiles of greeting with their friends. We had a famous opportunity for studying German faces as they passed us slowly by. It was all the same,—soldier or civilian. Not all the whisker and moustache of the former could prevent the national kindliness of expression from breaking out through every concealment.

"If they are really all as good and kind as they look," said G——, "Germany is certainly blessed in her inhabitants."

The dress of the women about here is exactly like that of the German broom-sellers in England, therefore a great falling off from the pretty costume we have hitherto met with. Numbers of them used to be sent over from this neighbourhood to London; but of late the sovereign powers of Hesse, having sundry misgivings about trusting their fair subjects so far from their paternal surveillance, have forbidden their going out of sight of the red and white stripe, under heavy penalties.

The great latitude of the Butzbach petticoats, and their extraordinary deficiency in longitude, is quite absurd. One girl we saw aiding to drive an unruly set of pigs up a hill, near the town, the short-comings of whose garments I really cannot venture to describe. Nevertheless she had her own way of being scrupulous, for she was kerchiefed up to the chin. There is no judging of modesty by externals: no one can say where it may show itself in different countries, or at which extremity. A Butzbach peasant would very likely be shocked at any one hinting she had such a thing as a collar-bone, while the contour of her knee is a mystery it would give very little trouble to penetrate.

Near Friedberg there are extensive salt-works. The town itself looks very pretty as you approach it, the church and a curious round tower, both picturesque objects, standing boldly up against the sky. I was admiring them and the remains of a fortification and battlement, when my attention was caught by a dog drawing a cart at the side of the road. He was trotting along very soberly till the carriage came up with him. This made him prick up his ears, and he eyed us with canine wistfulness for a moment, until at last the temptation became

too strong for him to resist. Forgetting his vocation, and totally regardless of the cart at his heels, he bounded after us, barking away at the full stretch of his mouth and lungs. This sudden doggish freak marvellously discomposed as well as nearly half choked the old man who was helping on the cart behind, with a leather strap attached to it that passed round his neck.

Dogs are too intelligent to become sober, plodding beasts of burden like the "patient ox." They will keep looking about them, seeing what is to be seen, and moreover stopping to examine anything upon which their minds are not quite made up. I was greatly amused with a pair the other morning coming out of Heiligenstadt, who were so intent upon looking at us, that they knocked up the little carriage they were drawing right against the wall in turning a corner. In vain the driver, foreseeing the catastrophe, and the inevitable overturn of his goods, roared out to the dogs to stop; an English carriage was not a thing to be seen every day in those parts, and so on they pushed, peering up inquisitively at us, and seeming every moment about to indulge in a chorus of barking.

The harvest of apples is now going on almost everywhere along the road-sides, and a very

pretty, busy sight it is. Sometimes a young girl, seated among the thick branches at the top of a long ladder, is gathering the apples, which she throws down into the aprons, handkerchiefs, and baskets held up by the people below to receive them. Sometimes they shake the trees; the ground underneath is spread with the blooming fruit, while some are gathering it into bags, others seated on the ground cutting it up into slices for drying, and others carrying it away in little carts, or on their heads in baskets. Men, women, children, and dogs, all are employed in this busy, animated scene.

The day we left Dresden we passed by a little establishment of apple-gatherers, the prettiest and most picturesque thing imaginable. It was some distance from a town or village; and they had built a sort of rude tent of straw and branches, some green, others dried. The heaps of beautiful fruit piled up round this rustic hut,—the half-filled bags and wooden tubs and baskets lying about,—the long ladders,—the strings of apples hanging up to dry in the sun,—the two pretty girls, with scarlet handkerchiefs flung over their heads, as fresh as the fruit about which they were busied,—the shaggy watch-dog pricking up his sharp ears at every sound, and then turning round with wagging

tail and glistening eyes to look at his young mistresses, as though he felt they were as much under his protection as the apples,—all formed as interesting a group and as pretty a picture as ever tempted artist's pencil.

Oct. 2nd.—Returning to this place of resort and travellers, this great hotel, filled with people from all countries and speaking every language, we seem to have turned our backs upon Germany—upon simple, unsophisticated, unluxurious Germany, we certainly have. The primitive habits of the primitive places we have lately been in are indeed different from the English luxuries, the English carriages, the herds of idle English grooms, valets, and ladies'-maids, lounging about in all directions, that abound here.

Generally speaking, I believe the English would rather meet any one than one of their own dear countrymen when they come abroad. This, I am afraid, is sadly unamiable. How Mr. Sch——r, our young German friend at Dresden, stared at me one day, when, in reply to his congratulations at getting near an Englishman at the table-d'hôte, I said, half in jest, "I should rather he had belonged to any other country; one does not come all the long

way from London to Dresden to talk to one's compatriotes." He looked round at me, as if in amazement that anything composed of the ordinary stuff of humanity could give utterance to such a hard-hearted sentiment towards the natives of their beloved *Father-land.* But a lengthened residence abroad would soon destroy this unpatriotic feeling. I cannot fancy anything more thrilling than the delight of hearing the old familiar accents of one's childish days, if time or distance had estranged them in any degree; then surely the heart must warm to the speaker, be he who or what he may.

We have just been enjoying one of the blessings and privileges of returning to a place comparatively frequented by our own people—we have been to church. There is a regular English service and clergyman at Frankfort, and the congregation to-day was a very tolerable one. I have seldom knelt down with such feelings. What a delightful thing is social prayer! —to feel that many hearts and many voices are uplifted at the same moment, their supplications rising together like a cloud of incense; and this, too, within the hallowed walls of a church: it recals involuntarily that beautiful promise in Isaiah, "I will meet them in my house of prayer." I do not wonder that the sensitive

mind of David should have been so keenly alive to the pleasure of social worship. How enthusiastic, how warm and heartfelt are his expressions when he touches this chord: "O how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of Hosts! My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh rejoice in the living God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be always praising thee. For one day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness. I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord. Oh! go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise."

During his banishment and misery, when he describes his tears as being his meat night and day, the privation of attendance upon the house of God seems to have weighed very heavily upon him. How touchingly he recals the time when he worshipped there with his "brethren and companions," as he so affectionately terms them. "When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and

praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day." And when, at length, relief came, when his soul was delivered from death, his eyes from tears, and his feet from falling, what was the first language of his heart? "I will pay my vows unto the Lord in the sight of all his people, in the courts of the Lord's house, even in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem!"

Oct. 3rd.—I often wish some of those who wonder at the admiration bestowed on Mr. Bulwer could hear the way in which the Germans speak of him. They go even beyond me, for they will not see the faults, to which I am, perhaps, more keenly alive from feeling his beauties so acutely. I cannot understand the latter being eclipsed by the former in any case. There are indeed some passages so fraught with all that harmonises with my tastes and feelings, that to reach them I would read through what was even uncongenial, just as a gourmand might do with a certain dish y'clept trifle,—swallow the froth for the sake of the delicious sweetmeats that lie at the bottom.

I can very well comprehend what it is that makes Bulwer so popular in this country, for there are many things in his writings exactly consonant with what appear to be the salient

features of the German character. First, the deep, heart-touching tone of melancholy that breathes out in some exquisite passages, stealing over one like a mournful strain of music or the perfume of some drooping exotic. Then the way in which he deals with the softer affections of our nature; the spirit of fervent tenderness he imparts to them must captivate the Germans, who surely are susceptible of these kindly feelings in an extraordinary degree. An appeal to a mother weeping over the early grave of her child combines both these points in one of the most touching "bits" I ever read. It is in "Devereux," I think, but am not sure; a gem will often remain in the memory when the casket in which it was enshrined is forgotten.

Another chord that would vibrate strongly in a German's heart is the vein of religion that breaks through at times, like a sun-beam from among the clouds of philosophy and metaphysics. There is much of this in "The Student;" and a beautiful burst on the immortality of the soul in another work, describing the feelings of an unbeliever when he first seizes this glorious truth. The metaphysical parts, and those mystical fantasies that find little favour with us, enhance the author's attractions here; and as for the occasional affectedness of style

and idiom which even his admirers quarrel with, malgré eux, they are of course lost in the translation.

In short, if Mr. Bulwer would enjoy his reputation and wear his laurels while they are fresh and green, he ought to make a pilgrimage into Germany.

Two characteristics, or rather two things often seen in Germany, I do not think I have ever mentioned. The first is a description of pedestrian travellers, to be met with on every road and at every mile, which puzzled us at first by their numbers, and their resemblance in costume, age, &c.: they evidently belonged to the same body or class. By the way, I do not think we ever met so many as in our journey from Cassel here.

To begin my sketch of one of these travellers: he is young—almost always under five-and-twenty. He is dressed in a grey blouze, with a black leather belt round the waist, hat covered with oil-skin, stout stick in his hand, and (but cela va sans dire) a long china pipe and tobacco-pouch. At his back is strapped a knapsack, from the top of which protrudes a pair of boots, laid on their backs, with the toes sticking up in the air. Sometimes the owner of the

knapsack is doubly blessed in this way; and fastened at the bottom is another pair of boots, idly looking down upon the less fortunate two that are ploughing through the mud on the proprietor's feet. Occasionally a knapsack is furnished with little wheels, so that it can run along the ground, to the great benefit doubtless of the traveller's shoulders.

Two or three of these young wanderers are often seen resting themselves on the little benches surrounded by trees, which German kindness has placed all along the public roads. Sometimes a group of them is stretched under a spreading apple-tree, smoking their pipes, or regaling on slices of coarse brown bread out of their knapsacks. Going up a hill, they often approach the carriage, hat in hand, and ask for a few kreutzers or groschen to help them on the road. Very irresistible beggars they certainly are, though at first one is rather puzzled to reconcile their respectable appearance with the request for charity.

On inquiry we found that these young men are apprentices, whom the rules of trade in Germany oblige to travel for a certain number of years, before they are allowed to set up for themselves. They go from town to town, stopping to work where they can get employment,

and thus improve themselves in their several trades, by learning the ways of different places.

My second characteristic goes back to an earlier period in the history of German mankind, viz. the treatment of infants. This does not look by any means satisfactory. It was quite grievous, at Dresden and Leipsig, to see the poor little things jolted over the rough pavement in the sort of cradles on wheels which were universally used there. True there were pillows and bolsters, but still the shocks over the uneven stones were enough to dislocate their little fragile limbs. I used to wonder how the young woman that walked beside could ever resist taking the poor baby out: she surely might have found a softer and more natural resting-place for her little charge. It always seems abroad as if the grand object was to get children out of the way as much as possible. They are sewed up in pillows, tied into baskets, swathed into shapeless masses, done anything with to avoid the trouble (!) of taking care of them. In Italy, a woman will have her child on her head, while she carries *her pitcher in her arms!*

I know not what may be the result of the pillow system here superseding the legitimate cradling-place of infancy; but certain it is we have seen more deformed, dwarfish persons

since we have been abroad than ever before. It is rare to go out without meeting one or more of these unhappy objects.

October 6th.—We have been detained here a week owing to some necessary repairs to the carriage, and have reason to be greatly obliged to the wheels for holding up as far as this:—Frankfort is a very pleasant prison. The weather for the last two or three days has been such as to enable us to enjoy its attractions,—among the chief of which are the lovely walks round the town.

The gardens are still full of flowers. This morning the dahlia, hydrangia, and mignionette perfumed the air and delighted every sense as we rambled among them, or sat on the benches under the trees. The beautifully kept gardens of the luxurious villas of Frankfort, slope down to the moat, along which these public walks are laid out: they are divided from them only by railings, and you have the full benefit of the tasteful grounds, their arbours, summer-houses, and profusion of flowers. The fine range of the blue Taunus hills bounds the horizon on the other side; so that everything combines to render these walks really delightful. They seem to be justly appreciated, for they were full of

people this morning; as well as all the young hopes of Frankfort, their nursery-maids knitting and gossiping under the trees, while the little dark-eyed Jew and fair-haired Christian played about side by side.

We stopped for some minutes to enjoy the view of a piece of water with a pretty jet d'eau in the middle, a little bridge stretching across, and some rock work under the tall poplars and graceful willows that grew round it. There was an interesting little group on a bench close by,—a young woman, her child, and bonne. The lady had thrown off her bonnet the better to enjoy the sweet air of the quiet shady arbour. She was evidently a very young mother, from her almost girlish appearance and the rapture with which she hung over her little one;—and probably not very many years married; judging, at least, by her anxiety to make the little creature lisp the word "papa." A shower of kisses and a bon-bon followed every successful attempt, and again the lesson was renewed, and fresh bribes offered, doubtless with a view to the pleasure the accomplishment of the feat would give that absent person on his return to his home in the evening after his labours of the counting-house. All this I read, or fancied I did, in the beaming eyes of the

young woman. I heard the "Pap,—pap,—pap-pa,"—sounding still, in the silvery tones of the mother and the lisping accents of her little one, after we had lost sight of them down one of the walks.

The shops at Frankfort are very good, and any one so inclined, can spend a great deal of money upon articles from all parts of the world. In the Zeil is the splendid shop where the Bohemian glass is sold,—and this when lit up at night, is really an object well worth quitting one's hotel to take a peep at: it looks like a brilliant fairy palace. We saw from the Prebitschthor, the village in Bohemia where this beautiful crystal is manufactured. The colours are very vivid, and one of its peculiarities is, that several are stained on the same article:—for instance, the same lustre or vase will have white, amber, crimson, &c. in it, which is not the case in the glass of other countries. They showed us inkstands, and perfume bottles of the most graceful forms, made of a semi-transparent composition between glass and china, which had a beautiful effect; but our buying propensities were checked by the news that all were seizable on the French frontier.

Farther on in the Zeil is the magazin of "Albert fils," where among a variety of pretty things,

are some exquisite little figures carved in wood, sets of chessmen, too curious and beautiful for use,—dancing men, women, and bears, that spin round a dinner-plate by putting a drop of water into it, and sundry other little temptations. Albert piques himself on inventing as well as selling novelties. His list written in French for the benefit of strangers, contains various curiosities. There are "Lorgnons pour voir à travers une planche,"—"Voiture à six chevaux qui passe par le trou d'une aiguille,"—"Tabatières pour vexer les personnes," &c.

All the prettiest little objets de fantaisie in Germany are dedicated to smoking, in some of its branches. If you go into a shop and see anything particularly tasteful or ornamented, you may be sure it bears some relationship, near or distant, to a pipe or cigar. You are struck with the exquisite embroidery, or pretty motto, the word "andenken," (souvenir,) perhaps, with the letters formed of roses, on an elegant little trinket—you instantly think of some fair friend at home, "what a pretty keepsake to lie on her toilet or work-table!" you take it up, and lo! a pouch for tobacco, with an odious steel for striking a light at the bottom.

"What a beautiful case!" cried G—— this morning in a shop, "so gracefully formed, and this painting so well done!"

"Yes, and so convenient," said the shop man; "you put the cigars in here, and—"

"*Cigars!*" exclaimed G——, letting the "beautiful case" drop on the counter with a look of disgust and disappointment that seemed wonderfully to amuse the German.

CHAPTER XV.

Concert at Mayence—Kaiserslautern—Pigs at Saarbruck—German characteristics—Crossing the frontier—Douaniers—The Tricolor.

Mayence, October 7th.—When we passed through this on our way to Schwalbach, we were told that there was excellent music in the garden near the town every Friday. With the faint hope, that notwithstanding the advanced season, it might still continue, we started from Frankfort this morning, so as to reach this before the one o'clock dinner. To my surprise, I found myself seated at the table near the very same Prussian officer who was my neighbour here nearly three months ago.

He recognised us the moment we came into the room, and was as delighted to see us, as if we had been his oldest friends, inquiring with the greatest interest into all we had seen and

done since. When the flowers, as usual, were handed round the table, he presented us with bouquets; and not content with this piece of gallantry, made a gentleman at the other end of the room send us, after dinner, a bunch of beautiful dahlias which he had brought into Mayence from his own garden. They are on our table now while I am writing, looking lovely by the candle-light.

The day being so fine we were informed that the Austrian band would play at four o'clock. Accordingly we set out from the Hotel d'Hollande, and were joined on the way by our Prussian friend, who remained with us the rest of the evening.

I wish I could describe as it deserves the perfect music that feasted us while we sat under the trees, à l'Allemande, sipping our chocolate. There were seven pieces,—Bellini, Auber, Rossini, &c., and the beautiful nightingale waltz from Strauss. In summer this music is the attraction of all the country round; people come pouring into Mayence from Wiesbaden, Frankfort, Schlangenbad, and the garden is thronged with listeners. A spirit of emulation between the Prussian and Austrian bands, is one of the causes of its excellence. I wish I could describe it, and the garden itself, and the lovely

view from the terrace;—Mayence and Hochheim, the Rhine like a sheet of glass, the purple haze over the mountains, and the thousand glowing, lovely hues of the sky this evening as we stood admiring the whole scene. But, alas! between our early rising to-day, and the long walk to and from the garden, I am so tired and sleepy, that I can write no more.

October 8th.—A more lovely autumnal morning than this never dawned upon the Rhine, and I do not imagine the latter often looked much more beautiful than when we turned to take our last glance at it on driving out of Mayence. Apropos to this word "last," had I been sufficiently awake yesterday night,—but sleepiness and sentiment are sadly at variance,—I would have dwelt on our melancholy feelings while listening to the music in the garden. It was indeed, I fear, for the *last* time,—a farewell to the enchanting music of Germany. Every day is now hastening our departure from this land of song, and soon its sweet sounds will delight our ears no more. This was a painful idea, and it came to mingle with those touching strains, while noiselessly, one by one, the withered leaves of the trees under which we sat, were falling around us. I could

not help thinking there was something more than usually saddening in their still, small rustling sound, and in the melody that floated from the tent-like orchestra ; and when the little Prussian on the bench beside me exclaimed, in delight, " Ah ! cela fait du bien, d'entendre une telle musique !" I could hardly refrain from replying what I felt at the moment, " Cela fait du mal aussi quelquefois."

After leaving Mayence the face of nature became—I cannot say uninteresting—for even the most ill-favoured face would look well, brightened with such smiles of sunshine as it wore all this day. Between Alzey and Kirch-heim-bo-land, a village nearly as pretty as its name is long,—and that is saying a good deal for it,—we entered Bavaria, and came in sight of a fine mountain, the Donnersberg. The scenery here began to assume a very Irish character : a line of bold purple mountains forming the back-ground to a vast expanse of country, in many-coloured stripes and patches; the meadows being of that bright vivid green, which has gained for the land of saints its well-deserved title of the Emerald Isle. The quantities of potatoes cultivated here did not diminish the resemblance. It was a pretty sight to see the people digging them out with a sort of pronged hoe,—men, women, and

children all at work in the same field; some filling the large carts under which the oxen were patiently waiting for their load, others gathering up the stalks in heaps,—all bearing some part, according to their age and strength —*sex*, I was going to say, but this trifling distinction is treated with philosophical disregard in a country where the woman-kind reap the fields and saw the timber, while the men knit stockings and make ladies' dresses.

It is impossible to imagine a more *comfortable-looking* country than that between Sembach, where we last changed horses, and Kaiserslautern, another long-named place where we now are and mean to remain to-morrow, Sunday. We could not help remarking the contrast between it and the wild picturesque scenery on the other side of Frankfort. The neat, comfortable, square-built cottages; the little green meadows so carefully irrigated; the small patches of tillage —beet, potatoes, and cabbage garden arranged side by side, with such order and exactness; every particle of ground so trim and cultivated, and such an air of quiet, calm, contented happiness over all. The sun had set, but the heavens were still full of mellow light, and the red colouring of the soil and stones of which the cottages were built, cast a tranquil,

sober glow over the whole scene, that harmonised well with its peaceful character. How different from the vast sublimity of the fantastic forests,—now plunged in awful, mysterious gloom,—now lit up by a sudden burst of dazzling sunshine, as bright as it was fitful.

As we drove along, G—— and I amused ourselves by comparing this scenery and the other, with the characters of different persons we knew. Some tranquil, orderly people, moving on through life, going through their quiet round of duties, and keeping the even tenor of their way undisturbed by the checks to which "those of other mould" are liable. More of the sober steady prose of life have these in their composition than its wild and beautiful, but alas! often dangerous poetry. While placidly enjoying their own cheerful sunshine, they wonder at the bright flashes of joy, and, anon, the seasons of gloom and depression to which more sensitive natures are liable,—they cannot understand the keen susceptibilities of those finely strung minds, that like some delicate instrument, are now all harmony, and now

"Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

These two descriptions of character are, indeed, different, and yet what would the world be without both,—did they not blend, and min-

gle, and harmonise as beautifully as they do? Were it not for the more plodding portion of mankind, the every-day concerns of life would stand still; and, again, how heavy and monotonous would be existence, without the sparkle flung over it by the enthusiastic and imaginative in their more eccentric career. All have their uses. "If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling?" Each fills its own station in the beautiful order of Providence. No one should, as is so often the case, undervalue the other: no one would, were the spirit of charity more generally diffused throughout the world. The brilliant looks down upon the solid as common-place, and the solid despises the brilliant as frivolous and useless. Each is so puffed up with its own merits, that it is blinded to those of the other, and humility and forbearance are forgotten.

This should not be. "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor, again, the head to the feet, I have no need of you;"—we should remember, it is *God* who "hath tempered the body together,"—it is He who has made one to differ from another; the one talent is His gift as well as the ten,—its owner is equally precious in his sight. There-

fore, "there should be no schism in the body," no contempt, or exultation, or envy, or strife, among its members; they should have the same care one for another, that their Great Head and Saviour has for them.

It is very easy to preach this beautiful doctrine, which, were it practised by all, would make a little heaven of this earth. But how are we to obtain this spirit of self-forgetting charity, which we all, alas! know and feel is not in us by nature?—The answer is as simple as it is important. "*Ask*, and ye shall receive."

Sunday.—This little town of Kaiserslautern is one of the most ancient in Germany. We have just returned from an exploring ramble in and about it. The situation is charming, surrounded on all sides by mountains covered with forest; some dark pine and fir, with those mysterious cloister-like arches underneath, whose gloomy recesses the eye seeks in vain to penetrate;—others bright and glowing with the changeful colours of autumn. We followed a little winding path that led us through the greenest of fields, round by the old walls of the town. A clear stream ran bubbling along on our right, (the secret of the exceeding verdure,) across which were little wooden bridges, and at

the bottom, brilliant green weeds, the colour of liquid emeralds, just floating under the surface.

As we returned through the high street of the little town, the bells of the two churches were ringing for second service. We went into the first, and found it to be the Roman Catholic place of worship. A priest was standing before an altar, upon which was a figure of the Virgin gaudily dressed, with a lighted taper in her hand, and round him, as usual, were the little boys in red and white ringing their bells and tossing their censers.

We went out after a moment or two, and further down in the street found the Lutheran church. When we entered the preacher was in the pulpit, and we seated ourselves on a bench opposite him. He was a very young man, and I have seldom seen a more interesting countenance, full of intelligence, and at the same time the most child-like simplicity. His manner was calm, and yet very fervent, and his cheeks were flushed with the earnestness with which he was pressing his subject on his little flock. He was urging them to study the character of Christ, and endeavour to imitate it; and dwelt on the forbearance of the Saviour, his forgiveness, his life spent in doing good to men, in pleasing not himself. The young pastor en-

forced all his arguments and entreaties with passages from the scriptures. How beautiful they are in German, and with what force and newness things sometimes come home to the mind in a strange language, that fail to strike it in the accustomed words familiar from childhood!

The little Lutheran church, though plain and unadorned, as they generally are, had apparently been recently decorated for some festival. It was entirely hung, organ, pulpit, and aisles, with festoons of leaves and flowers. The garlands, though they preserved their graceful forms, were now all withered and colourless, and there was something very touching in seeing them hanging there, the faded relics of what had been once so fragrant and beautiful.

We had no reason to find fault with anything at the Baiersche Hof in Kaiserslautern. The hosts seemed to understand their vocation of inn-keeper perfectly. One of their talents, however, became evident only at the moment of departure,—that of making up a long bill. W—— remonstrated with the smart, lively, little French girl who acted as kellnerinn, but she appealed to the higher powers, and tripped down stairs to send up her mistress.

Now, in one of our guide-books, there is an impressive warning to all unwary travellers, against the whole of that perilous tribe y'clept *landladies*. From womankind in this shape, the author recoils as from "a viper." If your host be a man, you may have some chance of quarter, and reason, and redress; but if not, the case is hopeless! Beware of a landlady! The writer of the "Hand Book," that vademecum of every traveller we meet, does not exonerate the sex from this grievous imputation; but he very kindly and charitably endeavours to make an excuse for the weaker half of humanity, on the plea, that a good wife feels she is only acting for her husband, and so thinks it her duty to try and get all she can for him, &c. However this be, I was very anxious to see the result of W——'s conference with the fair dame of the Baiersche Hof, and glad, for the honour of her sex and her calling, that she proved open to conviction, and consented to reduce somewhat of her long bill.

The scenery during the whole day's journey was an agreeable surprise, from having heard that it was not interesting, and finding on the contrary that nothing could be more so. Mountain, lake, and forest;—wild, rocky, fir-clad heights;—lovely green valleys with streams winding

through them, and peasants at work in the fragrant meadows. The tillage in the open country consisted entirely of potatoes; I never saw such a quantity. They quite superseded even the beet, which is cultivated to a great extent in Germany, and of which all the sugar is made. The potato, however, has another use beside an eatable one: spirits are distilled from it here as well as in Saxony.

At Landstuhl, a picturesquely situated town, the first stage from Kaiserslautern, are the ruins of a castle, the ancient dwelling-place of the brave counts of Sickingen, whose race is now extinct. What a host of old traditions and legendary lore must belong to those interesting ruins, hanging thus over the little town, once the property of their lordly possessors! Notwithstanding the piercing cold of the morning air, G—— got out of the carriage to make a sketch, while the horses were changing. We looked after the castle with longing eyes, and continued to speculate upon the warriors and beauties now gathered to their forefathers, who had once peopled its crumbling walls, long after we had lost sight of them.

While dinner was preparing at Hombourg, where we stopped at the "Poste," we sallied out to explore, and a charming walk we had.

The path ran along the steep side of a mountain overhanging the town, through a succession of little gardens and tiny meadows, and below, as far as the eye could reach, was a vast expanse of forest, and mountain, and cultivated plain, stretching away on all sides. We could have gone on for miles, the day was so lovely and the path so inviting; but dinner and Saarbruck (our destination for the night) were before us, and so we were forced to turn about towards the inn.

Saarbruck! the last town in Germany. How melancholy we felt driving into it! Even already it seemed as though we had bid adieu to the dear country, and its kind, friendly inhabitants; for the town, though a good one and most beautifully situated, had a dirty, French look, and the faces began to wear a very French mixture in their character: those moving features, which may be moulded into any expression at the pleasure of their owners,—which seem as susceptible of a frown as a smile, the sunshine of good-humour or the lowering cloud of anger.

Now on the German face in general, it is hardly possible to imagine the latter; the stamp of kindness is so marked and indelible, that it seems to form a part and parcel of the

features themselves. Their politeness is not the polish of cultivation, of society, of education,—a thing taught and inculcated, the varnish of manner alone;—you see at once that it comes direct from the heart. It is, if I may so express it, the politeness of the heart; the instinctive impulse of a good, and kind, and affectionate nature. Living among these people must improve any one, for there is something infectious in kind-heartedness. I should think that a person accustomed to give way to evil tempers and ill-natured feelings, would actually be shamed out of them in Germany. Every face he looked at would be such a tacit reproach to him, that he would involuntarily smooth his brow, and try to look amiable as well as the rest. Never was sobriquet more correct than that of "le bon Allemand"—at least if they are not so, their looks are the most deceitful things under the sun, and Lavater's theory a fable. I have seen at Dresden countenances so delightful, (two in particular are at this moment before me,) that as I looked at them, the thought has come into my mind, "What a beautiful thing an angel must be!"

This may sound exaggerated; nevertheless so it was. And not from any combination or beauty of feature. The Germans are not, I

should say, a handsome people, and the women in particular are deficient in grace. But it is the expression, the feeling, the kindness, the gentleness, the really angelic benevolence of their countenances. Of course there are many exceptions, but these are the general characteristics of both men and women, particularly the former. As for a woman, I do not thank *her* for being good and kind and gentle-hearted. On the contrary, one might very well apply in this case a favourite pert saying on all occasions of our little friend Zapphina, at the Stadt Coblentz, "Warum nicht?" "Why not?"

The hostess of the Poste at Saarbruck was a French woman; she apologised, when showing us our rooms, for the beds being without curtains: "these were at the wash," she said. A mortal symptom, thought we, of leaving Germany, when people begin to think any one will expect such luxuries as curtains.

There was something singularly unprepossessing in the landlord of the inn. An abject, cringing servility of manner, full of the most extravagant and exaggerated professions, and, with all this oppressive civility, a sinister expression in his face, a something that made you recoil from him instinctively. He was just the sort of person one would rather not encounter

on a lonely road, unlike the faces we had been accustomed to, that one need not dread to meet on the darkest night in the darkest forest.

While we were standing at the inn-window at Saarbruck, we had the benefit of the scene which takes place at evening in every German town—the return of all the pigs from the mountains, where they have spent the day. This scene has been immortalised by the author of the "Bubbles;" and it is, indeed, no wonder such a comical and original sight should have attracted his humorous vein and descriptive powers. We stood at the window in fits of laughing, while the pigs came cantering down the street. The swinish multitude of Saarbruck are quite as amusing as those of Langen-Schwalbach. Like them they seem to "smell with their stomachs as well as their noses the savoury food which is awaiting them," and on "reaching the first houses of the town," the same sort of "sauve qui peut" motion takes place.

From the chorus of grunting, squealing, and shrieking, one would imagine, if one did not see them, that the whole population of pigs were undergoing some grievous violence. The yelling on board a Bristol steamer in a gale of wind is nothing to it. Any one not versed in the habits and manners of these interesting

quadrupeds, and,—from not having given due attention to this branch of natural history,—ignorant of their mode of expressing their feelings, would not know what to make of the troop that come voluntarily scampering along, with ears and tail erect, and noses projected high up in the air.

As they advance, the numbers diminish; one by one, each pig turns down his own lane, and the nearer he gets to the trough, the faster he runs and the louder he squalls. We remarked one poor old fellow, who was left woefully behindhand by his more active companions: he was very lame, but his appetite was apparently quite as keen as theirs, and on he went, all alone, grunting away down the street, and contriving, by dint of shuffling and hobbling, to get himself along.

Though we laughed at the pigs, we were really very sad at the thoughts of so soon bidding adieu to Germany, and, over our tea, we talked of the happy days we had spent there, and of all the kind, pleasant people we had met, whom, in all human probability, we should never see again. This little review of "departed joys" was very melancholy: retrospections are generally so; and, when we separated for the night, I own I felt by no means as light-hearted as usual.

To get to our rooms, it was necessary to traverse part of the paved court under the porte cochère; just as I had reached the end of this and the foot of the stairs, the disagreeable-looking host appeared suddenly from a dark recess, and placed himself before me. He commenced a long harangue, full of professions. "He, and his whole house, and everything he possessed, were at our service. We had only to touch the bell at any hour of the night, no matter how late, and if the thing wanted were at the farthest extremity of the town, it would be ours in an instant."

I tried to get past him, for there was something in his freedom of manner and blustering officiousness that frightened me. I suppose, during our tea-table lamentations, my courage had given way with my spirits, for when I got into my room, I could not help being foolish enough to indulge in a long fit of crying. Well! Germany deserved a few tears! though, I must say, I felt vexed and ashamed of myself, even while wiping my eyes, for giving way to such a weakness.

Very soon after we started next morning, we reached the French frontier; and, at the little town of Forbach, the carriage drew up opposite the custom-house to undergo the operation of

searching. A bevy of hatchet-faced, keen-eyed French douaniers issued forth, armed with their long ladders, and forthwith they were sprawling over our heads in all directions, some on the box, and some at the sides. Nothing could we see from the carriage-windows but ladders and legs, the latter as shapeless and stick-like as the former.

The innkeeper at Saarbruck had advised W———, when putting his keys into the hands of the douanier, to insinuate therewith a five-franc piece. "I know you have nothing contraband, as you say, Monsieur; but to avoid the delay—and then (with a shrug and a grin) les pélérines de ces dames."

The business of searching, owing doubtless to the powerful effect of this five-franc piece, was a marvellously short one. The officers merely opened the imperials, and after the introduction of their fingers, which could not have much enlightened them as to their contents, shut them down again, and the two ladders and six pair of legs and arms disappeared. The trunks might have been full of Bohemian glass or any other forbidden merchandise, instead of innocent books and clothes, for all they knew. It was fortunate, however, for the said "pélérines" that it was so; for the wind was very

high, and some of them might have flown away on its light wings, and have been adorning the fair shoulders of some of the Forbach belles next Sunday at mass.

Just outside Forbach, we came to a bare mountain, upon which the pigs and goats of the town seemed to have made common cause and joined forces; for, ascending it, was an immense flock, composed of both. I pitied the poor dog who had the charge of this uncongenial assemblage. Between the opposite tastes of each—the propensity of the goats to climb up to the heights, and the dogged determination of the pigs to keep down at the foot of the mountain—he must have had no sinecure post of it, poor fellow!

The first town after the frontier was St. Avold, and a change was visible immediately. It seems almost like fancy to perceive the line of demarcation between French and German characteristics here upon the borders, where those of both countries might be supposed to mingle; but they were so strong that the most unobservant must feel he had passed into a new country.

First, the great increase in bustle and vivacity; the eager, animated, curious looks; the talking

and laughing, the noise and gesticulation; the air of reckless, light-hearted desœuvrement; every one on the qui vive, so different from the placid, tranquil Germans. Then there were the groups of beggars round the carriage-windows, gabbling over the Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria; unswept litter in the streets, and little heaps of manure before the cottage doors; men and women clattering about in their wooden shoes, the former with their blue smocks and white night-caps, the latter with their little pert coloured handkerchiefs twisted coquettishly round their heads; and, besides all this, the odour of soup and stewing, so peculiar to, and unfailing in, every French town.

The gaiety of the children and the expression in their countenances struck us greatly. The interest the juvenile population manifested in our movements, and the wonderful quantity of talking we cost them, was something quite new. If they had had the whole programme of our journey to and from Dresden to arrange, they could not have been more busy about it. One little merry-faced creature, of four years old, seated on the high steps of a house eating his soup out of a pipkin, was most amusing. He was haranguing a troop of little urchins below

him, and the perpetual movement of his arch features, his lively gesticulation, and the vehement way in which he brandished his spoon, were inimitable; a regular miniature picture of a restless, mercurial Frenchman.

When we got out of the town, the symptoms began to thicken upon us. There were the crucifixes, and images of saints and virgins by the wayside; and crosses chalked on the cottage doors. Sometimes we met a curé, with his cocked hat and soutane; and, just outside Courcelles, two sisters of charity were walking arm-in-arm along the footpath. Their graceful, picturesque costume, and the blessed purpose to which their lives are devoted, make these women always objects of interest and respect. They had little baskets on their arms, and were bound, doubtless, on an errand of mercy to some lowly abode of suffering and distress.

I was following them with my thoughts, when a sudden exclamation of dismay from G—— made me turn to look out of the window at her side. There stood the object of it—a flaring tri-color badge, bound to a pole near the road. I could not resist laughing at the looks of aversion and disgust with which, royalist and aristocrat as she is, she eyed this emblem of liberty—alias, in her "dictionnaire de syno-

nimes," disorder, rebellion, anarchy, and everything that is bad.

A sudden shock to her Tory feelings was this revolutionary red, blue, and white. She did not get over it at once, but continued to lament over days gone by, when the snow-white banner of France, with its graceful fleur-de-lis, floated on the breeze in all its unsullied purity: those good, quiet old times, when people plodded on in the steps of their forefathers, before old women laid down their knitting and spectacles to cry out for "triangular parliaments and universal sufferings."

After the tri-color we felt indeed we were fairly and regularly in France: a new leaf was turned over; Germany was left behind! Germany—its kind faces and kind hearts, magnificent forests, picturesque villages, delightful music, everlasting smoking, delicate bread, pipes, puddings, stoves, cigars, knitting, cottage-bonnets, little chairs and tables under the trees, narrow beds, spectacled faces, and tall beer-glasses,—all these characteristics were no more to exist, except in our memories and journal-books.

CHAPTER XVI.

Inn at Mars-la-Tour—Verdun—St. Ménéhould—Nocturnal noises at Epernay — La Ferté—Arrival of the Milord Anglais, and bustle at the little inn.

DEAR, dirty, and bad was the character we heard of the hotel at Metz, and we were advised to get on to Mars-la-Tour, nearly four postes beyond it, where they said there was an excellent inn. The rain was falling heavily when we reached Metz, which reconciled us to leaving behind so fine a town, after merely stopping to change horses. Had the weather been such as to enable us to enjoy its attractions, — its gay, well-filled, handsome shops, and most picturesque environs,—the temptations to stay would have quite outweighed he promised comforts of Mars-la-Tour. The bad weather, however, could not wholly destroy the effect

of the beautiful scenery round Metz. The "blue Moselle" is here a fine broad river, and adds greatly to the beauty and importance of the town seen from the wooded heights, up which the road, made by that prince of road-makers, Napoleon, ascends in zig-zag lines.

"Truth," saith the proverb, "lies in the bottom of a well." That it is in some very inaccessible place, is a fact to which travellers can bear ample testimony, for they can seldom reach it, whatever road they may take. If they do ascertain the merits and demerits of a case, it is generally by experience, which is sometimes purchased at rather too dear a rate.

Guide books are often as little to be depended on as verbal information. There is a nefarious system practised respecting them, that of affixing a modern date to an old edition, which of course woefully misleads the luckless traveller, who depends on their treacherous advice. He turns in his book to the account of the town he is going to, and finds, perhaps, "Best hotels, the Stag—the White Horse." Straightway the postilion is ordered to drive to the Stag. "The Stag?" cries the man, turning round in his saddle, "where is that? I know of no such place." The traveller looks appealingly towards the people of the post-house. All the wise heads

assembled there begin to shake—master, ostlers, postilions, no one acknowledges any acquaintance with the "Stag."

"Well then, the White Horse." Another demur—"Ah! yes, to be sure!" at length exclaims a grey-headed porter; "the house that used to be at the corner of the market-place. It exists no longer, mein herr,—given up these ten years!"

The Stag and the White Horse having then died of old age, and existing only "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant," the traveller has to apply for more modern information to other sources.

—But to return to ourselves, travelling along in the pouring rain, and increasing darkness, and thinking with no small satisfaction of the pleasing prospect before us.

At length we reached Mars-la-Tour. On emerging from the carriage, the encounter of our feet with a mass of soaking wet straw, and the flare of the lanterns, made us conscious of the dirty stable through which we had to pass. Next came a small kitchen, as—no, it was not as dirty as the stable,—and then a winding staircase, the dinginess of which was not very much relieved by the broken tallow-candle which seemed resolved on baffling the efforts of our

guide,—a chubby peasant woman,—to keep it upright in the tottering candlestick.

At the top of the stairs was a low, narrow corridor, which, by the way, felt wonderfully crazy, and creaked as much as to warn us that it had not quite made up its mind whether or not it was able to support the weight of so many persons. Our stout guide tramped boldly on, however, and we followed, with somewhat of the same feeling of security the occupants of the carriage must have had who adventured themselves across the Menai bridge, after the drove of oxen had been sent over it.

When we were fairly established in the little room, we felt so happy at finding light and shelter, however humble both these were, that we were quite reconciled to the disappointment in our expectations as to the inn. The panegyrist of that at Mars-la-Tour must certainly have had a brilliant imagination.

Presently the hostess came up to light the fire. What a contrast she was to everything in that uncouth place!—a creature whose classical features and delicate beauty might have served as a model for a sculptor. As she knelt over the embers, her dress, her occupation, and her neglected appearance altogether, seemed indeed at variance with the refined and per-

fect face upon which the kindling flame fell, giving it the effect of a beautiful painting of Schalken.

It was a long time since we had seen a fire, and we were delighted with the cheerful blaze that made the walls of the little room glow with warmth and brightness, while the wood crackled and sparkled like some merry living thing, and perfumed the place with its charming fragrance. We stood round the wide, open chimney, silently enjoying the novelty as well as comfort of the whole thing. The red glare of the blazing faggots, and the measured tranquillising sound of the bellows, reminded me of some cottage scene, and my fancy went forthwith to work and supplied all that was wanting; — the cat purring and blinking in the "ingle nook," the hum of the spinning-wheel, the cradle rocking, the dresser with its array of shining delf reflecting back the flickering flame, the clock ticking "behind the door," and all the dramatis personæ to which this "still life" belonged.

"How delightful this open chimney!" I said to G——, breaking a silence of some moments.

"Yes," she replied, "I never see one that it is not associated in my mind with the old feudal times; knights and barons, serfs and retainers;

hospitable old halls, with richly-carved oak-ceilings, wainscotted walls, hunting-feasts under the raised dais."

My humble, domestic picture faded away into nothing before her lofty scene. We smiled as we compared notes. What different musings the same thing will give rise to in different minds! It was like W——'s observation the other day in speaking of the tri-color. "Well, setting all party and politics out of the question, the old French flag is no loss:—it always reminded me so of a dirty table-cloth." This came not an hour after our dolorous and poetical lamentations over the "snow-white banner of France." How we laughed at the opposite view he took of the thing,—and the discovery that according to his version we had been wasting our sensibilities over a "dirty table-cloth!"

Our castles and cottages in the air were dispelled into their native element by a smoking dish of larks, each wearing a small, square piece of bacon on its little round, plump breast, brought up by the hostess. Her strapping hand-maid followed with pommes-de-terre au beurre, compôte de pommes, and various other condiments, so good and so well cooked, no one would ever have imagined they took their origin

from the dirty little kitchen through which we had passed.

Even at this humble inn, the beds, with their enlarged size, graceful canopies, and *blankets*, showed very plainly that we were no longer in Germany. The French are certainly as remarkable for the luxury of their couches as the Germans are for the reverse:—they take great pains with them, and a handsome bed is the same article of cottage pride and ambition that a clock is in England.

But the bread,—there was a change,—and how much for the worse! The dark, sour, porous stuff they brought us, full of great holes that you might have set peas in, "as if it were only made for butter-traps," (as a witty friend once remarked of it,) was a bad substitute for the dainty "milch brod" we had been accustomed to.

It was almost as dark when we prepared to start from Mars-la-Tour as when we reached it, and we were obliged again to have recourse to the tallow-candles and infirm candlesticks. We had not very long risen, however, when the sun followed our good example, and it was daybreak before we were in the carriage.

All the little ménage were gathered about it to bid us farewell. The pretty hostess, with a

little close night-cap drawn tightly round her oval face, looked more graceful and interesting than ever in the gray dawn of the morning. There was something so refined in her features, so pure and quiet and statue-like in their expression and outline, that one wondered how she could have been thrown among people so unlike her as those rude villagers. Her husband, an uncouth clod, whom she had married two or three years before, when she was eighteen, was not very likely to appreciate the intellectual beauty of the fair creature of whom he was the possessor. Doubtless he would have been equally well pleased with the stout hand-maiden, the shape and colour of whose face were like a frost-bitten Holland pippin.

We stopped to breakfast at Verdun. Let any one who does so in future, at "Les trois Maures," take care to make a bargain beforehand, else he will be charged at the rate we were, viz. twenty francs for five persons, — two of them servants. This was what the innkeeper had the conscience to ask for a cup of cold coffee, and a venerable fowl, that would have been un-cut-able, had it not fortunately been already roasted two or three times over. Certainly it had a glorious career of it, that bird! —after living to a good old age, it had figured

away, probably, at a couple of dinners, and as many breakfasts, and finally been disposed of at a price it never could have expected to deserve even in the zenith of its beaux jours.

Verdun is interesting, as being the place where so many English were detained for so long a time from their home and country. To me it was so from the almost miraculous escape thence of a relative, after being recaptured and imprisoned two or three times. One of his companions, who succeeded at the first attempt, has published his adventures, and most interesting they are. The woods, which abound about Verdun, afforded them a place of refuge by day. As we passed through these, now so bright and glowing in their autumnal livery, I thought of all the misery and hardships of every sort, the poor detenus had endured there.

We stopped at the little village of St. Ménéhould early enough to allow of our taking a walk before dinner. The fat, good-humoured landlady of the " Ville de Metz," (the best hotel there,) seeing us prepared for a ramble, volunteered the services of a guide in the person of her little son. We thought she was only jesting, when a fairy valet-de-place of five years old made his

appearance; but she said, "N'ayez pas peur—he will guide you safely, though he is so young, that I'll answer for — will you not, Jules?"

Jules promised, and brandishing his little whip, away he trotted out before us to the ramparts.

They commanded a lovely view. The country round was covered with orchards—indeed the very air at St. Ménéhould was loaded with the smell of apples, and as the harvest of these was just being gathered in, we could see, on all sides, from the elevation we had reached, piles of the rosy fruit lying outside the large barn-doors in the little enclosed yards. A quantity of cider is made here.

From the ramparts we went to visit the church, which bears the name of the patron of the little town, St. Ménéhould, and is adorned with paintings representing some of his miracles. There is a fine view from the churchyard, which is full of graves, each with its monument varying in gradation from the rude-painted black, wooden cross, to the railed-in sarcophagus. We were reading some of the inscriptions upon them, when little Jules bounded over to us, and laying his whip across two flat grave-stones close by, said, "You must

not walk upon these—nobody ever walks upon them."

"And why, Jules," I said, "must no one walk on them? and what is the meaning of these two stones?"

"Ah, I don't know," said the child innocently, "I can't tell what they are for. They are only stones you see, and I don't know, but they say no one must walk over them."

Poor Jules! what sad discoveries he has yet to make! what bitter lessons to learn!

We saw written up on the signs of the inn doors, and in other places, "A la renommée des pieds de cochon"—"Pieds de cochon à la St. Ménéhould," &c.; and on inquiry we found that the town was celebrated for that un-Jewish dish. Those they sent us up at dinner, and which they said had been stewing for twenty-four hours, did not injure its reputation in that respect, for they were excellent.

The road next day to Epernay through Chalons-sur-Marne, was flat and ugly, and to add to its desolate appearance, the day was one of incessant rain. We were driven to our carriage resources of reading and writing; the latter was no easy task, as the road was by no means a Hessian one. The occasional slackening of our pace increased the difficulty. Indeed we

have found out that rapid motion in every way is the grand secret of writing in a carriage. As long as you keep the pen flying over the paper as fast as possible, all is well; but only dwell for a moment on a letter, and straightway there comes a sudden jolt, which sends the unfortunate hieroglyphic sprawling into the air, or intruding its unnatural length into the line below; so that you cannot help laughing at the monstrosity, the elfish-looking thing, all arms and legs, which, quite against your freewill and consent, you have perpetrated.

The operation of taking ink on a rough road is, to make use of an *originally* turned phrase, "a circumstance over which you have no control." The vibration of the carriage keeps your hand hovering over the mouth of the ink-bottle for a moment or two before you can hit the circular opening:—when you have succeeded in effecting a descent therein, either you fail in reaching the surface, or else plump goes the pen down to the very bottom, the nib coming in forcible contact with the hard glass, and the quill filling up with ink, to the no small detriment of the writer's fingers. Some of the way between Chalons and Epernay would have tried the steadiness of the most trusty aréotique.

As we approached Epernay, the large côtes covered with vines, and the quantity of empty hogsheads going to the town to be filled with vin-de-champagne, showed that we were in the precincts of the wine country. The narrow street before our hotel, the " Ecu de France," abounded in symptoms of the vintage.

Sometimes there passed by a group of poor grape-gatherers with their baskets on their arms, then a horse or mule with his picturesque load, paniers slung across, overflowing with rich purple clusters, and occasionally an individual, whose diagonal course and nose, " celestial rosy red," not exactly in this instance, however, " *love's* proper hue," showed that he too had been sharing in the labours of the vintage.

We were struck with the very wretched appearance of the grape-gatherers. They were principally women, and seemed to belong to the poorest class. Certainly none of the poetry of their occupation was transmitted to them, for it would have required an imagination pertinaciously determined on being romantic, to see in these poor creatures anything but rags and dirt and misery.

All night long they were passing to and fro in the narrow street, bound, doubtless, for some

distant vineyard, which they were to reach by break of day. The very unfavourable season, and the universal complaints of the vintage caused an unusual activity just at this moment. Indeed, considering the cold and rains, it is only wonderful the vines should have come to perfection this year. We were overtaken by a perfect deluge when strolling out after dinner to see the church at Epernay. It is a modernised building, scarcely finished, the fine old painted glass of the ancient Gothic church looking sadly out of place near the new white-washed walls. Some officers, who were walking through it, joined in our lamentations over the downfall of the venerable building; but the preliminary rain-drops of a heavy shower cut short our regrets, and after a few moments we were forced, from its increasing violence, to take shelter under a large porte cochère.

While we were here two young French soldiers came out from the court inside, and entered into conversation with the easy, good-natured freedom of their country. They belonged to a regiment marching towards Rheims, detachments of which we had met on the road during the day. One of them was a perfect specimen of his nation and call-

ing, such a joyous, light-hearted, mirthful creature!

"Voilà du beau tems pour les vendeanges!" he exclaimed, "cela les rafraichira un peu," pointing to the rain that was coming down like a water-spout, while in the middle of the narrow street a muddy torrent was rushing along the kennel, sweeping off everything that came in its way, and making a wholesome clearance of all the filth and uncleanness that defile a French town.

"You will have no wine next year," we said to the gay soldier; but little cared he for that. "Taking in sorrow at interest" did not seem to be his besetting sin, and it would have required something much graver than so distant a probability to banish the smiles from his young face. The glee that lurked and twinkled in his merry black eyes, would most likely frolic there still in spite of

"Houses in ashes or the fall of stocks,"

or any other evil, past, present, or to come.

The woman, at whose house the soldiers were billetted, came out to the porte cochère, and offered us an umbrella with a grace and politeness that would have done credit to a drawing-room. In any but a French woman, the

slide and bow, the little waving gestures, and mincing expressions, would have looked like a burlesque upon the soap-suds and ragged wet cloth in her hands; but in France this sort of courtly politeness sits so easily and naturally upon every one, that what would be a caricature elsewhere, has here nothing ridiculous or affected in it.

That "the night is made for rest" is a fact which does not seem to be acknowledged at Epernay. I never was in so unquiet a place. The succession of noises that "murdered sleep" during the whole night we spent there were such as no pillow could have shut out from the ears that sought refuge from them in its downy recesses. The ceaseless tramp of the grape-gatherers, each party with their lantern,—the echoing of their horses' hoofs along the narrow street,—the rattling of the numerous diligences that came thundering over the stones, and shaking the windows of our slightly-built domicile,—the drums assembling the troops as the gray morning approached to prepare for their march, and then shortly after, their noisy exit out of the town, the band playing all the time in true French taste, as if the whole merit of music were "to split the ears of the groundlings"—formed but a small part of the clamour.

The loud cracking of postilion whips and the jingling bells of their horses, mingled occasionally with the nocturnal din; and as the high houses that rose up only a few feet distant from us, gave all these sounds the effect of being uttered through a speaking-trumpet, it may be supposed that "to bed, but not to sleep," like an orthodox heroine of romance, was the order of the night.

One of those ground-glass lamps bearing the name of the hotel, which form the nightly affiche of all French inns, happened to be just outside my window. The strong light fell full into the room, so that eyes and ears were fellow-sufferers. However, I bore the annoyance patiently, for I was much too tired, and moreover too comfortable, once *couchée*, to get up in the cold on a voyage of discovery after shutters and jalousies which probably did not exist. Once in the twenty-four hours is quite enough to have to make the effort of moral courage requisite for parting from one's pillow.

For several postes next morning the drive out of Epernay was most interesting. The whole country, far as the eye could reach, was covered with sloping vineyards, looking at a distance, from the rich yellows and vivid red of their changeful colouring, like so many

mimic autumnal forests. It is difficult to imagine anything very beautiful connected with the formal, stunted, crippled appearance of a vine country in general; yet this, tinged as it was, and brightened by such glowing hues, acquired a character peculiar from that accidental circumstance. The grape-gathering too, that enlivening, busy scene, which was going on in full activity, brought some picturesque group every moment to our view. The slopes and little valleys were alive with people, and the gay laugh and merry din of tongues that rose from the workers, showed that their spirits were as light as their toils. The patient mules and horses were standing among the vines with their half-filled paniers, waiting for the completion of the load, while their faces, poor things! were covered with a sort of wicker-work mask to guard them from the seductions of the tempting fruit. No such precautions, however, extended to their masters and mistresses, who seemed to eat quite as industriously as they picked. Occasionally a huge wain stood by the road-side, into which men and boys were tumbling their baskets-full of purple clusters, and now and then we met groups of peasant girls descending the hill laughing and chatting over their brown bread,

or tilting at each other with their little empty baskets. In short, the whole thing seemed a sort of fête, and the mixture of poverty and merriment, work and play, rags and fun, was a strange one.

At La Ferté we stopped, dined, had a delightful ramble on the banks of the Marne as far as Madame de la Rochefoucauldt's château, and returned to the Hotel de France, in time to see the arrival of a crowded diligence and the three travelling-carriages of an English nobleman and his suite. The courier of the latter had preceded the party to order dinner for them, and great was the bustle excited in the little inn by the Milord Anglais. When we returned from our walk and entered the house, by the kitchen, (as usual,) we found the smart landlady in the agonies of making a soufflé; it had frothed up most successfully, and she almost threw us down in her energy to fly with it across the street to the opposite house, where the party were at table. We could see all that was going on in their dining-room from our windows, as the lights inside made everything,—even the travelling-bonnets, shawls, cloaks, &c., flung on the bed,—visible.

And truly it was a sad comment on the vanity of earthly things, the scene in that small room.

There was a man surrounded with everything that rank and wealth could give—his graceful wife, his son, and pretty daughter, were at his side—his three handsome carriages were drawn up in front of the inn, and a train of servants, grooms, courier, and attendants, were busied in providing for his comforts;—not one among them, or probably in the simple village, that was not ready to fly at his beck, and to regard him as a superior being. And yet, surrounded thus with every apparent good, no one for a moment could look at Lord C——, and prefer his lot to that of the humble peasant, who, with healthy cheek and light footstep, had bounded across the street with the soufflé. His frame is paralysed; he can scarcely raise to his lips the morsel which he seems to swallow without inclination; his eye is leaden and lustreless, and his pale face has that fixed rigid expression, of one accustomed to endure and struggle with suffering.

Poor man! as borne up between two persons, his tottering steps are supported to his luxurious carriage, who can look at him and not reflect on the inscrutable designs of Providence? The Giver of all things is pleased to withhold and bestow as it seems fit to his godly wisdom, and we, while we see here

through a glass darkly, cannot fathom his purposes in so doing. But it is a delightful consolation to every sufferer, rich or poor, to know and feel that he is in the hands of One too wise, too kind, to afflict willingly, or grieve the children of men. There is One looking down upon his sufferings, whose cheeks were once wet with human tears, whose frame was wrung with mortal agony:—He can feel for poor suffering flesh, having in his own body endured its pangs,—thirst and weariness, grief and pain, desertion by God and man——death!

CHAPTER XVII.

Feelings on entering Paris—A chasm in the diary—The Tuileries—A walk on the Boulevards—The Décrotteur of the Pont des Arts and his dog—The Louvre—Motley tenants of a Parisian house—A Sketch from my window.

How lovely was the scene when leaving La Ferté at sunrise! Earth, air, sky, and water seemed to have combined to produce a sort of enchantment, and add their incidental effect to the quiet loveliness of the landscape, seen at that still morning hour. The dew was yet fresh and sparkling upon tree and flower, the glowing hues of sunrise had not yet faded away from the heavens, and light mists were slowly rising like a vapoury curtain from the village, and the river, and the forest-clad heights. Of the more distant prospect it might be said,

"The shadows on the mountain's breast,
Were neither troubled or at rest,
In bright uncertainty they lie
Like future joys to fancy's eye."

Happy poet! who can see only "*joys*" in the dim, the uncertain future; who has not been taught by the past to dread its clouds rather than reckon upon its sunshine!

How differently most things happen from what we have expected! L'homme propose, Dieu dispose. An unseen worm lies at the core of the fair bud, which we fondly hoped would blow out and realise all our visions of happiness. It is well this should be so; for nothing tends so much as the disappointment of earthly schemes to teach us to raise our thoughts and hopes above them. "Set your affections on things above," is the command of our heavenly Father; but until He in mercy shows us the vanity of things below, we never think of obeying the precept.

"If you set your heart upon anything, you are sure to be disappointed," is a remark we constantly hear, and those who I have learned to know the cause and the effect of this truth, are thankful that so it is.

For years Paris was my beau ideal of every-

thing that was delightful, and a visit to it an object of ambition since childhood. These ideas were partly imbibed from the beloved one whose favourite spot it was, and partly from the early days spent in France. It is impossible to live among the French without catching insensibly some of that spirit of enthusiastic devotion with which they regard their capital. "Il n'y a dans la France que Paris," and "Qui n'a pas vu Paris n'a rien vu," and "Ah! c'est un petit paradis que Paris!" resounded in my ears until my childish imagination was all on fire. Well I remember my grief the day we turned our backs upon France without having been at Paris.

We were now approaching it—the wishes of years were about to be realised. The day was lovely—the sun shone brightly, the postilion cracked his whip and flourished it over his head, and the bells of the horses jingled merrily while they dashed on as if they knew they were approaching the admired of all admirers, la belle ville de Paris. Every moment the bustle, and the noise, and the throng increased —every one looked gay and happy—except myself. One dreadful event had turned all my blissful anticipations to gall and bitterness. Alas! who could have told two short years

since, that every street,—the lively Boulevard, the beautiful Tuileries, should have brought, by the associations they recalled, such pangs of memory? They were gay, painfully gay; for when we are depressed, the sight of bustling, joyous, unsympathising crowds, is insupportably jarring; we turn in on our own heavy hearts, and think that we alone in the wide world are miserable.

Paris and its merry multitudes swam before my eyes like a panorama. One dreary idea was uppermost—the voice so eloquent in its praises,—upon whose lively descriptions I had so often hung, was hushed for ever:—the eyes that had gazed with such delight on the very towers and buildings where mine were wandering with that blank, aching pain, that no tear comes to soften,—were now closed in the grave.

O how bitterly did that desolating truth force itself into my mind as we were driving into Paris! There are moments when, even now, I seem to doubt its reality,—its possibility,—and then it recurs (as it did then) with a sudden agony, a sharp, short, vivid pang, like the cut of a keen instrument, a serpent's sting. The iron entered into my soul.

But what am I doing—and why seeming to murmur against the rod which I have kissed,

and do now, in humble and thankful acknowledgment of the need there was for its chastening? Sorrow is a bitter medicine, and poor human nature turns away from the draught. It does not see the malady under which it labours, and the fatal effects that would follow, even "the bitter pains of eternal death;" and its first impulse is to rebel against the wise and kind Physician of souls, who mixes the cup in mercy. Yes—sorrow is a sad lesson, and it is hard to learn; but perhaps it is better to learn it young. Youthful spirits are more buoyant and able to rebound from what might crush the heart when it was older.

And it is a blessed thing to be arrested in a careless career, before years have strengthened habits of forgetfulness of God and eternity, before more causes for regrets and repentance have had time to accumulate. To be led to give the heart and affections to Christ while they are warm and tender, and to devote to his service the youthful energies of an unexhausted mind.

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November 3rd.—A long chasm in my diary—nearly three weeks since I have written a

word. During the interval new plans have been decided on. W—— and G—— remain for the winter in Paris, and I leave them and return home with * * * *.

Now, of all the trials of life, (one excepted,) parting from those we love is the greatest. The prospect of the separation from my dear companions embittered the pleasures of sight-seeing, and made Paris for a time, "a dull town to me."

I know not how it is, but between a sheet of white paper and the person seated pen in hand before it, there seems to exist a species of confidence more intimate than in any other kind of intercourse. The prevailing frame of mind, the real state of feeling comes forth then, and what it is possible to conceal in conversation, tinges the writing insensibly and without intending it.

As no one has a right to sadden their friends by indulging their own selfish regrets, I shut up my journal-book while the first struggles of feeling lasted; and having neither spirits nor energy to describe as before, determined to abstain altogether from pen, ink, and paper.

One might write volumes about Paris. Notwithstanding all that has been written and said on the subject, and though the ground is so beaten already as to leave apparently nothing more to say, still a "picker up of unconsidered

trifles," one who loves to catch the passing traits and features of the moral as well as the physical world, would find amply wherewith to fill a volume without following in the track of any that have gone before. The material is so rich, so inexhaustible, it seems hardly possible that it could ever be worn thread-bare.

There surely never was a place where the sparkle lies so much on the surface; where by merely opening your eyes and looking round on all sides, you can see such a variety of characters, such lively pictures of life in all its Proteus forms and shapes.

One of the grand characteristics of Paris is its complete air of unreserve and laisser-aller. Everything is open, and to be seen by every eye; you feel that there is no concealment, nothing kept in the back-ground. The gay contents of the shops are brought out and displayed in the streets; no envious window-pane or cross-barred door intervenes between the tempting wares and the passer-by, or frustrates his curious glance. And it is the same with the people. They laugh, and chat, and eat, and bandy jests, and the business and pleasure of life goes on in the open air, and every feeling comes out free, unchecked. There is no chilling crust of reserve, no shy, uneasy consciousness of being "before people"—no putting on

of proper out-of-door faces. This easy, unrestrained, universal *abandon*, strikes me as the peculiar charm and fascination of Paris—it imparts to it an indescribable air of gaiety and brilliancy, and distinguishes it from other towns much more than its narrow streets with gutters in the middle, its thundering diligences, and loud-cracking couriers' whip.

A chair under the trees in the Tuileries gardens for a single hour,—nay, the same time spent at our windows overlooking them across the Rue de Rivoli, is a feast to those who hold that "the noblest study of mankind is man." Here the mind prone to shape out the characters and circumstances of individuals from the slender insight into both which can be gathered from appearances, has a vast field whereon to exercise its fanciful speculations.

What an endless variety! all colours, all ranks, all ages, all pursuits,—from the little laughing girl with her skipping-rope, to the stern young Republican enveloped in his roquelaire, the velvet cape of which is flung over his shoulder, while he reads the paper with excited looks, or talks over its contents with a brother in politics, distinguished like himself by the flat broad-brimmed hat now the badge, the "shibboleth" of republicanism in Paris.

Here is a mincing coquette, her head adorned with Herbault's last, her graceful little person fresh from the hands of Mademoiselle Palmyre. Daintily she picks her steps through the fallen leaves, perfuming the air as she glides along the thronged promenade.

There an old, tottering, grey-headed man, almost in second childhood, feeble, helpless, "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything," is supported along by a buxom, rosy-cheeked bonne, in her white apron and kerchief, and high Norman cap, that towers at least half a yard over her face, and is wide in the same preposterous proportion.

Strong contrasts these!—sad too—but how instructive!—There at a coup-d'œil is life,—its thoughtless beginning, its busy prime, and its end!

Who does not know what the Boulevard is—how gay, how all alive with its rows of trees,—its swarms of sunshiny faces, its glittering profusion of open shops!

Here is a brilliant display of clocks, with their never-failing attendants, vases full of flowers. What a variety of designs! Or-moulu Cupids and Psyches for the sentimental,—fairy ships tossing and heaving on a mimic sea for the nautical,—dogs and stags, Dianas and wild

boars, for the sporting,—Hebe with her cup, Bacchus with his tun and his grapes for the lovers of good cheer and joviality,—and grave bronze and cold white alabaster temples for those of more sober imaginations.

The pendules are hardly passed, when from a side street, forth springs a little Savoyard with his hurdy-gurdy. He is doubly armed to win his way into your heart, or rather your purse, for he throws himself into a dancing attitude, and capers before you in a sort of gallope step, while he sings his mountain La-ra-la. Feet and voice keep time to the tinkling accompaniment of the shrill instrument, their owner looking up at you all the while with an imploring air that is irresistible.

You give a sous to the little fellow, when straightway you are assailed from the opposite side by another urchin, who comes dragging along an unfortunate half-starved monkey in dirty scarlet finery. The monkey looks piteous enough, and the boy does his best to look so too, while he whines forth his claims with a face, whose native fun and drollery laugh out from the merry eye, in spite of all his efforts to make it as doleful as the tale he is telling.

Slow is the progress along the Boulevard;

the eye is so challenged and arrested on every side, that the footsteps linger, few and far between. First comes an interesting display of engravings and lithographs, and here, of course, is a group of gazers, and in one particular corner, a little knot wedged together, anxiously peering over each other's shoulders. You need not try to get a glimpse at the object of attraction; look into their faces, and listen for a moment to their eager, confused voices, and it will not need the wisdom of Solomon to pronounce that it is some scene in the life of Napoleon they are crowding round.

Next the pictures is a shoe-stall, full of boots, shoes, slippers, clogs, gaiters,—for every age and pursuit! There are thick and thin, brocaded and furred,—some delicate articles destined to slide over a ball-room, others fit for snipe-shooting in an Irish bog; in short, every size and shape from a Cinderella slipper to a receptacle for a gouty toe. Opposite is a moving mass of braces, gloves, garters, purses, laces, watch-ribbons, borne along by an ambulating merchant; and here is a dentist's establishment, —whole rows and sets of goodly white teeth grinning a ghastly smile at you from their glass-cases and back-grounds.

The polished jaw-bones are not very tempt-

ing; you turn your eyes involuntarily from a spectacle that reminds you of the infirmities of poor humanity, and they rest on that most fragrant of objects, a flower-stall. The pretty, coquettish bouquetière is tying up her violets with the adroitness that is certainly peculiar to Paris. Where do you see such bouquets,—the colours so beautifully blended, the whole thing so tasteful, so fairy-like? Look at that exquisite little bijou she has just laid down; and see—the pretty bouquetière has already begun another. How easily she weaves the flowers and plies her fingers, while her eyes are wandering round in search of customers. That lovely rose in the centre,—she is surrounding it with a crown of violets, then a blushing garland of half-blown buds, and now she is finishing all with a chaplet of green leaves. This is an offering meet for the young and the fair; and there are others destined to a far different end,—wreaths of "immortelle," yellow, and black, and virgin white, for the graves of the departed; and behind these mournful tributes are ranges of pots filled with gorgeous exotics to adorn the abodes of the wealthy.

What a savoury smell round that corner! and, better still, a glow of genial warmth, and the glimpse of a bright fire. Yonder is the

cause of all, that large open chesnut-roaster. There lie the brown smoking chesnuts, with the long slit in the centre, and the white peeping out between, like a mouth grinning from ear to ear; I can fancy it laughing all sorts of sly temptations at the poor little hungry, shivering boy, who stands eyeing the inviting store, and searches in vain in his ragged pockets for the two sous necessary to purchase a small tin measure of the dainty.

Eatables, drinkables, wearables, toys for old and young, thicken upon you at every step. —"Here is the shop at twenty-five sous—approchez Mesdames et Messieurs; venez, choississez, achetez, demandez. Twenty-five sous for everything here—everything here for twenty-five sous!"

And a motley assemblage it is, that Babel of shops, the "boutique à vingt-cinq sous" so vociferously announced. There are pincushions, and beer-glasses, and humming-tops, and nut-crackers, and candlesticks, and bon-bon boxes, and looking-glasses, and cigar-cases, and—

But I am not going to try to describe a "boutique à vingt-cinq sous."

If your shoes are dirty and your coat splashed, (no uncommon catastrophe in Paris,) you can soon get redress, or rather re-dressed.

A few steps bring you in contact with the décrotteur: there is one at the corner of every street. A wooden box, a jar of blacking, and a few brushes, constitute the whole of his simple establishment. On the said box are placed feet, whose muddy condition is changed into polished black before they again touch the ground; it is seldom unoccupied, and I have even seen the tiny chaussure of a lady there under the brush of the décrotteur.

Every one has heard of the décrotteur of the Pont des Arts, and his dog. The story is like a "Joe Miller," it is so well known; but it is unlike one too, for it is true.

The poor man, with his dog, his box, his blacking, and his brushes, took up his abode in the centre of the Pont des Arts. The station was an excellent one apparently, delightfully dirty, with a kennel enough to rejoice the heart of any décrotteur—a great thoroughfare, and no rival cleaners.

All promised fair; but, alas! promises are not always performed, and our poor décrotteur was destined to learn that hopes founded upon mud are as frail as those based upon sand. Everything was against him: the weather turned out as bad as it could be—nothing but brightness and sunshine; and even when it did

rain, and the streets looked muddy and good for trade, the provoking dirt seemed never to stick, and, somehow or other, people had an unlucky knack of walking over the Pont des Arts without soiling a shoe.

The poor man was in despair; it was evident that he, his box, his blacking, and his brushes, were destined to have a sinecure post of it. The dog did not so much mind having nothing to do; but then he had nothing to eat, and that was very inconvenient.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," saith an old proverb; and I remember learning, once upon a time, that

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

Whether it was necessity, or idleness, or both, that inspired our good friend, I know not; but certain it is, that he set his wits to work in default of his fingers. In a happy moment, he resolved on the expedient of making his dog the instrument of his fortunes. All his leisure—poor fellow, he had enough of that!—was employed in training the animal to go down to the edge of the Seine, begrime himself with mud, and then, sallying forth into the street, to smear the shoes and clothes of the passers over the bridge.

The expedient succeeded to admiration. Between the dog and his master, one constantly dirtying and the other as industriously cleaning, the box was always covered with muddy feet, and its owner's pockets filled with sous.

But fame, that makes the fortune of so many, marred that of the décrotteur of the Pont des Arts. His ruse became noised abroad, and of course failed. I believe both he and his dog have now disappeared from the scene of their labours; but a friend told me that, a few years since, he saw the latter preparing for his part in the business, by rolling himself in the mud on the river's brink, and that he watched his subsequent movements with the greatest interest.

Nov. 7th.—Just returned from another visit to the Louvre, and with the same impression as on the first day—that of disappointment. The coup-d'œil on entering is certainly imposing and beautiful; that long perspective, arch behind arch; the noble rows of pillars that support the vaulted roof, and the marble busts at intervals reflected from the mirrored walls.

But the paintings! there is the disappointment. Perhaps a too vivid recollection of the Dresden gallery might contribute to the effect the first glance at the walls of the Louvre produced. Certainly that glance does

not exhibit the collection en beau; ancient and modern pictures are jumbled together in most disadvantageous confusion; and there is in the first room you enter a liberal sprinkling of the stiff French school that gives an unfavourable impression.

What can be more revolting or out of nature than the design of the Deluge, the picture opposite the door, and the first object the eye rests upon? (Of course I do not mean the Nichólas Poussin.) The position of the woman on the rock, clinging awkwardly to her husband with one hand, and holding with the other her infant to her bosom, is absolutely distressing to look at. There is something quite horrible in the way her neck is strained back, and her head dragged down by the weight of another enormous child, (ten years old at least,) who has grasped her long hair, and is hanging to it! A monstrous idea! as physically impossible as that the man should be able, as the artist has made him, to support his aged father with one hand, and with the other raise from the rock his very substantial wife, the child in her arms, and the huge boy dangling from her tresses.

"Les Sabinēs" in the next room is a complete caricature. The scene is laid at the moment when the Sabine warriors, ready to revenge the injuries of their daughters and sisters, are

met by the latter at the walls of Rome, and turned from their purpose. One woman has laid down a whole brood of little naked children, that look like a litter of young pigs, at the foot of an advancing hero; while she herself stands sprawling over them, in an attitude very much resembling the four spread sails of a windmill.

As for the warriors, poor fellows! the artist has dealt most unkindly with them. They are certainly tall, proper men, as graceful as a ballet-master, with skin like lilies, and cheeks as blooming and delicate as a maiden's in her first sleep. But the only covering he has given them against both sword and elements are a helmet and sandals! That these are very necessary garments none can deny; but it is really grievous to think they should be the only ones, and one cannot help regretting, with a shiver of compassion, that these pretty, simpering, graceful, red-and-white heroes, should run such a manifold risk of perishing by cold wind as well as cold steel.

It is absurd to dwell so long upon these caricature-like pictures, but so it is; you are caught by the ridiculous, and there you linger, in spite of yourself, instead of going on at once to the farther end of the gallery, where the Guidos, Murillos, Rembrandts, and Nicholas Poussins await your admiration.

I was amused by the summary way in which visiters are ejected from the Louvre. In the Dresden gallery, when the time for closing arrives, and you must take your last admiring look at Raphael's heavenly Madonna, the door-keeper advances into the room. "Mein herr-schaft—all must be shut up," says the civil German; and his words and his looks tell you he is sorry he is obliged to disturb the company.

To-day in the Louvre there was no such ceremony. Two tall familiars walked up the room in silence, armed with a huge sweeping brush in one hand, and a pan of sand in the other. This sand, which, by the way, was so black and dirty it must have seen service before, was laid down at the top of the gallery, and forthwith the sweepers commenced operations. Men, women, and children fled before the advancing cloud, which came along, gathering in its progress the cuttings of pencils, scraps of daubed paper, remnants of crayons, crusts of bread, and other litter left by the artists engaged in copying the paintings.

Woe betide you if you linger in your way out to take another look at Nicholas Poussin's Deluge, or are beguiled for a moment to dwell on the fair, melancholy features of the beautiful

Joanna of Naples. On come the inexorable sweepers: your shoes are filled with sand, and your hair with dust, in a moment.

We were literally swept out of the Louvre!

A few days since, the weather changed while we were in the gallery, and, on coming out, we found it rained in torrents. We took refuge in the hall down stairs appropriated to the statues, while the gentlemen of the party sallied forth in search of a cittadine.

The statues are to me by far the most interesting objects in the Louvre. That of the Gladiator is a perfect wonder of art: I really know not whether admiration or astonishment was uppermost as I gazed on this chef-d'œuvre. There is an expression in every muscle and lineament that is altogether inconceivable—such nerve and vigour, the whole figure seems instinct with life. Looking at it from behind in particular, it actually appears to bound and fly forward, the act of springing upon the antagonist is so vividly realised. The expression of mental energy, as well as physical, conveyed in the noble countenance is astonishing.

The difficulty of procuring a carriage obliged us to prolong our stay at the Louvre until the short November day began to close in. Every one had left but ourselves, and a perfect still-

ness reigned in those vast chambers, broken only by the occasional footstep of a porter re-echoing through the deserted corridors. There was something thrilling in the silence, and the deepening twilight, and those motionless figures, "lifeless and life-like," ranged around on their pedestals. A strange feeling of awe crept over me. As the light faded gradually away, the figures seemed to dilate in size, and to grow more indistinct and spectral-like. I almost fancied myself suddenly transported into some mysterious region, peopled with unearthly, shadowy beings——

"Mesdames, the cittadine is at the door, and here are umbrellas." This sober announcement from the old porter put to flight all my dreamy speculations, and recalled my fancy from a long wild journey it had set out upon.

The plan in Paris of living in étages or stories, each floor being occupied by a different family, is a characteristic and peculiar one. It is curious to think of the variety of grades, and interests, and pursuits, and circumstances that one roof covers, all shut in at night by the same porte cochère. A house is thus a little world in miniature, and the scenes that go on in it an epitome of the events "of the great Babel."

This morning our femme-de-chambre told us that her slumbers had been disturbed by an unusual confusion in the room overhead. There were sounds of suffering, and agitated whispers, and hurried despatches for medical aid, and passings to and fro of pale faces on the stairs. She dreaded lest the morning light should bring some tale of death: but no—it was the arrival, not the departure, of a pilgrim in this world of sorrows that had caused the commotion.

Just about the same hour, I was attracted to my window by a noise, and the flashing of lights in the court-yard below. A handsome carriage came dashing in over the stones; the steps were let down by the powdered footmen with a fracas that must have disturbed the repose of our sleeping neighbours au second, and two plumed and jewelled belles descended, returning probably from a ball or the opera.

When I heard of the anxious night upstairs, I thought of this contrast below. Many such are passing all round, I doubt not, every hour; and had I been in my usual observing mood since we came to this house in the Rue de Rivoli, and gone on, as before, putting down all I saw, and heard, and guessed, and gathered, I should have been able by this time to com-

pile a little history of the "Sayings and doings of a Paris abode."

My room is one of those which form the hollow square surrounding the court-yard. The windows of these variously occupied apartments are a sort of index to the tastes and condition of the inmates. One at right angles with mine, au quatrième, is filled with flowers in boxes; they seem to be carefully tended and watered, and sometimes a cage with canary birds in it is hung out among them. I have seen a guitar in that window, and the corner of a rose-coloured blind—all symptoms of a lady occupant.

Just two windows from this, on the same étage, is a very different picture. A gigantic sort of wire-work cage is suspended outside this croisée also; and there are birds in it too. Not canaries, however; but a featherless chicken, hanging up by the head, and two pigeons, couched very amicably side by side in their own cold gravy. The defunct pair figured doubtless yesterday at the repast of the fair owner of the living birds; for, as the little kitchen of each "*appartement*" is on the same story with it, this probably is hers.

A fat cook, with her inflamed fiery face emulating the scarlet kerchief on her head, has just

come to the casement, and, opening the meat-cage, taken thereout a dish of lard, and the suspended chicken. The *botte* of onions and turnips she has left on the window look like a caricature on the fragrant roses and geraniums of the neighbouring croisée.

This mixture is strange: it would have afforded me endless amusement, had not my mind been less happily engaged. As it is I have seen and heard little of what is going on in this teeming hollow square, except, perhaps, the unceasing labours of an unhappy young lady not far off, who is pursuing the "delightful task" of learning music. Up the gamut and down again go her poor indefatigable fingers from morning till night; the only change or variation with which she indulges herself and her hearers being from the plain scale to the chromatic, and from the chromatic to the plain again. The discordant tones of the porter's parrot, who shrieks out, "Bon jour, Jacquot"—"pauvre Jacquot"—"Ah! le petit Jacquot!" until his shrill cries can be heard at the cinquième, are a welcome relief to this musical monotony.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Parting—Hotel du Nord, versus l'Hotel des Bains—The Boulogne steamer—The ladies' cabin—Landing—Conclusion.

Boulogne, Nov. 11th.—Another chasm, which I have no inclination to fill up. It would comprise the parting with my beloved G—— and W——, and the bitterness of that is too fresh, too prone already to recur, for me to dwell upon it. The day arrived too soon;

..... "the moments bring
The time of parting with redoubled wing."

Perhaps Byron goes too far in that parting scene in the Corsair, the most touching, most natural, most heart-rendingly true that ever fell from poet's pen, when he says of "farewell," that,

..... "in that word—that fatal word, howe'er,
We promise,—hope—believe—there breathes despair."

Perhaps he goes too far in this; and yet who is there that in the bitter moment of separation, with all the uncertainties, the changes and chances of this mortal life before him, has not rather felt a momentary pang of "despair," than a gleam of any more hopeful feeling?

But enough:—those who know what parting is, need not be told of its sadness, and those who do not—I was going to say are to be envied; but no. They must in this case be strangers to that endearing affection which makes it so hard to say farewell; and though spared the transient pain of parting, must lose the great and abiding pleasure of loving and being loved.

The road between Paris and Boulogne is so "flat, stale, and utterly unprofitable" to everybody except the inn-keepers, (who by the way seem to have profited abundantly this season,) that the best spirits would fail to embellish it.

When we reached Samer, the next stage before Boulogne, a very amusing scene took place. Before the carriage had well stopped, a hand, with a card in it, was thrust into the window, and presently appeared the young, ruddy, animated face belonging to said hand, the eyes beaming with eagerness, while the lips moved with the utmost rapidity. "Ladies and shentlemen, 'low me to recommend de Hotel des

Bains, de best hotel at Boulogne—you will be ver well dere—de best hotel."

"Soyez persuadé, messieurs et dames, que le meilleur hotel à Boulogne, c'est l'Hôtel du Nord—l'hôtel du Nord, messieurs et dames."

This was breathlessly uttered, and half-a-dozen other cards poured into our laps by a fresh candidate—a small, keen-eyed, hatchet-faced, dried-up little man, with a sharp, pinched nose, set crooked in a visage as wrinkled, as anxious, and as full of business as if he had the politics of Europe to manage.

The ruddy advocate of the hotel des Bains, without even deigning a glance at the new comer, began again:

"Ladies and shentlemen, 'low me to recommend de hotel des Bains, de best hotel—"

"Le meilleur hotel c'est l'Hôtel du Nord," exclaimed the pale-faced champion.

"I who speak de English, can assure you, shentlemen, dat de best—"

"Comme si tout le monde ne savait pas le François!" interrupted the other; evidently sore, however, at this advantage which his antagonist possessed over him. "Messieurs," he added, "vous trouverez à l'hôtel du Nord un valet de place qui parle parfaitement bien Anglais."

"*All* de waiters, and every body speaks de English at l'Hôtel des Bains."

"Soyez persuadé cependant que l'Hôtel du Nord"—

"Dey're superior shops close to l'Hôtel des Bains."

"Les meilleurs boutiques à Boulogne sont en face de l'Hôtel du Nord."

"And den you have de view of de sea from de windows."

"On le voit aussi de l'Hôtel du Nord," exclaimed the rival champion, nothing daunted: —(the sea is half a mile from this hotel.) "Oui," he continued with the vehemence of one who knew he was making a bounce; "je vous assure, messieurs et dames, que l'on peut voir la mer de l'Hôtel du Nord."

"Aye, from de top of de chimney—cried the advocate of the Hotel des Bains; and this sally excited a roar of laughter from every one round the carriage.

We inside had been laughing for some time. Indeed it was impossible not to be amused—there was something so irresistibly comic in the contrast between the two advocates and the vehement energy with which they put forth the claims of their respective hotels. Our mirth in no way interfered with their volubility,

and they went on, every now and then returning to the starting points—" 'Low me to recommend de Hotel des Bains," and " Soyez persuadé que l'Hotel du Nord," &c.

For a long time the contest proceeded in the true spirit of French politeness, each waiting to begin his speech until his opponent had done, but when the strife waxed warm, and the time began to grow short, inasmuch as the last horse was now put to, no such measures were kept. Both talked together as fast and as loud as they could, the running duet increasing every moment in energy and volubility; and as we drove off, " 'Low me to recommend," and " Soyez persuadé que," still sounded behind us in voices strained to their utmost pitch.

The steamer was to start at two o'clock after midnight. There being no possibility of securing berths beforehand, we drove to the pier shortly after one, and chose our quarters in the cabin before any of its destined occupants had come on board. Having deposited sundry packages in the berths selected, as signs of possession, we returned on deck to inhale the sea breezes and enjoy the beauty of the night.

Nothing could be more lovely. The sea

within the pier where we lay at anchor, was as smooth as glass and almost motionless, save where it rippled with a faint murmuring sound against the keel of the fishing-boats that were moored along the shore. In the distance, outside the bar, was heard the measured swell of the mighty ocean, that most musical and majestic of sounds, which comes booming on the ear in the silence of night, with an effect at once so solemn and so soothing.

In the direction of the town all was quiet. Two or three boatmen with lanterns in their hands were moving about on the pier, and occasionally the heavy sullen tramp of a douanier was heard, as he passed by on his patrole, muffled up in his shaggy great-coat.

But it was in the heavens that the glory and beauty of night reigned triumphant. The sky was of the deepest and most resplendent blue, spangled with countless myriads of stars, which without "speech or language," were declaring with voiceless eloquence, the glory of their Almighty Maker.

The pure brightness of these heavenly bodies reflected in the tremulous waters below, contrasted beautifully with the strong fiery glare of the torches that gleamed at intervals along the shore. These watch-fires extended far as

the eye could reach, and the dusky, deep red light they flung upon the surrounding objects and across the waves, was indescribably picturesque.

Altogether the scene was one of unusual loveliness and tranquillity, and the fresh briny smell of the sea which came wafted to us by the gentlest of night breezes, added to its charm. We stood by the helm of the vessel, no one being on the quarter-deck but ourselves, and enjoyed it in silence.

Suddenly a head appeared at the top of the little winding stairs leading down to the ladies' cabin, and in another moment the figure of the stewardess was seen issuing therefrom.

"Bless my heart, ladies!" she exclaimed, at the top of her shrill English voice, while she peered at us inquisitively; "bless my heart, is it you I see here? Well, if I wasn't sure I had assisted you safe into bed half an hour ago! There's three ladies in your berths,—I was sure they were the same I promised them to,—they've been there this half-hour—bless my heart, here's a pretty mistake!"

This was rather a check to our star-gazing. We followed the stewardess into the regions below, and in our way there met one of our gentlemen on the stairs. He entered so warmly

into our grievance, that in the anxiety to see us restored to our rights, he penetrated as far as the cabin where were the usurpers. Two young ladies, at sight of masculine attire, forthwith covered up their heads in the clothes;—the other, an old one, though infinitely the least able to bear an exhibition in her night-cap, sat up most courageously in her berth, and defended herself and her daughters with considerable eloquence. We did not feel disposed to dispute the point. There were three sofas still vacant, and of these we took possession, having previously abstracted from beneath the ladies, the packages which, containing as they did brushes, combs, and other hard toilette necessaries, would not have agreed well with their delicate limbs, or added to the comfort of their slumbers.

Every moment now brought new-comers, and berths and sofas began to fill rapidly. There was a great variety of characters, and many odd and amusing scenes. But a ladies' cabin is sacred, and I must not draw aside the curtain that veils it from the profane gaze. It behoves us of the weaker sex, to hold altogether and maintain our own privileges, learning from the old fable of the bundle of

sticks, and the well-known example of a flock of sheep, of what value is unanimity.

When every corner seemed full, a lady, followed by a train of young daughters of all ages, from "blushing seventeen" down to five, made her appearance at the cabin-door. She looked round with dismay at the numbers of "bonnets de nuit" that peeped out of every berth and sofa. There was a sweetness in her countenance and in the tones of her voice that was singularly prepossessing, and I felt quite sorry for her disappointment. After a short consultation, however, the stewardess arranged to get mattresses on the floor for them, and here the party were at last accommodated, or I should say placed, for they looked very uncomfortable. The lady's solicitude was entirely about her children—she inconvenienced herself to afford them more space, and it was impossible to avoid admiring her interesting appearance in the midst of the little group. She seemed a most affectionate mother, and a very fond wife too, as I could perceive. Her husband, it appeared, had not come on board with her, and great was her uneasiness lest any thing should have happened to him, or that the vessel should start before he reached it. As her

mattress was close to my sofa, I could see the misery she was in. Every sound made her start, and whenever the curtain before the cabin-door moved, she sprang up in an attitude of the greatest suspense. At length it was half drawn aside and a man's figure appeared peeping in. My interesting neighbour raised herself quickly up as usual, and I saw at once by the recognition that it was her husband. The curtain closed again, and muttering an ejaculation of delight and thankfulness, she fell back on her pillow and was soon asleep.

A commotion in the gentlemen's cabin outside broke the stillness. Our stewardess, in going out to ascertain what it was, left a corner of the curtain open, so that I could see what passed.

A tall, thin man, rolled up in great coats, his face half shrouded in shawls and a profusion of grizzled whiskers, had just come in, and was strutting about the cabin in a towering passion. He was evidently a Frenchman, and between his broken English and the rage which nearly choked his voice, was almost unintelligible. Before him stood the steward, a short, thickset man, in a blue sailor's jacket, listening with the most dogged and imperturbable stupidity to the Frenchman's passionate tirade.

"I say, vy you give away my bert—vat for you dare to give away my bert to anybody—how's dis, sare, how's dis?"

"Sir,"— began the steward.

"Silence, coquin!—don't speak to me—I take my place dis morning,—I come down here to-night, and den in my bert, my very own bert dat I took wit my own eyes,—dere a great, big, fat man sleeping—snoring like one cochon in my bert—ah! sacre—you shall turn him out, dat you shall."

"Sir ——"

"Silence! I no suffer you to talk—I——"

Here the sharp little stewardess interposed; she seemed determined that no man, be he French or otherwise, in a passion or not, should daunt her, or check her shrill, shrewish voice.

"I assure you, sir, 'tis contrary to our rules to keep places—we can do no such thing—quite contrary to the rules of the vessel, sir."

"Pardon, madame, I no speak to you—I speak to dis dull lump, dis lourdeau, dis coquin, dis mister steward here. Vat for did he give away my bert to dat snoring man; vy did he dare to put him in my place, ha? I will have him 'pon de floor yet, though he is so fat and big—he shall not grunt and ronfle in my bert—I will pull him out."

"Impossible, sir, quite contrary to the rules —quite impossible," said the stewardess.

"Impossible! den I will tell you vat is possible. It is possible for me to go out of dis, and not give you von sous, pendard!—nor you eider, madame—no, not one sous shall you get. I will turn my back to your cabin, I will sleep in my carriage—dat's possible. I will leave your ship altogeder, so I will, impertinens! I'll go in de Kent—I'll go back to Boulogne—dere's possible for you."

So saying, and with a few more oaths than I choose to insert, the enraged Frenchman flung himself out of the cabin, the steward looking after him in sullen silence, while the sturdy little stewardess, with true feminine pertinacity, had as usual the last word in the argument before she returned to her place.

We had not yet weighed anchor. More people continued coming and going, and I was observing with half-shut eyes their various movements, when a sudden rush over-head, and the fearful cry "a man overboard!" roused up every one in our cabin. There was a moment or two of suspense, but at length the curtain moved and every head was stretched out of every berth to hear the tidings. "No harm had happened." The man had been providen-

tially rescued from where he had fallen, between the quay and the vessel.

In a few minutes after this we were under weigh, and gliding with very little motion over the " yeast of waves." Our blessings were all of the negative kind, but not the less highly prized for that. There was no wind, no swell, no illness, and, though last not least, no *talking*. None can properly understand or esteem the value of this most blessed exemption, who has not learned to do so in the ladies' cabin on board a steamer. If I wanted to defend my sex from the imputation they so universally,—I was just going to say deservedly,—lie under, of failure in taciturnity, I should not attempt to convert the accusers by introducing them into " the ladies' cabin." Whether it is that at these head-aching seasons one is peculiarly sensitive of sounds, or from what other cause I know not, but certainly at no time does the " continual dropping" of that tiresome, unruly little member, whose —— but, " honour bright!" I forgot that I must tell no secrets.

The gray morning brought its usual scenes. One by one the wakening " hive " slid down noiselessly from their berths — missing garments began to be in request, shawls absent from their owners without leave were called in,

and scrambling, irregular toilettes commenced all round. Alas! poor Modesty! never is that shy, shrinking, interesting goddess so reduced to contrivances of all sorts as in the ladies' cabin. How anxiously she looks round for dark corners, where she may keep out of sight of "sister eyes," and out of reach of the treacherous window over-head! How nervously she starts when the curtain moves, and the skirt of a great-coat brushes by on its way up stairs, or else the rough, sun-burnt hand of the steward is pushed in with a cup of tea for somebody, or his tiresome face comes peering about for the stewardess. And then, perhaps, despite all her care and management, there comes a sudden lurch of the vessel, and the drapery so anxiously arranged slips aside; and a dimpled arm, or it may be, a fair round shoulder peeps out. Poor Modesty!—But I am pledged to draw no pictures, and I must abstain, though there are grotesque, and droll, and interesting, aye and very pretty, graceful ones too, to be had for the sketching.

When we had emerged from our sleeping quarters, and got upon deck, our eyes were saluted with a dense fog, and our ears with the intelligence that owing to it we should probably have to spend another night on board. Shortly

after we were anchored in the Thames, and then indeed our prospects seemed hopeless enough.

"Ugly weather—very ugly weather!" growled the gruff helmsman; but with due respect to him be it written, it was anything but "ugly." It might have been the novelty, but certainly I never saw a more beautiful and peculiar effect than that of the sun-light streaming through the mist, the long, bright rays lying, as it were, on the surface of the water, and dividing one element from the other with a streak of radiance. The mist too, though dense, was, owing probably to the sunshine, neither dark nor murky. It resembled a bright, silvery haze, and the distant ships, with their tall masts and sails seen through it, looked like dim, shadowy spectres. As each passed slowly by, dilated to an unnatural size in the mist, it reminded me of the mysterious phantom-ship, the terror of the northern seas.

But soon the fog, which had been coquetting with land and sea all the morning, now rising, now descending upon them, withdrew itself completely, contrary to the predictions of captain and crew. The sun shone out triumphantly, the spectral ships assumed their substantial appearance of the wooden walls of Old

England, and once more our paddles were in active motion. The shores flew rapidly past —a few more windings, and London, with its domes and towers, appeared shrouded in fog—no "silvery haze" but a thick, yellow, dingy, smoky atmosphere.

Already the din of the "great Babel," that indescribable compound of sounds, reached our ears,—the custom-house officers came on board, accompanied by that terror of lady-smugglers, a *woman!*—the lamps on London-bridge struggled with a sickly glare through the gloom of the November evening—the engines panted convulsively in an expiring gasp—the steam whizzed, the paddles stopped, and in another moment our feet were pressing British ground once more.

My journal is ended. Many a pleasant hour its varied page records, and many a bright recollection will it bring in days to come, should days to come be mine. Even already, the past seems like some happy dream, from which I have awoke to the wonted realities of life. But with its "pleasant memories" must ever come a deep and heart-felt sense of thankfulness to Him, the fountain of our every stream of happiness. His watchful care has shielded me and mine,—has been about our path,

whether that path were on the mountain or the wave. A blessed earnest that the same Almighty arm will guide us safely all our journey through,—that longer journey to the better land of which our wanderings here are but the type and shadow.

THE END.

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